



JOHN MILTON

After the engraving by W. Faithorne

SIX CENTURIES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

Passages Selected from the Chief Writers
and Short Biographies

BY

RICHARD FERRAR PATTERSON

M.A.(Cantab.), D.Litt.(Glas.)

*Formerly Foundation Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge
and Charles Oldham (University) Shakespeare Scholar*

VOLUME III

HERRICK TO ~~BUCKE~~^{BUCK}

With Introductory Essay by

L. C. MARTIN

B.Litt., M.A.(Oxon.)

*King Alfred Professor of English Literature,
University of Liverpool*

THE GRESHAM PUBLISHING COMPANY LTD.

66 CHANDOS STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON



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CONTENTS

	Page
INTRODUCTION -	xiii
By Professor L. C. MARTIN	
 ROBERT HERRICK	 I
The Argument of his Book	3
When he would have his Verses Read	3
To Anthea, who may Command Him any Thing	4
To Live Merrily, and to Trust to Good Verses	4
To the Virgins, to make much of Time	6
The Mad Maid's Song	6
The Night-piece, to Julia	7
Upon his Gray Haires	8
His Prayer to Ben. Jonson	8
Corinna's going a Maying	8
To Daffadills	10
Delight in Disorder	11
Oberon's Feast	11
His Grange, or Private Wealth	13
A Ternarie of Littles, upon a Pipkin of Jellie sent to a Lady	13
The Bad Season makes the Poet Sad	14
To Violets	14
His Letanie, to the Holy Spirit	15
A Thanksgiving to God, for His House	16
 THOMAS CAREW	 18
A Song: Ask me no more	19
Disdain Returned	20
To my Inconstant Mistress	20
Song: On Celia singing to her Lute	21
The Inscription on the Tomb of Lady Mary Wentworth	21
 SIR JOHN SUCKLING	 22
'Tis now since I sat down	23
A Ballad upon a Wedding	25
Constancy	28
Song: Why so pale and wan?	28

CONTENTS

	Page
GEORGE HERBERT	39
Easter Wings - - - - -	39
The Pulley - - - - -	39
Antiphon - - - - -	39
Vertue - - - - -	39
Paradise - - - - -	39
Marie Magdalene - - - - -	39
Love - - - - -	39
WILLIAM HABINGTON	34
Castara: A Sacrifice - - - - -	35
To Roses in the bosome of Castara - - - - -	35
To Cupid - - - - -	36
The Description of Castara - - - - -	36
Loves Aniversarie - - - - -	37
The reward of Innocent Love - - - - -	38
Nox nocti indicat Scientiam - - - - -	38
FRANCIS QUARLES	40
Emblems - - - - -	40
RICHARD LOVELACE	41
To Lucasta. Going to the Wars - - - - -	41
To Althea. From Prison - - - - -	41
To Lucasta. The Rose - - - - -	42
A Black Patch on Lucasta's Face - - - - -	43
Her Muffe - - - - -	43
RICHARD CRASHAW	49
Wishes - - - - -	49
The Teare - - - - -	51
HENRY VAUGHAN	56
The Retreat - - - - -	57
The Pursuit - - - - -	58
Midnight - - - - -	58
They are all gone into the World of Light - - - - -	59
The World - - - - -	60
KATHERINE PHILIPS	63
To One persuading a Lady to Marriage - - - - -	63
EDMUND WALLER	63
Go, lovely Rose! - - - - -	63
The Bud - - - - -	64
Upon the Death of the Lord Protector Of English Verse - - - - -	66
To Phyllis - - - - -	67
While I Listen to Thy Voice - - - - -	68
SIR JOHN DENHAM	69
From "Cooper's Hill" - - - - -	70

CONTENTS

vii

Page

ABRAHAM COWLEY	74
Drinking	76
The Wish	76
Hymn. To Light	77
From " Of Solitude "	80
JOHN MILTON	82
From " The Nativity Ode "	88
L'Allegro	90
From " Lycidas "	93
Sonnet I. To the Nightingale	95
Sonnet XVIII. On the late Massacre in Piedmont	95
Sonnet XIX. On his Blindness	96
From " Paradise Lost "	96
From " Paradise Regained "	102
From " Areopagitica "	106
RICHARD BAXTER	108
From " The Saints' Everlasting Rest "	110
JOHN HALES	112
How we come to know the Scriptures to be the Word of God?	113
JOHN GAUDEN	116
Eikon Basilike	117
JEREMY TAYLOR	120
Of Holy Dying	121
ANDREW MARVELL	124
The Garden	126
An Horatian Ode	128
Bermudas	132
SIR THOMAS BROWNE	133
From " Religio Medici "	134
From " Urn Burial "	136
From the " Garden of Cyrus "	142
JOHN CLEVELAND	142
From " The Rebel Scot "	143
JAMES HOWELL	145
Familiar Letters	146
LUCY HUTCHINSON	154
From " The Life of Colonel Hutchinson "	155
THOMAS FULLER	159
The Holy State	160
VOL. III.	A 3

CONTENTS

	Page
IZAAK WALTON - - - - -	166
From "The Compleat Angler" - - - - -	169
From the "Life of Dr. John Donne" - - - - -	172
THOMAS HOBBES - - - - -	174
Leviathan - - - - -	175
JAMES HARRINGTON - - - - -	179
From "Oceana" - - - - -	180
SAMUEL BUTLER - - - - -	182
From "Hudibras" - - - - -	184
SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE - - - - -	186
From "The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter" - - - - -	190
SIR CHARLES SEDLEY - - - - -	191
Song: Phillis is my only joy - - - - -	191
Song: Love still has something of the sea - - - - -	193
CHARLES SACKVILLE, SIXTH EARL OF DORSET - - - - -	196
Song: To all you ladies now at land - - - - -	197
JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER - - - - -	199
Constancy - - - - -	200
Upon Drinking in a Bowl - - - - -	201
A Song: Give me but leave to rail at you - - - - -	203
JOHN EVELYN - - - - -	207
From the "Diary" - - - - -	207
SAMUEL PEPYS - - - - -	218
From the "Diary" - - - - -	218
THOMAS TRAHERNE - - - - -	219
Wonder - - - - -	219
The Salutation - - - - -	219
From "Centuries of Meditations" - - - - -	219
EDWARD HYDE, FIRST EARL OF CLARENCEON - - - - -	221
From the "History of the Rebellion" - - - - -	221
JOHN DRYDEN - - - - -	228
From "Annus Mirabilis" - - - - -	228
From "Absalom and Achitophel", Part I - - - - -	232
From "Mac Flecknoe" - - - - -	234
From "Absalom and Achitophel", Part II - - - - -	237
From "Religio Laici" - - - - -	238
From "The Hind and the Panther" - - - - -	240
Alexander's Feast - - - - -	240
From "An Essay of Dramatic Poesy" - - - - -	241
From "All for Love" - - - - -	247
	250

CONTENTS

ix

	Page
GEORGE FOX -	254
From the "Journal"	255
JOHN BUNYAN	259
From "The Pilgrim's Progress"	263
From "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman"	266
JOHN OLDHAM	269
Satires upon the Jesuits	270
WILLIAM WYCHIERLEY	271
The Plain Dealer	273
NATHANIEL LEE	277
From "The Rival Queens"	278
JOHN TILLOTSON	282
From "Sermon XXVI"	283
ROBERT SOUTHERN	285
A Discourse against long and extempore Prayers	286
THOMAS SPRAT	290
From the "History of the Royal Society"	291
SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE	292
From "Upon the Gardens of Epicurus"	294
THOMAS OTWAY	296
From "Venice Preserv'd"	297
WENTWORTH DILLON, FOURTH EARL OF ROSCOMMON	311
From the "Essay on Translated Verse"	312
GEORGE SAVILE, MARQUESS OF HALIFAX	315
From "The Character of a Trimmer"	316
WILLIAM CONGREVE	321
From "The Way of the World"	323
SIR JOHN VANBRUGH	329
From "The Provok'd Wife"	330
GEORGE FARQUHAR	334
From "The Recruiting Officer"	335
THOMAS SOUTHERNE	342
From "Oroonoko"	342
NICHOLAS ROWE	345
From "The Tragedy of Jane Shore"	346

CONTENTS

	Page
JEREMY COLLIER -	350
From "A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage" -	351
GILBERT BURNET	361
From "History of my own Time" -	363
THOMAS KEN	368
Hymns	369
SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE	371
Life of Æsop	371
JOHN LOCKE -	373
An Essay concerning Human Understanding	373
APPENDIX	377
LIST OF AUTHORS	381

LIST OF PLATES

		Facing Page
JOHN MILTON	- - - - -	<i>Frontispiece</i>
FRONTISPICE TO HERRICK'S "HESPERIDES" (1648)	- - - - -	2
MS. OF SONG FROM "COMUS" BY JOHN MILTON	- - - - -	86
'TITLE-PAGE OF FIRST EDITION OF IZAAK WALTON'S "COMPLEAT ANGLER" (1653)	- - - - -	168
FACSIMILE OF A PAGE FROM PEPYS'S "DIARY"	- - - - -	212
JOHN DRYDEN	- - - - -	228
JOHN BUNYAN	- - - - -	260
WILLIAM CONGREVE	- - - - -	322

INTRODUCTION

By L. C. MARTIN, B.Litt., M.A.(Oxon.)

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Until recently the literature of the period represented in this volume suffered somewhat in its reputation from its incidence between two epochs whose qualities could be rather more clearly recognized and readily defined. The greatness of a few consummate writers of the seventeenth century, Milton, Dryden, or Bunyan, did not need discovery or enhancement. But Victorian students were on the whole unduly inclined to treat the years between 1640 and 1700 as "an age of transition", and to apologize for some of its literary features because these were not the features of the Elizabethan or the Augustan age, or at least to emphasize, in their discussions of the intermediate period, the merely historical interest attaching to relics or anticipations. Thus the poetry of the "metaphysical" school represented primarily a degeneration from the graceful spontaneity more properly attributable to the Elizabethan lyric, or the verse-technique of pre-Restoration writers was rather too exclusively brought to the test of post-Restoration standards. To-day, while the historical bearings of seventeenth-century literature are as clearly perceived as ever before, and perhaps more nicely estimated, there is also a fuller perception of the positive virtues; writers scarcely regarded a hundred years ago have come into prominence; the greater and smaller achievements alike have been appreciated with more sympathy and with more successful penetration to the springs of thought and emotion that made them what they are, and gave them human values as real and often as great as may be found in the literature of any other period. The literature of the seventeenth century now stands securely upon its own merits.

Nothing is more striking than the excellence to which it attains

in many various fields. "Here," as Dryden said in another connexion, "is God's plenty", and there is something for all tastes. The seventeenth century is one of our great ages of lyrical writing, the age of Herrick, Crashaw, Vaughan, Marvell, and Rochester, to mention only a few outstanding names. Such lyrical poetry as comes from these, for all its deficiencies or inequalities, may well be preferred by many to that of the preceding age, since in general it strikes deeper and gathers greater intensity from the widened range of the thoughts with which it is often openly concerned, "these thoughts that wander through eternity" and give a new force and poignancy to the poetry of love and death and our immortal longings. The period again comprises all the consummation of Milton's genius in our greatest epic writing. Satire in verse reaches in Dryden's manipulation a level never reached before and never exceeded since. The drama, although the theatres were closed for nearly twenty years, can show something not too unworthy of the Elizabethan tradition when Dryden or Otway is at his best, and takes on a new and fascinating brilliancy in the comedy of manners, with Wycherley, Congreve, and Vanbrugh for its exponents. English narrative prose in all its range has nothing more effective to show than may be found in the works of Bunyan; and other kinds of prose are profusely represented at a high degree of power and appropriateness to the ends in view, the end of historical narrative in Clarendon and Burnet, of preaching in Tillotson and South, of argument in Hobbes and Locke, of biography, topical comment, and self-revelation in Walton, Evelyn, Pepys, Cowley, and Temple, and, not least, of oratory or meditation in Milton and Browne, whose work in these fields has not been excelled for grandeur, sonority, and rhythmical elaboration.

Yet for all this profusion and versatility there are certain features of seventeenth-century literature that seem to stand out and confer upon it a distinctive quality or demeanour. There is, in the first place, the prominence of speculative, metaphysical, and religious interests, the result of strong desire and sincere efforts to understand life in its spiritual aspects, in its relationship with eternity and the divine will. Hence a certain largeness of mental horizon which was favourable to the achievement of the sublime, or something like it, by those whose gifts of imagination and literary phrasing were at all

commensurate to the task of describing the religious conceptions, raptures, and aspirations of the soul imprisoned in human flesh. Serious and reflective poetry and prose had been among the categories of Elizabethan literature. But whereas for the most part the Elizabethan genius had tended to concern itself with "the loveliness and wonders of the world around us", many of the better seventeenth-century writers were more pronouncedly inclined on the one hand to see these things as part of a larger whole, and on the other to turn their thoughts and fancies inwards to the contemplation and elucidation of the more recondite mysteries of individual experience, earnestly and cunningly exploring the border country where the carnal and spiritual, body and soul, life and death may seem to meet and dispute for ownership. And this is true not merely of those whose intentions were of set purpose religious or devotional, as with lyrical poets like Herbert, Crashaw, Vaughan, or Traherne, but of those whose writings are of gayer or more mundane themes. The thought of death and transience can affect at any moment the inspiration of the amorous lyrists, importing a note of sadness or even something of tragic grandeur into their verse:

But at my back I alwaies hear
Times winged Charriot hurrying near:
And yonder all before us lie
Desarts of vast Eternity,

and the quality of strangeness and ingenuity, the seeking, by "divine" and "human" poets alike, for original comparisons and conceits, which was sometimes dictated by mere misguided fancy and insecure poetic taste, is often better understood as the natural tendency of minds acutely aware of the strangeness surrounding and investing all mortal existence. The world, for the religious poet, was a storehouse of symbols on which man may draw. "All things here show him heaven." And if there is occasionally something wayward and perverse in the mystical poet's efforts to show the correspondency of the earthly with the spiritual there can also be moments when something of high poetic authenticity comes of his speculations. Certainly some of the best poetry of the seventeenth century is in the mystical vein, when, as in Vaughan's writing, the symbolism of nature and childhood is exploited to hint at the glory which shall be revealed.

INTRODUCTION

Milton has almost nothing of the mystical attitude. But Milton set out, and no one has ever been better qualified, to write a great epic poem which should bring home to the world in the symbolic way the immensity of the issues which may be involved in the common proclivities and actions of men, as individuals and as members of the community. Free and unconventional as was his religious creed, he never lost hold of his consciousness of a divine will that is thwarted by human weakness and insubordination, or of the dependency of humanity upon divine support and sympathy in any efforts that may be made towards the improvement of the human condition. And though most of his dearest ambitions, for himself and for his country, had been frustrated when he wrote his last and greatest works, he could still affirm that

Just are the ways of God
And justifiable to men.

The profundity and scope, the wide human significance, of Milton's religious notions as displayed in *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*, together with the manner of their setting forth, illustrates well the part that is played in the attainment of the sublime by the power, as Longinus puts it, of grasping great conceptions.

The marvellous prose literature of reflection, speculation, confession, and controversy again testifies to the widespread preoccupation, especially in the earlier part of this period, with the deeper problems of human life and destiny. *Religio Medici*, *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*, *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, titles such as these are eloquent of the desire of many minds to attain what might seem to be a right and proportionate view of the relations between this life and the larger permanent existence believed to lie beyond it. The seventeenth century was an age of great learning, and the weight of scriptural, patristic, and classical lore enters into the gravity of much of the prose style of the time. But the greatness and distinction of style so frequently achieved depends more upon the readiness with which the imaginations of these writers could be stirred and kindled by the magnitude of the issues to which they applied their attention.

But together with all the great religious and speculative literature

of the seventeenth century there is a rich and many-sided literature devoted to what may be considered, though perhaps on a narrow view, more specifically human interests. And in this nothing is more remarkable than the rapid evolution of the various forms as the writers come to a fuller sense of their possibilities and thus are able to give them added scope and increased effectiveness. On all hands it is a time of exploration and discovery, and versatility of vision goes in company with versatility of form and style.

Thus into the writing of history there enters a new force and subtlety, as the historian not merely takes into his purview the events and incidents of the period with which he is concerned, but endeavours to see and interpret them in their relations with human characters and motives. This kind of approach is first notably manifested in Clarendon's *History of the Great Rebellion*, after which there could be no return by historians of any capacity to the drier narrations of the chroniclers. The human interest of history is revealed in a fullness never before compassed by an English writer. It may be said that Clarendon's portrayals of his politicians have not all the living reality, all the inwardness of conception, that could be desired for them. Nevertheless his *History* affords one signal example of the growing interest in personality which marks his age, and other historians within the period, like Burnet, follow not unworthily in the paths which Clarendon marked out.

The vogue of the Theophrastian character-sketch as practised by John Earle and Samuel Butler, a form by which Clarendon was apparently himself influenced, is itself significant. This form, however, was not a discovery of the period; and in fact does not greatly attract its more accomplished talent. Rather there is movement away from such broad type-delineation towards a nicer weighing of character, as it may be watched in particular instances and with due regard for the significant details which may reveal themselves to patient and sympathetic observation.

The art of biography is not brought to perfection in the seventeenth century. Walton's sketches of Hooker, Donne, Herbert, and others, which for method and style, and for a certain flavour of humorous sympathy sometimes verging upon satire, are the most attractive essays in this kind, are yet lacking in nuance and in fullness of truth. But there are many works of this time in which biography

INTRODUCTION

is aimed at and which in their various ways illustrate the new reaching-out towards the more delicate appreciation and portrayal of human personality. Lucy Hutchinson's account of her husband's career, Sprat's *Life of Cowley*, Burnet's *Life of Rochester* are all notable contributions, wherein dignity of style can be made compatible with the spirit of Lucy Hutchinson's assertion that "a naked undrest narrative, speaking the simple truth of him, will deck him with more substantial glory than all the panegyries the best pens could ever consecrate to the virtues of the best men".

Self-portraiture, again, whether attempted in the shape of formal autobiography or achieved, more or less voluntarily, in letters, memoirs, essays, and diaries, is copiously and sometimes consummately represented. In an age of self-scrutiny and self-questioning, no one followed out the philosopher's maxim "know thyself" more relentlessly or successfully than Samuel Pepys. And with self-portraiture in these various forms went the delineation of contemporary life, which, thanks to Evelyn, Pepys, and a host of other record-makers, is known to us with a peculiar and unsurpassed intimacy and richness of detail. The novel is not yet. But the way for it is prepared by exercise in these different branches of literary endeavour that involve the recounting of incidents of daily life and may call for the subtler kinds of analysis and revelation of motive. Fielding is almost in sight when Bunyan relates the life and adventures of Mr. Badman, and Richardson when Ann, Lady Halkett, in her *Autobiography* (1678) explains how a lie, told after some heart-searching, helped her to avoid the embarrassing attentions of a male admirer.

The most remarkable achievement in the drama after the long period of almost complete inaction while the theatres were closed (1642–1660) was the comedy of manners as written by Etheridge, Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, another form which drew strength from its contact with life, the life, this time, of the society gathered round the court of the last Stuart monarch. The brilliancy of wit and persiflage which that society admired received at the hands of these dramatists an ideal grace and polish, and the heartless temper which characterized the same class and exalted success in amorous adventure above the notion of the marriage of true minds was also faithfully reflected and generously

exploited by them. Those who wish to do so may read these plays in the spirit recommended by Charles Lamb, seeing in them the mirror not of reality but of some fairy world whose morals and manners have no relation to our own. There is, indeed, a fundamental rightness in such recognition of the artistic qualities of Restoration comedy. But it is unnecessary to overlook or minimize its basic fidelity to the ways of certain circles of Restoration society as revealed by the less imaginative literature of the memoirists.

The rant and spurious passion of the serious "heroic" play, popular in the first ten years after the Restoration, resulted from the attempt to compass in the theatre a kind of greatness, à la Corneille, by writers and for a public who had no greatness in their spirit. The intention to import into the drama the genius of epic and romance, with a military atmosphere and with heroes and heroines torn between various claims and devotions, proved on the whole abortive, and Buckingham's burlesque in *The Rehearsal* of the exceedingly hard-worked conflict between love and honour, and of the high-sounding stylistic absurdities into which even Dryden could often be betrayed, told heavily against any continuance of this form, without indeed dismissing its influence from the seventeenth-century stage. There is often more cause for genuine admiration in the less ambitious endeavours of Otway and Southerne, who, lowering their aims from tragedy to pathos, achieved in plays like *Venice Preserved* or *The Fatal Marriage* something at once more convincing and more nicely attuned to the experience and mentality of Restoration playgoers.

And in fact nothing is more characteristic of the main trends of literary activity in the latter part of the seventeenth century than the inclination of writers to limit themselves to common interests, familiar notions, rational ideals, and forms of expression that might be understood of the people. There is now, on the whole, less literature written for the small but fit audience by whom Milton thought his *Paradise Lost* might be appreciated, and more literature intended to satisfy wider circles of readers, literature concerned with social behaviour and intercourse, political process and intrigue, and the morality of everyday life; and the new forms and styles, or the adaptations of old ones, are congruent with this changing orientation of literary minds. There were various causes for this

INTRODUCTION

development in the social and political conditions of the age and in the influence of philosophical and critical thought.

The spirit of Restoration England was in no small measure worldly and materialistic, partly by way of protest against the spiritual rigours of the Puritan régime. Religious teachers might insist upon the present needs of the soul and upon the all importance of its prospects in another world, but the ordinary mind could not or would not be convinced that it was either necessary or desirable for human beings to feed upon spiritual bread alone. The incidents of national politics in seventeenth-century England brought with them new leisure and new freedoms, and opened up fresh avenues of mental life for the people as a whole, and especially for the middle-classes. How should the new possibilities be used and developed? Liberal satisfaction for those who were interested in this question was to be provided early in the next century in the pages of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, but in the meantime much was done for those who cared, in one way or another, to make the best of this world. And as literature, whether designed for aristocratic circles or for middle-class readers, came more and more to concern itself with the common interests of social man, to mirror the decencies and graces of civilized behaviour, to condemn the grossness of ignorance or the deceits of political life, it was natural that a style should be encouraged, both in prose and in verse, that was devoid of all individual caprice and nicely adapted to the minds of the new reading public, to capacities of normal though in some respects sharpening intelligence.

This development is nowhere better illustrated than in satire as it was consummated in the work of Dryden, which in universality, weight, and incisiveness represents a marked advance upon all earlier English endeavours in that field. The most notable satire before Dryden's is, first, that of Donne and of Hall among the Elizabethans, a satire which, though often telling, is marred too frequently by turbulence of temper, obscurity of utterance, and a deliberate roughness of metrical form; and then that of Samuel Butler, Dryden's elder contemporary, which for all its attractive and memorable condensations of phrase is at once too whimsical and too facetious, too Democritean, to compass the strongest sort of satirical effects. Dryden's success in *Absalom and Achitophel*, *The*

Medal, and *Mac Flecknoe* is due to his synthesis of keenness and detachment of spirit, his capacity for reasoned thought, his genuine sense of moral and aesthetic values, and, not least, his appreciation of the peculiar suitability to the satirical purpose of the "closed" rhyming couplet as written before him by such as Waller, Sandys, and Denham. It was in satire that Dryden proved most convincingly, and proved with both fortunate and unfortunate results, that verse could have a charm not too far removed from the charm of well-wrought argumentative prose and not too far beyond the appreciation and even the attainment of much smaller poetic intelligences than his own. The lesson was learnt again that common sense and sound craftsmanship are indispensable elements in the making of poetry, but it was learnt too absolutely, with too much detriment to that other salutary notion, revived later, that poetry "should surprise by a fine excess".

The strong tendency of the more accomplished men of letters, as the century wore on, to confine their range to what the normal mind would regard as "real" interests and to frame their styles accordingly was paralleled and assisted by the main trend of philosophical thought in the century as a whole, the inclination to limit the scope of philosophical inquiry to what might be precisely observed and accurately verified. The benefits to be expected from such a discipline had been strikingly set forth by Francis Bacon, who provided as early as 1605, in his *Advancement of Learning*, a stirring call to arms against "vain imaginations, vain altercations, vain affectations". Certainly it is possible to exaggerate the importance of Bacon in the establishment of the modern scientific movement, with its concentration upon the phenomena of the material universe; but he was an eloquent advocate of its principles, and when in 1662 the Royal Society for the advancement of science received the royal charter, his notions and words were often remembered. Cowley wrote one of his grandiloquent "Pindarick" odes on the Royal Society, therein comparing Bacon to Moses, since Bacon had been able to see though not to enter into the Promised Land of scientific achievement now to be enjoyed through reliance upon observation and experiment. And the kind of influence that the scientific movement could exert, directly and indirectly, upon literary expression is well indicated in a famous passage in Thomas

Sprat's *History of the Royal Society* (1667), whose members, we are told, had shown "a constant resolution to reject all amplification, digression, and swellings of style: to return back to the primitive purity and shortness, when men delivered so many things almost in an equal number of words. They have exacted from all their members a close, naked, natural way of speaking, positive expressions, clear senses, a native easiness, bringing all things as near the mathematical plainness as they can, and preferring the language of artisans, countrymen, and merchants before that of poets and scholars."

Another follower of Bacon was Thomas Hobbes, who published his *Leviathan* in 1651, attempting therein to deduce the laws of human society and politics from certain principles which he thought he could observe in "nature". The principles are contestable, but the deductions are drawn from them with the fullest respect for logic and "reason", and the dry compressive quality of Hobbes's manner is in full accord with the new temper. And at the end of the century John Locke set forth the principles of human understanding in the true spirit and manner of the "age of reason". His famous *Essay* is actuated by an ideal of wise self-limitation, having originated in the desire "to examine our own abilities, and see what objects our understandings were or were not fitted to deal with".

The rational spirit is abroad also in the sphere of literary criticism. There is, after the Restoration, a marked inclination to give preferential attention to the more controllable elements in literary composition, to design, to exactness of phraseology, and to smoothness of utterance both in verse and in prose. It was felt that the time had come to make a stand against what had been capricious and chaotic in literary style, and the feeling gathered strength from the growing appreciation of ancient classical and modern French literatures, wherein it often seemed that the principles of unity and measure and precision had been more recognizably observed than by the Elizabethans and many of their successors. Dryden, the most accomplished critic of the period, was too sanely and classically minded to treat in a cavalier spirit the glories of Elizabethan literature; and in his *Essay on Dramatic Poesy* (1668) he weighs in masterly fashion, again with an admirable combination of enthusiasm and

detachment, the relative merits of ancient and modern, English and French, blank verse and rhyme in dramatic practice. But on the whole the greater weight of his critical writing is lent, not without good reason, to the classical cause; and others, his contemporaries, less balanced and judicious than he, carried much further and sometimes reduced to absurdity the notion that only with disaster could the modern writer deviate from the practice and from what was conceived or misconceived to be the guiding theory of Greek and Latin literature.

The classical temper was no new or sudden phenomenon in English literature. It had, for instance, actuated Sidney's attack in his *Apologie for Poetrie* upon the improprieties and disorderly construction of English tragedy and upon the thoughtless profusion of ornament in English prose and verse; and it had constantly governed the inspiration of Ben Jonson in his dramatic and lyrical composition. Owing partly to Jonson's influence, but not only to this, the seventeenth-century lyric is often marked by other features than the arbitrary fancies, the wilful similitudes, and the formal quaintnesses associated with the "metaphysical" kind; it has the qualities also of order, restraint, and a graceful tidiness of thought and utterance, much to be admired in the work of writers like Carew and Herrick. At the end of the century and in the last year of his own life (in the Preface to the *Fables*, 1700) Dryden remarked upon the waning of Cowley's poetic fame: "One of our late great poets is sunk in his reputation because he could never forgo any conceit which came in his way; but swept like a drag-net, great and small. . . All this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment." The current has now set against caprice and disorder; but the tide begins to turn long before, and Cowley himself had helped to form the taste by which he here stands condemned. Nor was the closed couplet, as written by Dryden and Pope, with its characteristic balance and point, a thing of sudden emergence. Full justice has yet to be done to the early illustrations of its possibilities by such as Chapman and Drayton. And yet again there are precedents for that clear, cool, sinuously and intimately persuasive prose written by Dryden, Temple, and Addison, and superseding the involutions and complex harmonies of Milton, Browne, and Jeremy Taylor. It is easy to make too much of the harmless necessary

INTRODUCTION

assertions of our critical textbooks about the "periods" of English literature.

It has also to be admitted that for all the general preoccupation of late seventeenth-century men of letters with secular concerns, and in spite of the enhanced prestige and powerful influence upon verse and prose style of the spirit of "enlightenment", reason, and common sense, the finer literature of this age was slow to relax its hold upon metaphysical and religious interests. Bunyan produced most of his great work between 1678 and 1682; Bishop Ken's *Practice of Divine Love* belongs to 1685-1686, and his *Manual of Prayers*, in the edition that includes some famous hymns, to 1695; John Norris in his *Essay towards the Theory of the Ideal or Intelligible World* (published 1701-1704) carries on the traditions of the mid-century Cambridge Platonism with his union of logical with speculative and mystical interests; Dryden, after his signal success in his satirical masterpieces, becomes the apologist in verse first for the Anglican Church in *Religio Laici* (1682) and then for Roman Catholicism in *The Hind and the Panther* (1687); and even the Earl of Rochester, who "blazed out his youth and his health in lavish voluptuousness", could easily fall into the language of Christian devotion in the celebration of an earthly amour.

In this volume more space is given to the work of John Milton than to that of any other writer; and it is fitting for many reasons that this should be so. "This man," said Dryden, "cuts us all out and the ancients too," and the judgment is still defensible. Milton holds our attention for the magnificent and hardly broken consistency of his high performance in the art of poetry. But for more than that. We may admire him as a great thinker who used the art of poetry to set forth and recommend notions and ideals of paramount importance still to a world full of social, moral, and religious problems similar to those in which his mind was exercised; as a liberal and dauntless spirit who knew well the strain of conflict between a noble conception of what life might be and the actual events of national history in his time or the incidents of his personal experience; between lower and higher satisfactions; between the impulse to freedom in life and in art and the desire for order and control; and as one who employed the years of his disappointment not to repine but to make a synthesis of these tendencies in artistic

patterns of cunning complexity and the utmost technical accomplishment. It is no longer possible, as it was even thirty years ago, to regard Milton as a mere exponent of word-craft, as one who built a glorious poetic monument to dead ideas. To think thus is to credit him with a more literal faith than he actually had in the mythical framework of his poems and to miss the splendid unity of his achievement. He was indeed less concerned with considerations as to the historical truth of the Biblical stories which he utilized, though he probably would not have denied that something like the war in heaven and the fall of man as reported in the Scriptures had taken place, than in what the stories could seem to symbolize, the most permanent and significant features of human life, the war between sense and soul, the proneness of men, as individuals and in societies, to choose the easier path and prefer bondage with ease to strenuous liberty, and the recuperative virtue by which individuals and societies may regain their lost Paradise. But since his vision was not confined to mundane issues he must needs show them in their eternal connexions and against a background of symbolical myth, whereby his themes gain dignity and universality and his art an added scope and potency.

The literature of the seventeenth century has a special relationship to the literature of the present day, upon which it is often complained that "our sick hurry and divided aims" have exerted a too strong and searing effect, even if they are not making the attainment of great literature impossible. The seventeenth century inaugurates the modern scientific world by its discrimination of the claims of reason and intuition and by its demonstration that certain advantages attend the dispassionate and unbiased study of natural phenomena. The scientific discipline brought in due course its benefits, both to life and to literature, and with them the disadvantage that it made for the separate exploitation of the human faculties; and in the subsequent history of letters there has been a consequent exalting at one period of the rational elements in our mentality, and at another of the intuitive, emotional, and imaginative, but seldom any full expatiation of the whole personality. In the seventeenth century, while the claims of heart and head, intuition and reason, romantic and classical, are often theoretically opposed, we may find much literature in which they appear to be reconciled

INTRODUCTION

and brought into harmonious co-ordination, and in which, through an inward serenity, not too cheaply bought, we may seem to hear "the large utterance of the early gods". Particularly we may look for inspiration and guidance to the work of Milton, the last English poet to sustain a constant equilibrium of power and restraint, liberty and order, on the highest planes of artistic endeavour.

HERRICK TO LOCKE

c. 1640 — *c.* 1700

SIX CENTURIES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

ROBERT HERRICK

(1591–1674)

ROBERT HERRICK was born in Cheapside in August, 1591. His father, a prosperous goldsmith, died when Herrick was little more than a year old, and was believed to have purposely thrown himself from an upper window of his house. Herrick may have been educated at Westminster; at the age of sixteen he was bound apprentice to his rich uncle, also a goldsmith; but in 1613 he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, as a fellow-commoner. After being there three years he migrated to Trinity Hall, with the idea of spending less money and of studying law, for Trinity Hall was then, as now, famous for its teaching of law. He took his B.A. degree in 1617 and his M.A. in 1620. For some years we lose sight of him; he may have been studying for the Church at Cambridge, but much more probably was pursuing an active career of idleness in London. He took holy orders before 1627, when he accompanied the Duke of Buckingham on the ill-fated Isle of Ré expedition as

chaplain. In 1629 he was presented to the living of Dean Prior, a lonely place in Devonshire. He bemoaned his fate in leaving behind the gaieties of the capital and the society of Ben Jonson, whose "son" he had long been. But he seems soon to have settled down to a quiet and happy life in the country, and it is certainly to his country life that we owe the most exquisite of his poems. He never married, but lived a contented life surrounded by pets of various kinds, and faithfully cared for by his maid Prudence Baldwin. He delighted in the quaint rural customs which he saw all around him, and some of his most charming poems celebrate such things as May Day festivities, harvest home, and Christmas mumming. Herrick was a sturdy Royalist, and accordingly was evicted in 1647 to make way for one Dr. John Symes, a Puritan. In 1648 he published his only volume of poems, entitled *Hesperides: or the Works both Humane and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq.* The "Esq." perhaps

denotes that Herrick wished to be considered a layman for the time being. In 1662 he had the satisfaction of ousting Dr. Syme from Dean Prior. Little is known of the last twelve years of his life, but he was buried on 15th October, 1674. A monument was erected in Dean Prior Church in 1857.

There are few poets more charming than Herrick, and few who lend themselves less to critical disquisitions. His work is all self-explanatory and beautifully lucid. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the Greeks and Romans, admiring them as a kindred spirit rather than as a scholar, and imitating their manner as well as their matter. He frequently imitated Martial, but he is daintier and more spontaneous than the Roman poet. At times he is like the better contributors to the Greek Anthology; and some of his work is not unlike that of the pseudo-Anacreon. Some of his poems do not merely remind us of Horace; they place him within a measurable distance of Catullus. The studious lack of arrangement, the "sweet disorder" in the twelve hundred poems which comprise the *Hesperides*, is probably modelled on Catullus, as the book in other respects is carefully edited, and punctiliously acknowledges its classical imitations by italicizing them. Yet Herrick, in spite of many reminiscences of the ancients, is essentially original. Everything that he borrowed he made his own. He owed a debt too to Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Campion, but especially to Ben Jonson. He was the first-born of the tribe of Ben, and had little to learn from his father. Herrick, following the spirit of the ancients, could reach heights

to which Jonson, sometimes unduly hampered by the letter, could not attain. Jonson was a bricklayer's apprentice, and Herrick was apprenticed to a jeweller; *ab eunt studiis in mores*. Herrick's spontaneity, however, is deceptive. Close scrutiny can detect traces of careful workmanship even in those pieces which seem most unpremeditated; and in *His Request to Julia* he begs her to commit his poems to the fire should he die before completing them. He was a perfect master of metre, and experimented with many new forms of it, nearly always successfully. He also had faultless taste in selecting the inevitable word. In his poems of country life he shows himself a true lover of nature. In his love poems he is charming and dainty, though he is never more than the equal of Horace. His lady-loves, of whom there were at least fourteen, were probably lay-figures, so that his love-songs lack the poignancy of Catullus. In his fairy poems he appears as the poet laureate of the court of Oberon and Titania. In his *Noble Numbers* he shows that he could write songs of good life as well as love-songs. They sustain his reputation as a clergyman more than his reputation as a poet. They help us to understand his strong personality, and are full of manly and practical piety. In his nature Herrick was a curious mixture of pagan and Christian, and at times is more like a *flamen* of Jupiter than a minister of Christ. Numerous relics of paganism survive in his work, even as they do in certain rites of the Church. *Hesperides* was curiously neglected at the time of its appearance. It was, perhaps, felt that in 1648 "Soft songs to



FRONTISPICE TO HERRICK'S *HESPERIDES* (1648)

With the Author's Portrait, engraved by Marshall

Julia's cockatoo" were less fitting than "Fierce odes to Famine and to Slaughter". Since the publication of an article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1796 Herrick's reputation has gradually grown, and he is now almost universally recognized as the greatest of the

Cavalier lyrists, "for ever piping songs for ever new".

[Floris Delattre, *Robert Herrick*; F. W. Moorman, *Robert Herrick: a Biographical and Critical Study*; Sir Edmund Gosse, *Seventeenth Century Studies*.]

The Argument of his Book

I sing of Brooks, of Blossomes, Birds, and Bowers:
Of April, May, of June, and July-Flowers.
I sing of May-poles, Hock-carts, Wassails, Wakes,
Of Bride-grooms, Brides, and of their Bridall-cakes.
I write of Youth, of Love, and have Accesse
By these, to sing of cleanly-Wantonnesse.
I sing of Dewes, of Raincs, and piece by piece
Of Balme, of Oyle, of Spice, and Amber-Greece.
I sing of Times trans-shifting; and I write
How Roses first came Red, and Lillies White.
I write of Groves, of Twilights, and I sing
The Court of Mab, and of the Fairie-King.
I write of Hell; I sing (and ever shall)
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

When he would have his Verses Read

In sober mornings, doe not thou reherse
The holy incantation of a verse;
But when that men have both well drunke, and fed,
Let my Enchantments then be sung, or read.
When Laurell spirits i' the fire, and when the Hearth
Smiles to it selfe, and guilds the roofe with mirth;
When up the Thyrse is rais'd, and when the sound
Of sacred Orgies flyes, A round, A round.
When the Rose raignes, and locks with ointments shine,
Let rigid Cato read these Lines of mine.

To Anthea, who may Command
Him any Thing

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be:
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see:
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despaire, and I'll despaire,
Under that Cypresse tree:
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en Death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me:
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

To Live Merrily, and to Trust
to Good Verses

Now is the time for mirth,
Nor cheek, or tongue be dumbe:
For with the flowrie earth,
The golden pomp is come.

The golden Pomp is come;
For now each tree do's weare
(Made of her Pap and Gum)
Rich beads of Amber here.

ROBERT HERRICK

Now raignes the Rose, and now
Th' Arabian Dew besmears
My uncontrolled brow,
And my retorted haire.

Homer, this health to thee,
In Sack of such a kind,
That it wo'd make thee see,
Though thou wert ne'r so blind.

Next, Virgil, Ile call forth,
To pledge this second Health
In Wine, whose each cup's worth
An Indian Common-wealth.

A Goblet next Ile drink
To Ovid; and suppose,
Made he the pledge, he'd think
The world had all one Nose.

Then this immensive cup
Of Aromatike wine,
Catullus, I quaffe up
To that Terce Muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat;
O Bacchus! Coole thy Raies!
Or frantick I shall eate
Thy Thyrse, and bite the Bayes.

Round, round, the roof do's run;
And being ravisht thus,
Come, I will drink a Tun
To my Propertius.

Now, to Tibullus, next,
This flood I drink to thee:
But stay; I see a Text,
That this presents to me.

Behold, Tibullus lies
Here burnt, whose small return
Of ashes, scarce suffice
To fill a little Urne.

ROBERT HERRICK

6

Trust to good Verses then;
They onely will aspire,
When Pyramids, as men,
Are lost, i' th' funerall fire.

And when all Bodies meet
In Lethc to be drown'd;
Then onely Numbers sweet,
With endless life are crown'd.

To the Virgins, to make much of Time

Gather ye Rose-buds, while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying:
And this same flower that smiles to day,
To morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting;
The sooner will his Race be run,
And neerer he's to Setting.

That Age is best, which is the first,
When Youth and Blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;
And while ye may, goe marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

The Mad Maid's Song

Good morrow to the Day so fair;
Good morning Sir to you:
Good morrow to mine own torn hair
Bedabled with the dew.

Good morning to this Prim-rose too;
Good morrow to each maid
That will with flowers the Tomb bestrew,
Wherein my Love is laid.

ROBERT HERRICK

Ah woe is me, woe, woe is me,
Alack and welladay!
For pitty, Sir, find out that Bee,
Which bore my Love away.

Ile seek him in your Bonnet brave;
Ile seek him in your eyes;
Nay, now I think th'ave made his grave
I' th' bed of strawburies.

Ile seek him there; I know, ere this,
The cold, cold Earth doth shake him;
But I will go, or send a kisse
By you, Sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not; though he be dead,
He knowes well who do love him,
And who with green-turpes reare his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender (Pray take heed)
With bands of Cow-slips bind him;
And bring him home, but 'tis decreed,
That I shall never find him.

The Night-piece, to Julia

Her Eyes the Glow-worme lend thee,
The Shooting starres attend thee,
And the Elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wispe mis-light thee;
Nor Snake, or Slow-worme bite thee:
But on, on thy way
Not making a stay,
Since Ghost ther's none to affright thee.

Let not the darke thee cumber;
What though the Moon do's slumber?
The Starres of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like Tapers cleare without number.

ROBERT HERRICK

Then Julia let me wooc thee,
 Thus, thus to come unto me:
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silv'ry feet,
 My soule Ile pourc into thee.

Upon his Gray Haires

Fly me not, though I be gray,
 Lady, this I know you'l say;
 Better look the Roses red,
 When with white commingled.
 Black your haires are; mine are white;
 This begets the more delight,
 When things meet most opposite:
 As in Pictures we descry,
 Venus standing Vulcan by.

His Prayer to Ben. Jonson

When I a Verse shall make,
 Know I have praid thee,
 For old Religions sake,
 Saint Ben to aide me.

Make the way smooth for me,
 When I, thy Herrick,
 Honouring thee, on my knee
 Offer my Lyrick.

Candles Ile give to thee,
 And a new Altar;
 And thou Saint Ben, shalt be
 Writ in my Psalter.

Corinna's going a Maying

Get up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morne
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.
 See how Aurora throwes her faire
 Fresh-quilted colours through the aire:

Get up, sweet-Slug-a-bed, and see
 The Dew bespangling Herbe and Tree.
 Each Flower has wept, and bow'd toward the East,
 Above an houre since; yet you not drest,
 Nay! not so much as out of bed?
 When all the Birds have Mattens seyd,
 And sung their thankfull Hymnes: 'tis sin,
 Nay, profanation to keep in,
 When as a thousand Virgins on this day,
 Spring, sooner then the Lark, to fetch in May.

Rise; and put on your Foliage, and be seene
 To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and greene;
 And sweet as Flora. Take no care
 For Jewels for your Gowne, or Haire:
 Feare not; the leaves will strew
 Gemms in abundance upon you:
 Besides, the childhood of the Day has kept,
 Against you come, some Orient Pearls unwept:
 Come, and receive them while the light
 Hangs on the Dew-locks of the night:
 And Titan on the Eastern hill
 Retires himselfe, or else stands still
 Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be briefe in praying:
 Few Beads are best, when once we goe a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and comming, marke
 How each field turns a street; each street a Parke
 Made green, and trimm'd with trees: see how
 Devotion gives each House a Bough,
 Or Branch: each Porch, each doore, ere this,
 An Arke a Tabernacle is
 Made up of white-thorn neatly enterwove;
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street,
 And open fields, and we not see't?
 Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
 The Proclamation made for May:
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
 But my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

There's not a budding Boy, or Girle, this day,
 But is got up, and gone to bring in May.

A deale of Youth, ere this, is come
 Back, and with White-thorn laden home.

ROBERT HERRICK

Some have dispatcht their Cakes and C'reame,
 Before that we have left to dreame:
 And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted Troth,
 And chose their Priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
 Many a green-gown has been given;
 Many a kisse, both odde and even:
 Many a glance too has been sent
 From out the eye, Loves Firmament:
 Many a jest told of the Keyes betraying
 This night, and Locks pickt, yet w' are not a Maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime;
 And take the harmlesse follie of the time.

We shall grow old apace, and die
 Before we know our liberty.
 Our life is short; and our dayes run
 As fast as do's the Sunne:
 And as a vapour, or a drop of raine
 Once lost, can ne'r be found againe:
 So when or you or I are made
 A fable, song, or sleetting shade;
 All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.
 Then while time serves, and we are but decaying;
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

To Daffadills

Faire Daffadills, we weep to see
 You haste away so soone:
 As yet the early-rising Sun
 Has not attain'd his Noone.

Stay, stay,
 Untill the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the Even-song;
 And, having pray'd together, we
 Will goe with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a Spring;
 As quick a growth to meet Decay,
 As you, or any thing.

We die,
 As your hours doe, and drie
 Away,
 Like to the Summers raine;
 Or as the pearles of Mornings dew
 Ne'r to be found againe.

Delight in Disorder

A sweet disorder in the dresse
 Kindles in cloathes a wantonnesse:
 A Lawne about the shoulders thrown
 Into a fine distraction:
 An erring Lace, which here and there
 Enthralls the Crimson Stomacher:
 A Cuffe neglectfull, and thereby
 Ribbands to flow confusedly:
 A winning wave (deserving Note)
 In the tempestuous petticoate:
 A carelesse shooe-string, in whose tye
 I see a wilde civility:
 Doe more bewitch me, then when Art
 Is too precise in every part.

Oberon's Feast

Shapcot! To thce the Fairy State
 I with discretion, dedicate.
 Because thou prizest things that are
 Curious, and un-familiar.
 Take first the feast; these dishes gone;
 Wee'l see the Fairy-Court anon.

A little mushroome table spred,
 After short prayers, they set on bread;
 A Moon-parcht grain of purest wheat,
 With some small glit'ring gritt, to eate
 His choyce bitts with; then in a trice
 They make a feast lesse great then nice.
 But all this while his eye is serv'd,
 We must not thinke his eare was sterv'd:

ROBERT HERRICK

But that there was in place to stir
His Spleen, the chirring Grasshopper;
The merry Cricket, puling Flie,
The piping Gnat for minstralcy.
And now, we must imagine first,
The Elves present to quench his thirst
A pure seed-Pearle of Infant dew,
Brought and besweetned in a blew
And pregnant violet; which done,
His kitling eyes begin to runne
Quite through the table, where he spies
The hornes of paperie Butterflies,
Of which he eates, and tastes a little
Of that we call the Cuckoos spittle.
A little Fuz-ball-pudding stands
By, yet not blessed by his hands,
That was too coarse; but then forthwith
He ventures boldly on the pith
Of sugred Rush, and eates the sarge
And well bestrutted Bees sweet bagge:
Gladding his pallat with some store
Of Emits eggs; what wo'd he more?
But Beards of Mice, a Newt's stew'd thigh,
A bloated Earewig, and a Flie;
With the Red-capt worme, that's shut
Within the concave of a Nut,
Browne as his Tooth. A little Moth,
Late fatned in a piece of cloth;
With withered cherries; Mandrakes ears;
Moles eyes; to these, the slain-Stags teares:
The unctuous dewlaps of a Snaile;
The broke-heart of a Nightingale
Ore-come in musicke; with a wine
Ne're ravisht from the flatteryng Vinc,
But gently prest from the soft side
Of the most sweet and dainty Bride,
Brought in a dainty daizie, which
He fully quaffs up to bewitch
His blood to height; this done, commended
Grace by his Priest; The feast is ended.

His Grange, or Private Wealth

Though Clock,
To tell how night drawes hence, I've none,
A Cock,
I have, to sing how day drawes on.
I have
A maid (my Prew) by good luck sent,
To save
That little, Fates me gave or lent.
A Hen
I keep, which creeking day by day,
Tells when
She goes her long white egg to lay.
A Goose
I have, which, with a jealous care,
Lets loose
Her tongue, to tell what danger's neare.
A Lamb
I keep (tame) with my morsells fed,
Whose Dam
An Orphan left him (lately dead.)
A Cat
I keep, that playes about my House,
Grown fat,
With eating many a miching Mouse.
To these
A Trasy I do keep, whereby
I please
The more my rurall privacie:
Which are
But toyes, to give my heart some ease:
Where care
None is, slight things do lightly please.

A Ternarie of Littles, upon a Pipkin of Jellie sent to a Lady

A little Saint best fits a little Shrine,
A little prop best fits a little Vine,
As my small Cruse best fits my little Wine.

ROBERT HERRICK

A little Seed best fits a little Soyle,
 A little Trade best fits a little Toyle:
 As my small Jarre best fits my little Oyle.

A little Bin best fits a little Bread,
 A little Garland fits a little Head:
 As my small stuffe best fits my little Shed.

A little Hearth best fits a little Fire,
 A little Chappell fits a little Quire,
 As my small Bell best fits my little Spire.

A little streme best fits a little Boat;
 A little lead best fits a little Float;
 As my small Pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little bellie,
 As sweetly, Lady, give me leave to tell ye
 This little Pipkin fits this little Jellie.

The Bad Season makes the Poet Sad

Dull to my selfe, and almost dead to these
 My many fresh and fragrant Mistresses:
 Lost to all Musick now; since every thing
 Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing.
 Sick is the Land to th' heart; and doth endure
 More dangerous faintings by her desp'rare cure.
 But if that golden Age wo'd come again,
 And Charles here Rule, as he before did Raign;
 If smooth and unperplext the Seasons were,
 As when the Sweet Maria lived here:
 I sho'd delight to have my Curles halfe drown'd
 In Tyrian Dewes, and Head with Roses crown'd.
 And once more yet (ere I am laid out dead)
 Knock at a Starre with my exalted Head.

To Violets

Welcome Maids of Honour,
 You doe bring
 In the Spring;
 And wait upon her.

She has Virgins many,
Fresh and faire;
Yet you are
More sweet then any.

Y' are the Maiden Posies,
And so grac't,
To be plac't,
'Fore Damask Roses.

Yet though thus respected,
By and by
Ye doe lie,
Poore Girles, neglected.

His Letanie, to the Holy Spirit

In the houre of my distresse,
When temptations me oppresse,
And when I my sins confesse,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the artlesse Doctor sees
No one hope, but of his Fees,
And his skill runs on the lees;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When his Potion and his Pill,
Has, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

ROBERT HERRICK

When the passing-bell doth tolle,
 And the Furies in a shole
 Come to fright a parting soule;
 Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the tapers now burne blew,
 And the comforters are few,
 And that number more then true;
 Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the Priest his last hath praid,
 And I nod to what is said,
 'Cause my speech is now decaid;
 Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When (God knowes) I'm lost about,
 Either with despaire, or doubt;
 Yet before the glasse be out,
 Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the Tempter me pursu'th
 With the sins of all my youth,
 And halfe damns me with untruth;
 Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
 Fright mine eares, and fright mine eyas,
 And all terrors me surprize;
 Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the Judgment is reveal'd,
 And that open'd which was seal'd,
 When to Thee I have appeal'd;
 Sweet Spirit comfort me!

A Thanksgiving to God, for His House

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
 Wherein to dwell,
 A little house, whose humble Roof
 Is weather-proof;
 Under the sparres of which I lie
 Both soft, and drie;

ROBERT HERRICK

Where Thou my chamber for to ward
 Hast set a Guard
Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep
 Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my Fate,
 Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my doore
 Is worn by th' poore,
Who thither come, and freely get
 Good words, or meat:
Like as my Parlour, so my Hall
 And Kitchin's small:
A little Butterie, and therein
 A little Byn,
Which keeps my little loafe of Bread
 Unchipt, unslead:
Some brittle sticks of Thorne or Briar
 Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coale I sit,
 And glow like it.
Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,
 The Pulse is Thine,
And all those other Bits, that bee
 There plac'd by Thee;
The Worts, the Purslain, and the Messe
 Of Water-cresse,
Which of Thy kindnesse Thou hast sent;
 And my content
Makes those, and my beloved Beet,
 To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering Hearth
 With guiltlesse mirth;
And giv'st me Wassail Bowles to drink,
 Spic'd to the brink.
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand,
 That soiles my land;
And giv'st me, for my Bushell sowne,
 Twice ten for one:
Thou mak'st my teeming Hen to lay
 Her egg each day:
Besides my healthfull Ewes to beare
 Me twins each yeare:
The while the conduits of my Kine
 Run Creame, (for Wine).

ROBERT HERRICK

All these, and better Thou dost send
 Me, to this end,
 That I should render, for my part,
 A thankfull heart;
 Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne,
 As wholly 'Thine;
 But the acceptance, that must be,
 My Christ, by 'Thee.

THOMAS CAREW

(? 1598 – ? 1639)

VERY little is known for certainty about the life of Thomas Carew. He was a son of Sir Matthew Carew, master in chancery, and belonged to a branch of an old and distinguished Cornish family which almost certainly pronounced its name as if it was spelt "Carey". The year usually given as the date of the poet's birth is 1598, but one authority says quite bluntly that he was born 3rd April, 1590, at Wickham, in Kent; others say 1595. According to some authorities he was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and did not graduate; according to others he belonged to Merton, and took his B.A. in 1611. All are agreed that he entered the Middle Temple and studied law to no purpose. He was secretary to Sir Dudley Carleton during his embassies to Venice, Turin, and The Hague, but threw up the appointment in a fit of temper and returned to England. For some years he was idle and, apparently, dissolute; in 1619 he accompanied Lord Herbert of Cherbury to the French court. He was eventually appointed sewer in ordinary to Charles I, and gentle-

man of his privy-chamber; in the latter capacity he once saved the queen's reputation by the timely extinguishing of a candle, for which service he was given the royal domain of Sunninghill in the forest of Windsor. The date of Carew's death is as uncertain as is that of his birth. It is usually given as 1639, but may have been as late as 1645, or even later. His death-bed repentance was balked by "the ever-memorable" John Hales of Eton, who refused to give him either the sacrament or absolution. According to Clarendon, however, "after fifty years of his life spent with less severity and exactness than it ought to have been, he died with great remorse for that license, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity that his best friends could desire".

Carew was one of Jonson's "sons", and was in some ways a prodigal son. But although his moral conscience was perhaps somewhat lax, his artistic conscience was active and exacting, and he never allowed any poem to go forth until it was as perfect as he could make it. His masque, *Coelum Britannicum*, was

published in 1634, and is excellent of its kind, about as good as Jonson's minor masques. In 1640 his collected works were published, perhaps posthumously. They contain many admirably finished poems of great beauty. There is no doubt that Carew's poems derive much of their charm from the polish they have received, though Suckling, himself a careless workman, complained of Carew's lack of ease and fluency. He did not always possess that final gift of genius which enabled Herrick, with whom it is natural to compare him, to polish and repolish his poems, and carefully remove with sandpaper every trace of the file. He was influenced to some extent by his three great contemporaries, Herrick, Donne, and Jonson, but he is far more a mere poet about town than Herrick, far more lucid but infinitely less weighty than Donne, and far less

classical than Jonson. His direct imitations of Martial and "Anacreon" are few, and his classicism shows itself mainly in his sense of form and his love for neatness of phrase. His taste is good, though not impeccable, and prevented him in his artificial poems from falling into some of the errors into which his successors often fell. His chief faults are a weak imagination and a certain lack of boldness, a playing for safety, due perhaps to the semi-official position which he occupied as laureate of the court. His range is far narrower than Herrick's, and his personality is far less striking, but he stands next to Herrick, among poets of that time, for felicity of phrase and tunefulness of verse. He is the earliest and greatest of the purely courtier and cavalier poets.

[Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, *Adventures in Criticism.*]

A Song

Ask me no more, where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose?
For in your Beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day?
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The Nightingale, when May is past?
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars 'light,
That downwards fall in dead of night?

THOMAS CAREW

For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest?
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

Disdain Returned

He that loves a rosy check,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or, from star-like eyes, doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn.
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some Power in my revenge convey
That Love to her I cast away.

To my Inconstant Mistress

When thou, poor Excommunicate
From all the joys of Love, shalt see
The full reward and glorious fate
Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
Then curse thine own Inconstancy.

A fairer hand than thine shall cure
That heart, which thy false oaths did wound;

And to my soul a soul more pure
Than thine shall by Love's hand be bound,
And both with equal glory crown'd.

Then shalt thou weep, entreat, complain
To Love, as I did once to thee;
When all thy tears shall be as vain
As mine were then: for thou shalt be
Damn'd for thy false Apostasy.

Song

*On Celia singing to her Lute,
in Arundel Garden*

Hark, how my Celia, with the choice
Music of her hand and voice,
Stills the loud wind, and makes the wild
Enraged boar and panther mild.
Mark how those statues like men move,
While men with wonder statues prove.
The stiff rock bends to worship her:
The Idol turns idolater.

Now, see how all the new inspired
Images with love are fired!
Hark how the tender marble groans,
And all the late transformed stones
Court the fair Nymph, with many a tear,
Which she—more stony than they were—
Beholds with unrelenting mind;
When they, amazed to see combined
Such matchless beauty with disdain,
Are all turn'd into stone again.

The Inscription on the Tomb of Lady Mary Wentworth

And here the precious dust is laid,
Whose purely temper'd clay was made
So fine, that it the guest betray'd.

THOMAS CAREW

Else, the soul grew so fast within
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatch'd a Cherubin.

In height it soar'd to God above;
In depth, it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth to general love.

Before, a pious duty shined
To parents; courtesy behind;
On either side, an equal mind.

Good to the Poor, to kindred dear,
To servants kind, to friendship clear:
To nothing but her self severe.

So, though a virgin, yet a Bride
To every grace, she justified
A chaste Polygamy, and died.

Learn from hence, Reader, what small trust
We owe the world; where virtue must,
Frail as our flesh, crumble to dust.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

(1609 – 1642)

SIR JOHN SUCKLING was born at Whitton, Middlesex, in 1609. His father, also Sir John, was afterwards master of requests, comptroller of the royal household, a secretary of state, and a privy councillor. Suckling was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he did not graduate. At the age of eighteen he inherited rich estates in Suffolk, Lincolnshire, and Middlesex. He travelled in France and Italy, and was knighted in 1630 on his return. He became a leading member of the gay court circle. In 1631 he joined the Marquess of Hamilton's

force which served under Gustavus Adolphus. On the outbreak of the Scottish campaign of 1639 he raised and elaborately equipped a troop of horse for the king. This troop did not distinguish itself, and was the subject of much ridicule, not because it was exceptionally cowardly, but because its unsoldierlike behaviour contrasted so ludicrously with the bravery of its scarlet-and-white equipment. Subsequently he was implicated in what was known as the "first army plot", and fled to France, where he is believed to have com-

mitted suicide, through fear of poverty, at the age of thirty-three. Suckling's collected works were published posthumously in 1646, under the title of *Fragmenta Aurea*.

The writing of verses and plays was merely Suckling's relaxation; soldiering was his avocation; his vocation was playing cribbage (which he invented) and bowls. His three plays, *Aglaura*, *The Goblins*, and *Brennoralt (The Discontented Colonel)*, are chiefly memorable for their elaborate mounting, which resembled that of masques, and for their lyrics. *Aglaura* is also remarkable for having two fifth acts, as some men have two pairs of trousers to wear with a morning coat, one for festive and one for melancholy occasions. Suckling is less to be admired for his own plays than for being an early and ardent lover of Shakespeare. In the best extant portrait of him he is represented as holding a copy of the First Folio, which was published in the year in which he went up to Trinity. In his songs and lighter pieces, for which he is chiefly famous, he definitely broke away from the Jonsonian tradition. In the best of his pieces, *A Ballad upon a Wedding*, instead of writing a classical epithalamium and following in the wake of Catullus *non*

passibus aequis, he adopted, with entire success, a new style of his own. In his more purely lyrical pieces he assumed an air of strutting insolence, which is in striking contrast to the self-abasement of the sonneteers and other writers of love-poetry. This captivated his contemporaries. Like most poets of his age, he was influenced by Donne, but in his case Donne's influence inspired him to write gay and audacious parodies. Unlike Herrick and Carew, Suckling was a bad self-critic; many of his poems are complete rubbish, and even some of his best are disfigured by weak lines or stanzas. This may perhaps be partly due to the fact that he did not see his own works through the press, but it is mainly due to the fact that he did not take his art (or, for that matter, his life) very seriously. The wonder is that he wrote so much as he did, and that some of it is as good as it is. In his best-known songs, such as "Out upon it! I have loved" and "Why so pale and wan, fond lover?" his tunefulness, merriment, and impudence are irresistible. Among his other works there is, oddly enough, a tract against Socinianism entitled *An Account of Religion by Reason*. His works were edited by A. H. Thompson in 1910.

"Tis now since I sat down before
That foolish fort, a heart,
(Time strangely spent) a year and more,
And still I did my part:

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise,
And did already understand
The language of her eyes.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

Proceeded on with no less art,
My tongue was engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing I brought down,
Great cannon-oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.

I then resolved to starve the place
By cutting off all kisses,
Praying and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

To draw her out, and from her strength
I drew all batteries in:
And brought myself to lie at length,
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smiled at all was done.

I sent to know from whence and where
These hopes and this relief?
A spy informed, Honour was there,
And did command in chief.

March, march, quoth I, the word straight give,
Let's lose no time, but leave her;
The giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

To such a place our camp remove,
As will no siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves her love,
Only to feed her pride.

A Ballad upon a Wedding

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
 O, things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
 Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way,
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
 There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
 Forty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
 Walked on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
'The King (God bless him) 'twould undo him.
 Should he go still so drest.

At Course-a-Park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
 By all the maids i' th' town:
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
 Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
 The parson for him stay'd:
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not so much wish all past
 (Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale),
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
 Could ever yet produce:
No grape, that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
 Nor half so full of juice.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

Her finger was so small, the ring
 Would not stay on, which they did bring,
 It was too wide a peck:
 And to say truth (for out it must)
 It looked like the great collar (just)
 About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
 Like little mice, stole in and out,
 As if they fear'd the light:
 But O she dances such a way!
 No sun upon an Easter-day
 Is half so fine a sight.

He would have kissed her once or twice,
 But she would not, she was so nice,
 She would not do't in sight,
 And then she looked as who should say:
 I will do what I list to-day,
 And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
 No daisy makes comparison
 (Who sees them is undone),
 For streaks of red were mingled there,
 Such as are on a Catherine pear
 (The side that's next the sun).

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
 Compar'd to that was next her chin
 (Some bee had stung it newly);
 But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face;
 I durst no more upon them gaze
 Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
 Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
 That they might passage get;
 But she so handled still the matter,
 They came as good as ours, or better,
 And are not spent a whit.

Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice,
 And all the waiters in a trice
 His summons did obey;

Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
 Marched boldly up, like our trained band,
 Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
 What man of knife or teeth was able
 To stay to be intreated?
 And this the very reason was,
 Before the parson could say grace,
 The company was seated.

The business of the kitchen's great,
 For it is fit that men should eat;
 Nor was it there denied:
 Passion o' me, how I run on!
 There's that that would be thought upon
 (I trow) besides the bride.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
 Healths first go round, and then the house,
 The bride's came thick and thick:
 And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
 Perhaps he made it hers by stealth?
 And who could help it, Dick?

On the sudden up they rise and dance;
 Then sit again and sigh, and glance:
 Then dance again and kiss:
 Thus several ways the time did pass,
 Whilst ev'ry woman wished her place,
 And every man wished his.

By this time all were stol'n aside
 To counsel and undress the bride;
 But that he must not know:
 But yet 'twas thought he guess'd her mind,
 And did not mean to stay behind
 Above an hour or so.

When in he came (Dick), there she lay
 Like new-fall'n snow melting away
 ("I'was time, I trow, to part);
 Kisses were now the only stay,
 Which soon she gave, as who would say,
 God b'w'ye, with all my heart.

Constancy

Out upon it, I have loved
 Three whole days together;
 And am like to love three more,
 If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
 Ere he shall discover
 In the whole wide world again
 Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
 Is due at all to me:
 Love with me had made no stays,
 Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
 And that very face,
 There had been at least ere this
 A dozen dozen in her place.

Song

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prithee, why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Prithee, why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame, this will not move:
 This cannot take her.
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her:
 The devil take her!

(From *Aglaura.*)

GEORGE HERBERT

(1593-1633)

GEORGE HERBERT was born at Montgomery Castle on 3rd April, 1593. His father was Sir Richard Herbert, and his elder brother Lord Herbert of Cherbury (q.v.). His mother, who brought up her large family unaided (Sir Richard Herbert died in 1596), was a woman of remarkable character. George Herbert was educated at Westminster and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1613 and M.A. in 1616. In 1616 he was elected a major fellow of his college; in 1618 he became prelector in the rhetoric school, and in the following year was appointed Public Orator, "the finest place in the University, though not the gainfullest", as he wrote. The position was then one of great importance, as it brought its holder into close contact with the court, and was considered to be a stepping-stone to high office in the state. Herbert undoubtedly cherished ambitions of this kind, but the deaths of his two most powerful friends, the Duke of Richmond and the Marquess of Hamilton, and the accession of Charles I made him change his mind and turn his thoughts towards taking holy orders. He was a deacon by 1626, when he was given the prebend of Layton Ecclesia, and went to reside in Huntingdonshire, where his friendship with Nicholas Ferrar of Little Gidding had a deep influence on his spiritual development. The more serious step of receiving priest's orders was not taken until 1630, after many misgivings. In that year Herbert

was presented by the king to the rectory of Bemerton, a mile from Salisbury, with which his name is indissolubly connected. At Bemerton Herbert lived a life of saintly piety, which has been immortalized by Izaak Walton. He rebuilt the church and the parsonage, and did countless deeds of charity in a manner both high-souled and practical. He had, unfortunately, brought the seeds of consumption with him from Cambridge, and he died less than three years after his institution to the rectory. His memory is still fragrant at Salisbury.

Herbert's principal work, *The Temple: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*, was edited by Ferrar and published less than three weeks after its author's death. It contains 169 sacred poems in various metres. These poems give us clearly the history of Herbert's soul; they faithfully mirror the earnestness of his piety and the intensity of his religious feeling. They are, however, disfigured by too much ingenuity and too many tricks of style; in short, the malign influence of Donne and the "metaphysical" school of poetry is only too clearly to be seen. Herbert, though his range is somewhat narrow, was a careful workman, and his passionate love for music probably increased the tunefulness of his lines. But he was artificial and too clever; sometimes he even wrote "pattern poems", after the model of Greek poeticules. Very few of his poems are flawless, but

GEORGE HERBERT

the beauty of his character has made many of his readers forget the conceits and extravagances of his muse. He was a model country parson; like the parson described two hundred and fifty years earlier by Chaucer,

Cristes lore, and his Apostles twelve
He taughte, but first he folwed it hymselfe.

His prose manual *A Priest to the Temple, or the Countrey Parson* appeared in 1652.

[Izaak Walton, *The Life of Mr. George Herbert*; A. G. Hyde, *George Herbert and his Times*; J. J. Daniell, *Life of George Herbert*; J. E. B. Mayor, *Nicholas Ferrar. Two Lives.*]

Easter Wings

Lord, Who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poore:

With Thee
O let me rise
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day Thy victories;
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did beginne;
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sinne,
That I became
Most thinne.

With Thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day Thy victorie;
For, if I imp my wing on Thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

The Pulley

When God at first made man,
Having a glasse of blessings standing by,
“ Let us,” said He, “ poure on him all we can;
Let the world’s riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.”

So strength first made a way,
 Then beautie flow'd, then wisdome, honour, pleasure;
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,
 Rest in the bottome lay.

“ For if I should,” said He,
 “ Bestow this jewell also on My creature,
 He would adore My gifts in stead of Me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
 So both should losers be.

“ Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessnesse;
 Let him be rich and wearie, that at least,
 If goodnesse leade him not, yet weariness
 May tosse him to My breast.”

Antiphon

CHO. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing
 My God and King.

VERS. The heav'ns are not too high,
 His praise may thither fly;
 The earth is not too low,
 His praises there may grow.

CHO. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing
 My God and King.

VERS. The Church with psalms must shout,
 No door can keep them out:
 But above all, the heart
 Must bear the longest part.

CHO. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing
 My God and King.

Vertue

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridall of the earth and skie,
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My musick shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
 Like season'd timber, never gives;
 But though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiesly lives.

Paradise

I blesse Thee, Lord, because I GROW
 Among Thy trees, which in a ROW
 To Thee both fruit and order OW.

What open force or hidden CHARM
 Can blast my fruit, or bring me HARM,
 While the inclosure is Thine ARM?

Inclose me still, for fear I START;
 Be to me rather sharp and TART
 Then let me want Thy hand and ART.

When Thou dost greater judgements SPARE,
 And with Thy knife but prune and PARE,
 Ev'n fruitful trees more fruitfull ARE:

Such sharpnes shows the sweetest FREND,
 Such cuttings rather heal then REND,
 And such beginnings touch their END.

Marie Magdalene

When blessed Marie wip'd her Saviour's feet—
 Whose precepts she had trampled on before—
 And wore them for a jewell on her head,
 Shewing His steps should be the street
 Wherein she thenceforth evermore
 With pensive humblenesse would live and tread;

She being stain'd herself, why did she strive
 To make Him clean Who could not be defil'd?
 Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,
 And not His feet? Though we could dive
 In tears like seas, our sinnes are pil'd
 Deeper then they in words, and works, and thoughts.

Deare soul, she knew Who did vouchsafe and deigne
 To bear her filth, and that her sinnes did dash
 Ev'n God Himsclf; wherefore she was not loth,
 As she had brought wherewith to stain,
 So to bring in wherewith to wash:
 And yet in washing one she wash'd both.

Love

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
 Guilty of dust and sin.
 But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in,
 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
 If I lack'd any thing.

“ A guest,” I answer'd, “ worthy to be here:”
 Love said, “ You shall be he.”
 “ I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
 I cannot look on Thee.”

Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
“ Who made the eyes but I?”

“ Truth, Lord; but I have marr’d them; let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.”

“ And know you not,” says Love, “ Who bore the blame?”
“ My dear, then I will serve.”

“ You must sit down,” says Love, “ and taste My meat.”
So I did sit and eat.

WILLIAM HABINGTON

(1605 – 1654)

WILLIAM HABINGTON was born at Hindlip Hall, Worcestershire. He came of a Roman Catholic family. His father was well known as an antiquary in his day; his mother was said, not on the best authority, to have written the famous letter which warned Lord Monteagle about the Gunpowder Plot. If so, she must have written this letter on the day of the poet's birth, or the day before it. Several members of Habington's family were more or less implicated in Roman Catholic plots, and Hindlip Hall had in it no fewer than eleven secret chambers for the concealment of priests; but William Habington, though a good Catholic, did not meddle with plots or politics. He had a singularly uneventful life. He was educated at St. Omer and at Paris, from whence he fled lest he should be overpersuaded into becoming a Jesuit. In 1632 he married Lucy Herbert, the younger daughter of Lord Powis; he celebrated her praises under the name of Castara, and

in 1634 published anonymously a collection of poems with that name. A second edition, including three prose characters and twenty-six additional poems, appeared in 1635; in 1640 a third edition appeared, with a third part containing a character of the Holy Man and twenty-two new poems. Habington became master of Hindlip Hall when his father died at a great age in 1647; the poet's quiet and placid life terminated seven years later. Habington wrote a play, *The Queen of Arragon*, and two historical works, one of which was based on his father's compilations; but is only remembered as the author of *Castara*. In it he shows himself to be an attractive if somewhat uxorious man and a mediocre poet. His work is distinguished by the absence of faults rather than by the presence of felicities; his decorum is admirable, but his mastery of the technique of poetry is imperfect.

Castara

A Sacrifice

Let the chaste Phœnix from the flowry East,
Bring the sweete treasure of her perfum'd nest,
As incense to this Altar, where the name
Of my Castara's grav'd by th' hand of fame.
Let purer Virgins, to redeeme the aire
From loose infection, bring their zealous prayer,
T' assist at this great feast: where they shall see,
What rites love offers up to Chastity.
Let all the amorous Youth, whose faire desire
Felt never warmth, but from a noble fire,
Bring hither their bright flames: which here shall shine
As Tapers fixt about Castara's shrine.
While I the Priest, my untam'd heart, surprise,
And in this Temple mak't her sacrifice.

To Roses in the bosome of Castara

Yee blushing Virgins happie are
In the chaste Nunn'ry of her brests,
For hee'd prophane so chaste a faire,
Who ere should call them Cupids nests.

Transplanted thus how bright yee grow,
How rich a perfume doe yee yeeld?
In some close garden, Cowslips so
Are sweeter then i' th' open field.

In those white Cloysters live secure
From the rude blasts of wanton breath,
Each hour more innocent and pure,
Till you shall wither into death.

Then that which living gave you roome,
Your glorious sepulcher shall be.
There wants no marble for a tombe,
Whose brest hath marble beene to me.

*To Cupid**Upon a dimple in Castara's cheeke*

Nimble boy in thy warme slight,
 What cold tyrant diumm'd thy sight?
 Hadst thou eyes to see my faire,
 Thou wouldst sigh thy selfe to ayre:
 Fearing to create this one,
 Nature had her selfe undone.
 But if you when this you heare
 Fall downe murdered through your care,
 Begge of Jove that you may have
 In her cheeke a dimpled grave.
 Lilly, Rose, and Violet,
 Shall the perfum'd Hearse beset
 While a beauteous sheet of Lawne,
 O're the wanton corps is drawne:
 And all lovers use this breath;
 "Here lies Cupid blest in death."

The Description of Castara

Like the Violet which alone
 Prospers in some happy shade;
 My Castara lives unknowne,
 To no looser eye betray'd.
 For shee's to her selfe untrue,
 Who delights i' th' publicke view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
 Have enricht with borrowed grace.
 Her high birth no pride imparts,
 For she blushes in her place.
 Folly boasts a glorious blood,
 She is noblest being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
 What a wanton courtship meant:
 Nor speaks loud to boast her wit,
 In her silence eloquent.
 Of her selfe survey she takes,
 But 'tweene men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
 Her grave Parents wise commands.

And so innocent, that ill,
She nor acts, nor understands.

Womens feete runne still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sailes by that rocke, the Court,
Where oft honour splits her mast:
And retir'dnesse thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast.

Vertue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that dayes pleasure best,
Where sinne waits not on delight.
Without maske, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winters night.

O're that darknesse, whence is thrust
Prayer and sleepe, oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climbe,
While wild passions captive lie.
And each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven flie:
All her vowes religious be,
And her love she vowes to me.

Loves Aniversarie

To the Sunne

Thou art return'd (great Light) to that blest hour
In which I first by marriage, sacred power,
Joyn'd with Castara hearts: And as the same
Thy lustre is, as then, so is our flame:
Which had increast, but that by loves decree,
"Twas such at first, it ne're could greater be.
But tell me (glorious Lampe) in thy survey,
Of things below thee, what did not decay
By age to weakness? I since that have seene
The Rose bud forth and fade, the tree grow greene
And wither, and the beauty of the field
With Winter wrinkled. Even thy selfe dost yeeld
Something to time, and to thy grave fall nigher.
But vertuous love is one sweet endlesse fire.

*To Castara**The reward of Innocent Love*

We saw and woo'd each others eyes,
 My soule contracted then with thine,
 And both burnt in one sacrifice.
 By which our Marriage grew divine.

Let wilder youth, whose soule is sense,
 Prophane the Temple of delight.
 And purchase endlesse penitence,
 With the stolne pleasure of one night.

Time's ever ours, while we dispise
 The sensuall idoll of our clay.
 For though the Sunne doe set and rise,
 We joy one everlasting day.

Whose light no jealous clouds obscure,
 While each of us shine innocent.
 The troubled streme is still impure,
 With vertue flies away content.

And though opinion often erre,
 Wee'le court the modest smile of fame.
 For sinnes blacke danger circles her,
 Who hath infection in her name.

Thus when to one darke silent roome,
 Death shall our loving coffins thrust;
 Fame will build columnes on our tombe,
 And adde a perfume to our dust.

Nox nocti indicat Scientiam

When I survay the bright
 Coelestiall spheare:
 So rich with jewels hung, that night
 Doth like an Aethiop bride appeare.

My soule her wings doth spread
 And heaven-ward flies,
 Th' Almighty's Mysteries to read
 In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoothes forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a Character,
Remov'd far from our humane sight:

But if we stedfast looke,
We shall discerne
In it as in some holy booke,
How man may heavenly knowledge learne.

It tells the Conqueror,
That farre-stretcht powre
Which his proud dangers traffique for,
Is but the triumph of an houre.

That from the farthest North;
Some Nation may
Yet undiscovered issue forth,
And ore his new got conquest sway.

Some Nation yet shut in
With hils of ice
May be let out to scourge his sinne
'Till they shall equall him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruine have,
For as your selves your Empires fall,
And every Kingdome hath a grave.

Thus those Coelestiall fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacie of our desires
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watcht since first
The World had birth:
And found sinne in it selfe accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.

FRANCIS QUARLES

(1592-1644)

FRANCIS QUARLES was born at the manor-house of Stewards at Romford, Essex, in 1592. He came of a good old family, and his father held several lucrative but not ornamental posts at the court of Queen Elizabeth. He was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1608, and at Lincoln's Inn, where he studied law without intending to adopt it as a profession. In 1613 he was appointed to the post of cup-bearer to Princess Elizabeth, "queen of hearts" and electress palatine, and accompanied her to Heidelberg. He returned to England before 1620, when he commenced his poetical career by publishing *A Feast of Wormes*, a paraphrase of the book of Jonah. He published several similar works, such as *Hadassa*, *Job Militant*, and *Historie of Samson*, during the next few years. Before 1629 he became private secretary to James Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh, and lived for several years in Dublin. *Argalus and Parthenia*, a poetical romance based upon the *Arcadia*, appeared in 1629. He returned to Essex before 1633, and two years later published the work which made him famous, his *Emblems*. This may be described as a set of designs illustrated by verses, rather than a collection of poems with illustrations: the last three books of the five into which the volume is divided borrow their prints and many of the ideas contained in their letterpress from the *Pia Desideria Emblematis . . . illustrata* published at Antwerp eleven

years previously by the Jesuit Hermann Hugo. In 1639 Quarles was appointed chronologer to the city of London, a post previously held by Middleton and by Jonson. His prose manual of devotion, *Enchiridion* (1640), was almost as popular as his *Emblems*, and contains some admirably expressed passages. At the commencement of the Civil War, Quarles, who was an enthusiastic Royalist, joined the king at Oxford, and wrote some pamphlets, including *The Loyal Convert*, which gave offence to the Parliament. His property was sequestrated and his manuscripts destroyed. He was so much affected by his losses that grief is supposed to have hastened his death, which took place in September, 1644. Several of his posthumously published works achieved great popularity; to one of them, *Solomon's Recantation*, Ursula, his widow and the mother of his eighteen children, prefixed an admirable short relation of his life and death. *The Virgin Widow*, an interlude, is justly forgotten.

Quarles is by no means a great poet, but his *Emblems* was, as an early critic said, "in wonderful veneration among the vulgar". Paraphrases from the Scriptures and the Christian Fathers, however ill-executed, were in that age almost certain to be popular; and Quarles's paraphrases are by no means badly done. He was too facile; all was grist that came to his mill, and he could hitch the *Arcadia* or *Lamentations* into verse with excessive versatility. His employment of the

limner's art undoubtedly increased the popularity of his masterpiece, while lowering its value in the eyes of literary critics. Pope, however, exaggerated when he wrote that

the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is saved by beauties
not his own.

Quarles ranks as a minor religious poet of some charm, redeemed from many of the faults of his kind by his good sense, homeliness, and humour. A. B. Grosart edited Quarles's collected works, verse and prose, in 1880.

Emblems

PSALM 62, 9

*To be laid in the ballance, it is
altogether lighter then vanitie*

Put in another weight: 'Tis yet too light:
And yet: Fond Cupid, put another in;
And yet another: Still there's under weight;
Put in another hundred: Put agin.
Adde world to world; then heap a thousand more
To that; then, to renew thy wasted store,
Take up more worlds on trust, to draw thy balance lower.

Put in the flesh, with all her loads of pleasure;
Put in great Mammon's endlesse inventory;
Put in the pond'rous acts of mighty Cesar;
Put in the greater weight of Sweden's glory;
Adde Scipio's gauntlet; put in Plato's gown:
Put Circce's charms, put in the triple crown;
'Thy balance will not draw; thy balance will not down.

Lord, what a world is this, which day and night,
Men seek with so much toyl, with so much trouble?
Which weigh'd in equall scales is found so light,
So poorly over-balanc'd with a bubble?
Good God! that frantick mortals should destroy
Their higher hopes, and place their idle joy
Upon such airy trash, upon so light a toy.

Thou bold Impostour, how hast thou befool'd
The tribe of Man with counterfeit desire!
How has the breath of thy false bellows cool'd
Heav'n's free-born flames, and kindled bastard fire!
How hast thou vented drosse in stead of treasure,

And cheated man with thy false weights and measure,
Proclaiming bad for good; and gilding death with pleasure.

The world's a craftie Strumpet, most affecting
And closely following those that most reject her;
But seeming carelesse, nicely disrespecting
And coyly flying those that most affect her:
If thou be free, she's strange, if strange she's free;
Flee, and she follows; Follow, and she'll flee:
Then she there's none more coy, there's none more fond then she.

O what a Crocodilian world is this,
Compos'd of treacheries, and ensnaring wiles!
She cloaths destruction in a formall kisse,
And lodges death in her deccitfull smiles;
She hugs the soul she hates; and there does prove
The veriest tyrant where she vowes to love,
And is a Serpent most, when most she seems a Dove.

Thrice happy he, whose nobler thoughts despise
To make an object of so easie gains;
Thrice happy he, who scorns so poore a prize
Should be the crown of his heroick pains:
Thrice happy he, that ne'r was born to trie
Her frowns or smiles; or being born, did lie
In his sad nurse's arms an houre or two, and die.

S. August. lib. Confess.

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory do ye fight? Your hopes can be crowned with no greater reward then the world can give; and what is the world but a brittle thing full of dangers, wherein we travel from lesser to greater perils? O let her vain, light, and momentary glory perish with her self, and let us be conversant with more eternall things. Alas, this world is miserable; life is short, and death is sure.

Epig. 4

My soul, what's lighter then a feather? wind.
Then wind? The fire. And what then fire? The mind.
What's lighter then the mind? A thought. Then thought?
This bubble world. What then this bubble? Nought.

GALATIANS 6, 14

*God forbid that I should glory
save in the Crosse*

Can nothing settle my uncertain breast,
And fix my rambling love?
Can my affections find out nothing best?
But still and still remove?
Has earth no mercy? will no Ark of rest
Receive my restlesse Dove?
Is there no Good, then which there's nothing higher,
To blesse my full desire
With joyes that never change; with joyes that nev'r expire?

I wanted wealth; and at my dear request,
Earth lent a quick supply;
I wanted mirth to charm my sullen breast;
And who more brisk then I?
I wanted fame to glorifie the rest;
My fame flew eagle-high:
My joy not fully ripe, but all decay'd;
Wealth vanisht like a shade,
My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

The world's an Ocean, hurried to and fro
With ev'ry blast of passion:
Her lustfull streams, when either ebb or flow,
Are tides of man's vexation:
They alter dayly, and they dayly grow
The worse by alteration:
The earth's a cask full-tunn'd, yet wanting measure;
Her precious wind, is pleasure;
Her yest is honour's puff; her lees her worldly treasure.

My trust is in the Crosse: let Beauty flag
Her loose, her wanton sail;
Let count'nance-gilding Honour cease to brag
In courtly terms, and vail;
Let ditch-bred wealth henceforth forget to wag
Her base though golden tail;
False beautie's conquest is but reall losse,
And wealth but golden drosse;
Best Honour's but a blast: my trust is in the Crosse.

FRANCIS QUARLES

My trust is in the Crosse: There lies my rest:
 My fast, my sole delight:
 Let cold-mouth'd Boreas, or the hot-mouth'd East
 Blow till they burst with spight:
 Let earth and hell conspire their worst, their best,
 And joyn their twisted might:
 Let showres of thunderbolts dart down and wound me,
 And troupes of fiends surround me,
 All this may well confront; all this shall nev'r confound me.

S. August.

Christ's Crosse is the Chriscrosse of all our happinesse: It delivers us from all blindnesse of errour, and enriches our darknesse with light; It restorcth the troubled soul to rest; It bringeth strangers to God's acquaintance; It maketh remote forreiners near neighbours; It cutteth off discord; concludeth a league of everlasting peace, and is the bounteous authour of all good.

S. Bern. in Ser. de Resur.

We find glory in the Crosse; to us that are saved it is the power of God, and the fulnesse of all virtucs.

Epig. 12

I follow'd rest, rest fled and soon forsook me;
 I ran from grief, grief ran and over-took me.
 What shall I do? lest I be too much tost
 On worldly crosses, Lord, let me be crost.

RICHARD LOVELACE

(1618-1658)

RICHARD LOVELACE was a member of an old Kentish family, and was born at Woolwich in 1618. His father, a distinguished soldier, was killed at the siege of Grolle when the poet was ten years old. Love-

lace was educated at Charterhouse and at Gloucester Hall, Oxford. After residing there only two years, and when only eighteen years of age, he was given the degree of M.A. by Archbishop Laud,

on the recommendation of a great lady of the court, who was overcome by the charms of his person. Entering the army, he soon became a captain, and took part in the Scottish campaigns of 1639 and 1640. He was an ardent Royalist, and in 1642 was chosen to deliver the Kentish Petition to Parliament. For this he was imprisoned for seven weeks; while in prison he wrote his celebrated poem *To Althea. From Prison*. He was released on parole, bail being fixed at an incredibly large sum, and so was prevented from playing the active part in the Civil War which he would otherwise have played. He was, however, at Oxford with the king, but left England in 1646 and raised a regiment for the service of the French king, to assist in the war against Spain; he commanded this regiment in person. On his return to England in 1648 he was again imprisoned, and spent his enforced leisure in seeing through the press his *Lucasta; Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs etc.* (1649). The last ten years of his life were spent in sorrow and obscurity. Wood says: "after the murther of King Charles I, Lovelace was set at liberty, and having by that time consumed all his estate, grew very melancholy, (which brought him at length into a consumption;) became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged cloaths, (whereas when he was in his glory, he wore cloth of gold and silver) and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars and poorest of servants, etc. . . . He died in a very

mean lodging in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane, and was burried at the west end of St. Bride, etc. in 1658." In the following year his brother published an inferior collection of his poems entitled *Posthumous Poems of Richard Lovelace, Esq.*

Lovelace enjoys a reputation entirely out of proportion to the merits of the bulk of his writings. This is due to several causes. His varying fortunes illustrate most forcibly the splendours and miseries of a cavalier's life. He has been regarded as a typical cavalier, "an extraordinary handsome man, but proud", a brave and chivalrous soldier, the Sidney of his age. His very name had a romantic sound, and was taken by Richardson when christening the hero of *Clarissa*. Moreover, he had the good fortune to write half a dozen poems of great excellence, some of which have found their way into most anthologies, and of which *To Althea. From Prison* and *Going to the Wars* are known to everyone. Most of Lovelace's poems out-do Donne in being over-elaborate, unintelligible, and full of obscure conceits. He does not merely make a woeful ballad to his mistress's eyebrow, but works his way methodically through her attire. He is not, as is sometimes said, a mere trifler; he is serious and earnest in much of his work. His faults are not due to carelessness or levity, but to dullness and lack of taste. But his few good poems are so good that the immortality which they have conferred upon him is not undeserved. His works were edited by C. H. Wilkinson in 1925.

To Lucasta. Going to the Wars

Tell me not, (sweet,) I am unkinde,
 That from the nunnerie
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde
 To warre and armes I slie.

True: a new Mistresse now I chase,
 The first foe in the field;
 And with a stronger faith imbrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
 As you too shall adore;
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,
 Lov'd I not Honour more.

To Althea. From Prison

When love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates;
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the grates;
 When I lye tangled in her haire,
 And fetterd to her eye,
 The birds, that wanton in the aire,
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames,
 Our carelesse heads with roses bound,
 Our hearts with loyal flames;
 When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,
 When healths and draughts go free,
 Fishes, that tipple in the deepe,
 Know no such liberty.

When (like committed linnets) I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetnes, mercy, majesty,
 And glories of my King.

When I shall voyce aloud, how good
He is, how great should be,
Inlarged winds, that curle the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls doe not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Mindes innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedome in my love,
And in my soule am free,
Angels alone that sore above
Enjoy such liberty.

To Lucasta. The Rose

Sweet serene skye-like flower,
Haste to adorn her bower;
From thy long clowdy bed
Shoot forth thy damaske head.

New-startled blush of Flora!
The griefe of pale Aurora,
Who will contest no more,
Haste, haste, to strowe her floore.

Vermilion ball, that's given
From lip to lip in Heaven;
Loves couches cover-led,
Haste, haste, to make her bed.

Dear offspring of pleas'd Venus,
And jollie plumpe Silenus;
Haste, haste, to decke the haire,
Of th' only sweetly faire.

See! rosie is her bower,
Her floore is all this flower;
Her bed a rosie nest
By a bed of roses prest.

But early as shc dresses,
Why fly you her bright tresses?
Ah! I have found, I feare;
Because her cheekes are neere.

A Black Patch on Lucasta's Face

Dull as I was, to think that a court fly
 Presum'd so neer her eyc;
 When 'twas th' industrious bee
 Mistook her glorious face for paradise,
 To summe up all his chymistry of spice;
 With a brave pride and honour led,
 Neer both her suns he makes his bed,
 And, though a spark, struggles to risc as red.
 Then aemulates the gay
 Daughter of day;
 Acts the romantick phoenix' fate,
 When now, with all his sweets lay'd out in state,
 Lucasta scatters but one heat,
 And all the aromatick pills do sweat,
 And gums calcin'd themselves to powder heat,
 Which a fresh gale of air
 Conveys into her hair;
 Then chaft, he's set on fire,
 And in these holy flames doth glad expire;
 And that black marble tablet there
 So neer her either sphere
 Was plac'd; nor foyl, nor ornament,
 But the sweet little bee's large monument.

Her Muffe

'Twas not for some calm blessing to deceive,
 Thou didst thy polish'd hands in shagg'd furs weave;
 It were no blessing thus obtain'd;
 Thou rather would'st a curse have gain'd,
 Then let thy warm driven snow be ever stain'd.

Not that you feared the discolóring cold
 Might alchymize their silver into gold;
 Nor could your ten white nuns so sin,
 That you should thus pennance them in,
 Each in her coarse hair smock of discipline.

Nor, Hero-like who, on their crest still wore
 A lyon, panther, leopard, or a bore,

To looke their enemies in their herse,
 Thou would'st thy hand should deeper pierce,
 And, in its softness rough, appear more fierce.

No, no, Lucasta, destiny decreed,
 That beasts to thee a sacrifice should bleed,
 And strip themselves to make you gay:
 For ne'r yet herald did display
 A coat, where sables upon ermin lay.

This for lay-lovers, that must stand at dore,
 Salute the threshold, and admire no more;
 But I, in my invention tough,
 Rate not this outward bliss enough,
 But still contemplate must the hidden muffle.

RICHARD CRASHAW

(1612 - 1649)

RICHARD CRASHAW was born in London in 1612. His father was the Rev. William Crashaw, B.D., a Puritan divine and poet, and author of *The Bespotted Jesuite, whose Gospell is full of Blasphemy against the Blood of Christ*, and other similar tracts. The violence of the father's views may have played its part in influencing the son to become a Roman Catholic, though he was only fourteen years old when his father died. He was educated at the Charterhouse and at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1634; two years later he migrated to Peterhouse, then the High Church college, where he received a fellowship, graduating M.A. in 1638. In the year in which he took his first degree he published *Epigrammatum Sacrorum Liber*, a collection of 185 extremely able

Latin poems, and a remarkable production for a man of twenty-two. Crashaw deliberated long as to whether he should take orders in the Church of England, but never did so. He became friendly with Herbert's friend, Nicholas Ferrar, who influenced him profoundly. In 1644 he was ejected from his fellowship for refusing to take the solemn league and covenant. He fled to Paris, where he lived in great want, and was recommended by Queen Henrietta Maria to Cardinal Palotta at Rome. By this time Crashaw was a full member of the Roman Catholic communion. He went to Italy in 1648, and became an attendant in the suite of Cardinal Palotta; but he vehemently and unwisely denounced the misconduct of other members of the suite, and made Rome a place of danger for

himself. The cardinal sent him to Loretto as a subcanon in April, 1649; four months later Crashaw died, and there were some who said that he had been poisoned by his enemies.

The principal collection of Crashaw's poems was published in 1646 with the title *Steps to the Temple. Sacred Poems. With other Delights of the Muses.* The first part contained sacred and the second secular poems. A third edition, containing engravings and additional matter, was published in Paris in 1652, with the title *Carmen Deo Nostro.* Although Crashaw modelled his title on that of Herbert's book, he was in no sense a follower of Herbert. He is a much greater poet than Herbert, and is also far more irritating. He is one of the most unequal of poets; he has just missed being

very great. At his best he soars far above his contemporaries, and is the peer of Shelley; at his worst he is the most ridiculous of all the metaphysicals, and can be taken as being an example of the meanest puerilities and the most vapid and grotesque absurdities of his school. He was a mystic and an admirer of Spanish and Italian writers, whom he outdid in extravagance. The fervour and passion of his religious feeling commend him to some readers, but repel others. There is, however, no doubt of his sincerity, even when his poems are most full of conceits. He stands an isolated figure among the poets of his time, isolated by his fervent Catholicism and by his great gifts, which he did not always use to the full. His poems were edited by A. R. Waller in 1904, and by L. C. Martin in 1927.

Wishes

To his (supposed) Mistresse

Who erc she be,
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me;

Where erc she lyc,
Lock't up from mortall Eye,
In shady leaves of Destiny;

Till that ripe Birth
Of studied fate stand forth,
And teach her faire steps to our Earth;

Till that Divine
Idaea, take a shrine
Of Chrystall flesh, through which to shine;

Meet you her my wishes,
Bespeake her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd my absent kisses.

I wish her Beauty,
That owes not all his Duty
To gaudy Tire, or glistring shoo-ty.

Something more than
Taffata or Tissew can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

More than the spoyle
Of shop, or silkewormes Toyle,
Or a bought blush, or a set smile.

A face thats best
By its owne beauty drest,
And can alone command the rest.

A face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what natures white hand sets ope.

A cheeke where Youth,
And Blood, with Pen of Truth
Write, what the Reader sweetly ru'th.

A Cheeke where growes
More than a Morning Rose
Which to no Boxe his being owes.

Lipps, where all Day
A lovers kisse may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away.

Lookes that oppresse
Their richest Tires, but dresse
And cloath their simplest Nakednesse.

Eyes, that displaces
The Neighbour Diamond, and out-faces
That Sunshine, by their own sweet Graces.

RICHARD CRASHIAW

Tresses, that weare
Jewells, but to declare
How much themselves more pretious are.

Whose native Ray,
Can tame the wanton Day
Of Gems, that in their bright shades play.

Each Ruby there,
Or Pearle that dare appeare,
Be its own blush, be its own Teare.

A well tam'd Heart,
For whose more noble smart,
Love may be long chusing a Dart.

Eyes, that bestow
Full quivers on loves Bow;
Yet pay lesse Arrowes than they owe.

Smiles, that can warme
The blood, yet teach a charme,
That Chastity shall take no harme.

Blushes, that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of ought too hot within.

Joyes, that confesse
Vertue their Mistresse,
And have no other head to dresse.

Feares, fond and flight,
As the coy Brides, when Night
First does the longing Lover right.

Teares, quickly fled,
And vaine, as those are shed
For a dying Maydenhead.

Dayes, that need borrow,
No part of their good Morrow,
From a fore spent night of sorrow.

Dayes, that in spight
Of Darknesse, by the Light
Of a cleere mind are Day all Night.

Nights, sweet as they,
Made short by Lovers play,
Yet long by th' absence of the Day.

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes say *Welcome Friend.*

Sydnæan showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can Crown old Winters head with flowers.

Soft silken Hours,
Open sunnes, shady Bowers;
'bove all, Nothing within that lowers.

What ere Delight
Can make Dayes forehead bright,
Or give Downe to the Wings of Night.

In her whole frame,
Have Nature all the Name,
Art and ornament the shame.

Her flattery,
Picture and Poesy,
Her counsell her owne vertue be.

I wish, her store
Of worth may leave her poore
Of wishes; And I wish—No more.

Now if Time knowes
That her whose radiant Browes
Weave them a Garland of my vowes,

Her whose just Bayes,
My future hopes can raise,
A trophie to her present praise;

RICHARD CRASIIAW

Her that dares be,
What these Lines wish to see:
I seeke no further, it is she.

'Tis she, and here
Lo I uncloath and cleare,
My wishes cloudy Character.

May she enjoy it,
Whose merit darc apply it,
But modestly dares still deny it.

Such worth as this is
Shall fixe my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full Glory,
My fancyes, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions; But her story.

The Teare

What bright soft thing is this
Sweet Mary thy faire eyes expence?
A moist sparke it is,
A watry Diamond; from whence
The very terme I thinke was found,
The water of a Diamond.

O 'tis not a teare,
'Tis a star about to drop
From thine eye its spheare,
The Sun will stoope and take it up,
Proud will his Sister be to weare
This thine eyes Jewell in her care.

O 'tis a teare,
Too true a teare; for no sad cyne
How sad so e're
Raine so true a teare as thine;
Each drop leaving a place so deare,
Weeps for it self, is its owne teare.

Such a Pearle as this is
(Slipt from Aurora's dewy Brest)
The Rose buds sweet lip kisses;
And such the Rose it self when vext
With ungentle flames, does shed,
Sweating in too warme a bed.

Such the Maiden gem
By the wanton spring put on,
Peeps from her Parent stem,
And Blushes on the watry Sun:
This watry blossome of thy Eyne,
Ripe, will make the richer Wine.

Faire drop, why quak'st thou so?
Cause thou streight must lay thy head
In the dust? O no,
The dust shall never be thy bed;
A pillow for thee will I bring,
Stufft with downe of Angels wing.

Thus carried up on high,
(For to heaven thou must goe)
Sweetly shalt thou lye,
And in soft slumbers bath thy woe,
Till the singing Orbes awake thee,
And one of their bright Chorus make thee.

There thy selfe shalt bee
An eye, but not a weeping one,
Yet I doubt of thee,
Whether th' had'st rather there have shone,
An eye of heaven; or still shine here,
In th' Heaven of Maries eye a teare.

HENRY VAUGHAN

(1621 - 1695)

HENRY VAUGHAN, who styled himself the Silurist, because he was born in Brecknockshire, where the Silures formerly flourished, was the son of Thomas Vaughan (*d.* 1658), and the elder twin brother of Thomas Vaughan, minor poet and alchemist, who was well known in his day as Eugenius Philalethes. The twins, who were the firmest of friends, were educated by Matthew Herbert, rector of Llangattock, to whom they both felt the utmost gratitude for what he did for them. In 1638 they went up to Jesus College, Oxford, where many Welshmen have been educated; Thomas won a fellowship and was presented to a living, but Henry did not take a degree. He studied law for a time, but eventually adopted medicine as a profession, and finally settled down in his native place to the quiet life of a country practitioner. He may have played some part in the Civil War, and it has been suggested, on slender evidence, that he was present at the battle of Rowton Heath in the capacity of surgeon. In 1646 he published a small collection of poems entitled *Poems, with the Tenth Satyre of Juvenal Englished*; another small volume, entitled *Olor Iscanus* (Swan of Usk), was published without the author's sanction, probably by his twin brother, in 1651, but the poems which it contains were almost certainly written by 1647. The poems in both these volumes were secular, and, although quite devoid of offence, were disowned by their author in the preface to his most celebrated

collection of poems, *Silex Scintillans* (1650; second part, 1655). Between 1652 and 1655 Vaughan wrote several devotional tracts, translations, &c.; he then drops out of sight for twenty-three years. In 1678 an unknown friend, J. W., published a volume of his poems with the title *Thalia Rediviva*; this collection contained some *juvenileia* and some of his brother's poems. Vaughan's uneventful life came to an end on St. George's Day, 1695.

There is no doubt that Vaughan's change from being a somewhat commonplace secular poet to being a lofty if unequal sacred poet was due to two causes, a serious illness and the influence of Herbert. Yet Herbert's influence on Vaughan, though profound, must on the whole be reckoned as general, not particular, in spite of several passages of direct imitation to be found in the younger poet. Herbert was a pious Anglican priest, Vaughan a Welshman and a mystic who lived a retired life in a world of his own, peopled by his own imaginings. In spite of Wood's direct statement to the contrary, it is permissible to think that the speculative side of medicine appealed more to Vaughan than the practical side; the temperament which made his twin brother an active Rosicrucian made him a visionary with scientific training. Vaughan is much less fantastic than Herbert or Crashaw; his worst faults are dullness and a certain banality. At his best he is better than Herbert

and almost as good as Crashaw. His poems were not popular, and in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries his reputation sank very low. He is now generally recognized as one of the ablest poets of his generation, and one of the best writers of sacred poetry in English.

[E. Blunden, *On the Poems of Henry Vaughan*; John Brown, *Horac Subsecivae*; Lionel Johnson, *Critical Studies*; Sir E. K. Chambers, *The Poems of Henry Vaughan, Silurist* (Introduction by Dean Beeching); H. W. Wells, *The Tercentenary of Henry Vaughan*.]

The Retreat

Happy those early days, when I
Shin'd in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walk'd above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back—at that short space—
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
When on some gilded cloud, or flow'r,
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A sev'ral sin to ev'ry sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees
That shady City of palm-trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

The Pursuit.

Lord! what a busy, restless thing
 Hast Thou made man!
 Each day and hour he is on wing,
 Rests not a span;
 Then having lost the sun and light,
 By clouds surpris'd,
 He keeps a commerce in the night
 With air disguis'd.
 Hadst Thou given to this active dust
 A state untir'd,
 The lost son had not left the husk,
 Nor home desir'd.
 That was Thy secret, and it is
 'Thy mercy too;
 For when all fails to bring to bliss,
 Then this must do.
 Ah, Lord! and what a purchase will that be,
 To take us sick, that sound would not take 'Ihee!

Midnight

When to my eyes,
 Whilst deep sleep others catches,
 'Thine host of spies,
 The stars, shine in their watches,
 I do survey
 Each busy ray,
 And how they work, and wind;
 And wish each beam
 My soul doth stream
 With the like ardour shin'd;
 What emanations,
 Quick vibrations,
 And bright stirs are therel
 What thin ejections,
 Cold affections,
 And slow motions herel

Thy heav'ns, some say,
 Are a fiery-liquid light,

Which mingling aye
 Streams, and flames thus to the sight.
 Come then, my God!
 Shine on this blood
 And water, in one beam;
 And Thou shalt see
 Kindled by Thee
 Both liquors burn, and stream.
 O what bright quickness,
 Active brightness,
 And celestial flows,
 Will follow after
 On that water,
 Which Thy Spirit blows!

Matth. Cap. 3. Ver. 11

I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance, but He that cometh after me is mightier than I; Whose shoes I am not worthy to bear; He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire.

They are all gone into the World of Light

They are all gone into the world of light!
 And I alone sit ling'ring here;
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
 Or those faint beams in which this hill is dress'd,
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days:
 My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,
 High as the heavens above!
 These are your walks, and you have show'd them me,
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
 Shining nowhere, but in the dark;
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
 Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest, may know
 At first sight, if the bird be flown;
 But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
 And into glory peep.

If a star were confin'd into a tomb,
 Her captive flames must needs burn there;
 But when the hand that lock'd her up, gives room,
 She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
 Created glories under Thee!
 Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
 My perspective still as they pass:
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill
 Where I shall need no glass.

The World

I saw Eternity the other night,
 Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright;
 And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
 Driv'n by the spheres
 Like a vast shadow mov'd; in which the world
 And all her train were hurl'd.
 The doting lover in his quaintest strain
 Did there complain;

Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wit's sour delights;
With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,
Yet his dear treasure,
All scatter'd lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flow'r.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe,
Like a thick midnight-fog, mov'd there so slow,
He did not stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts—like sad eclipses—scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.
Yet digg'd the mole, and lest his ways be found,
Work'd under ground,
Where he did clutch his prey; but one did see
That policy:
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries
Were gnats and flies;
It rain'd about him blood and tears, but he
Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantic as himself,
And hugg'd each one his pelf;
The downright epicure plac'd heav'n in sense,
And scorn'd pretence;
While others, slipp'd into a wide excess,
Said little less;
The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,
Who think them brave;
And poor, despised Truth sate counting by
Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing, and weep, soar'd up into the ring;
But most would use no wing.
O fools—said I—thus to prefer dark night
Before true light!

To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
 Because it shows the way;
 The way, which from this dead and dark abode
 Leads up to God;
 A way where you might tread the sun, and be
 More bright than he!
 But as I did their madness so discuss,
 One whisper'd thus,
 " This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,
 But for His bride."

John, Cap. 2. Ver. 16, 17

All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.

And the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

KATHERINE PHILLIPS

(1631 - 1664)

KATHERINE PHILLIPS, whose maiden name was Fowler, was born in London in 1631. Her father was a Presbyterian merchant of Bucklersbury. She was a precocious child, and was said to have read the Bible through before she was five years old. Her education was completed at a fashionable boarding-school at Hackney. At the age of sixteen she married James Philips, of the Priory, Cardigan, the son, by a former marriage, of her mother's second husband. She gathered round herself a kind of literary coterie, not unlike that of the Hôtel de Rambouillet in Paris, every member of which received a fanciful nickname. Her husband was known as " Antenor ", Jeremy

Taylor was " Palaemon ", and she herself was " Orinda ", to which appellation the amiable partiality of her friends prefixed the epithet " matchless ". She wrote much commonplace verse of some merit, and translated Corneille's *Pompée* and most of his *Horace*. The former was acted in the Smock-Alley Theatre, Dublin, in 1663, and proved a success. In 1664 a pirated edition of her poems, which had long been circulating in manuscript, appeared, to her great vexation. The book was withdrawn, owing to the publisher's consideration for her feelings. A few months later she died of smallpox. An authorized edition of her works appeared in folio in 1667. The admirable

Letters of Orinda to Poliarchus (Sir Charles Cotterel) was published in 1705.

Mrs. Philips owes her modified immortality (to many readers she is *vox et praeterea nihil*) to two facts. She was one of our earliest women writers, and she was the possessor of a *nom de guerre* which readily stays in the memory. Underneath

some superficial affectations she was a woman of good sense and character; but the curious reader, if he finds little to criticize, will not find much to praise in her sentimental verse.

[Sir Edmund Gosse, *Seventeenth Century Studies*; G. Saintsbury, *Caroline Minor Poets.*]

To One persuading a Lady to Marriage

Forbear, bold youth; all's heaven here,
 And what you do aver
 To others courtship may appear,
 'Tis sacrilege to her.
 She is a public deity;
 And were 't not very odd
 She should dispose herself to be
 A petty household god?

First make the sun in private shine
 And bid the world adieu,
 That so he may his beams confine
 In compliment to you:
 But if of that you do despair,
 Think how you did amiss
 To strive to fix her beams which are
 More bright and large than his.

EDMUND WALLER

(1606 – 1687)

EDMUND WALLER was born at Coleshill, then in a detached portion of Hertfordshire, but since 1832 absorbed by Buckinghamshire. He came of a good and wealthy family, and was educated at Eton and

King's College, Cambridge. He was elected member of Parliament for Amersham, according to some accounts, when only sixteen years of age; he was certainly elected for Ilchester when eighteen. He was

thus "nursed in Parliaments", and had a long and brilliant, though not always honourable, career in the House. He eventually became the Nestor of the assembly, and played this part with much dignity and charm. In 1631 he married Anne Banks, a London heiress, who died three years later. About 1635, soon after his becoming a widower, he began to address verses to Lady Dorothy Sidney, daughter of the Earl of Leicester, whom he celebrated under the name of Sacharissa (Lat. *saccharon*, sugar). It is tolerably certain that his intentions towards this lady were honourable but not matrimonial; his behaviour was probably not unlike that of the Frenchman who sat in his mistress's presence with his fingers on his pulse, and departed as soon as he felt it beat more than 75 times in a minute. The legend that Waller went mad when the lady rejected his suit may be dismissed at once; as poet and man Waller was *εὐπλαστός* rather than *ἐκστατικός*, to make the distinction which Aristotle makes (*Poetics*, xvii). As a member of the Long Parliament, Waller opposed the raising of troops by Parliament; in 1643 he was leader in a plot (known as "Waller's Plot") to seize London for the king. His conduct, when the plot was discovered, was pusillanimous; he informed against his fellow-conspirators to save his own life. He was expelled from the House of Commons, fined £10,000, and banished. He married a second time and went to France, where he lived with some splendour, though he was obliged to sell his wife's jewels. In 1651 he was pardoned by Cromwell's influence, and four years later published *A*

Panegyric to my Lord Protector, which gained him the appointment of Commissioner of Trade. After the Restoration he wrote a poem, *To the King, upon His Majesty's Happy Return*. When the king complained that the former poem was superior to the latter, the poet replied with happy promptitude, "Sir, we poets never succeed so well in writing truth as in fiction". Waller lived long enough to give good advice, which was not taken, to James II; and died at Beaconsfield on 21st October, 1687, in his eighty-second year.

Waller enjoyed, during his lifetime and for some while after his death, a great reputation as a poet. His poems circulated freely in manuscript, and two collections were printed in 1645 and 1664; other editions followed in 1668, 1682, and 1688. An important quarto edition, edited by Fenton, appeared in 1729. Waller was a careful writer, and the merit of much of his work consists in the absence of faults rather than in any positive virtues. As a lyric poet he is chiefly remembered by one poem, *Go, lovely Rose!* As a writer of heroic couplets he is famous for having effected a revolution in that metre. He introduced, or at any rate popularized, the self-contained couplet, thus preparing the way for Dryden and Pope. Some of his fame was doubtless due to his social position, his charm of manner, and his ready eloquence. His poetry lacks sincerity and strength, though it has smoothness as well as those saccharine qualities which he admired in the inspirer of much of his work. Unlike the contemporaries of his early days, Waller avoided conceits and far-fetched

ingenuities in his verses; in that respect his influence on English poetry was as wholesome as it was profound. His style is often perfect;

his treatment of his subject-matter is as often dry and heartless. His Poetical Works were edited by G. Thorn-Drury in 1893.

Go, lovely Rose!

Go, lovely Rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired;
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee;
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

The Bud

Lately on yonder swelling bush,
 Big with many a coming rose,
 This early bud began to blush,
 And did but half itself disclose;
 I pluck'd it, though no better grown,
 And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
 With such a purple light they shone,

As if they had been made of fire,
 And spreading so, would flame anon.
 All that was meant by air or sun,
 To the young flower, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
 What may the same informed of love,
 Of purest love, and music too,
 When Flavia it aspires to move?
 When that, which lifeless buds persuades
 To wax more soft, her youth invades?

Upon the Death of the Lord Protector

We must resign! Heaven his great soul does claim
 In storms, as loud as his immortal fame;
 His dying groans, his last breath, shakes our isle,
 And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile;
 About his palace their broad roots are toss'd
 Into the air.—So Romulus was lost!
 New Rome in such a tempest miss'd her king,
 And from obeying fell to worshipping.
 On Ætna's top thus Hercules lay dead,
 With ruin'd oaks and pines about him spread;
 The poplar, too, whose bough he wont to wear
 On his victorious head, lay prostrate there;
 Those his last fury from the mountain rent:
 Our dying hero from the Continent
 Ravish'd whole towns: and forts from Spaniards left
 As his last legacy to Britain left.
 The ocean, which so long our hopes confined,
 Could give no limits to his vaster mind;
 Our bounds' enlargement was his latest toil,
 Nor hath he left us pris'ners to our isle;
 Under the tropic is our language spoke,
 And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.
 From civil broils he did us disengage,
 Found nobler objects for our martial rage;
 And, with wise conduct, to his country show'd
 The ancient way of conquering abroad.
 Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow
 To him, that gave us peace and empire too.

Princes, that fear'd him, grieve, concern'd to see
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herself took notice of his death,
And, sighing, swell'd the sea with such a breath,
That, to remotest shores her billows roll'd,
The approaching fate of their great ruler told.

Of English Verse

Poets may boast, as safely vain,
Their works shall with the world remain:
Both, bound together, live or die,
The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line should long
Last in a daily changing tongue?
While they are new, envy prevails;
And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art;
Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that lasting marble seek,
Must carve in Latin, or in Greek;
We write in sand, our language grows,
And like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast;
The glory of his numbers lost!
Years have defaced his matchless strain;
And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age,
The shining subjects of his rage,
Hoping they should immortal prove,
Rewarded with success his love.

This was the gen'rous poet's scope;
And all an English pen can hope,

To make the fair approve his flame,
That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty; if it prove
But as long-lived as present love.

To Phyllis

Phyllis! why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can!)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time,
Change in love to heaven does climb.
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.

Phyllis! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two.
Let not you and I inquire
What has been our past desire;
On what shepherds you have smiled,
Or what nymphs I have beguiled;
Leave it to the planets too,
What we shall hereafter do;
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

While I Listen to Thy Voice

While I listen to thy voice,
Chloris! I feel my life decay;
That powerful noise
Calls my fleeting soul away.
Oh! suppress that magic sound,
Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris! peace! or singing die,
That together you and I
To heaven may go;
For all we know
Of what the blessed do above,
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

SIR JOHN DENHAM

(1615–1669)

SIR JOHN DENHAM was born in Dublin in 1615. His father, also Sir John, was Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland, but in 1617 was created a baron of the English Exchequer. Denham was educated at Oxford, and studied law at Lincoln's Inn, being distinguished principally by his love of gaming, against which, in a temporary mood of repentance, he wrote an essay, *The Anatomy of Play* (published without permission in 1651). In 1636 Denham commenced author by paraphrasing, with no extraordinary amount of skill, the second book of the *Aeneid*. His flat Turkish tragedy, *The Sophy*, was acted in 1642. Denham was a prominent Royalist, and acted for a time as secretary to Charles, employing no fewer than nine ciphers in this work. After some months he had to fly to France; he visited Poland and Holland before his return to England in 1652. Denham's most celebrated poem, *Cooper's Hill*, had been published in 1642, but was several times revised, and did not assume its final form until 1655, when the

well-known lines on the Thames appeared for the first time. After the Restoration, Denham was made Surveyor-General of Works; he organized the coronation ceremony in 1661 and was created K.B. His latter days were unhappy, though the accepted story of them has a suspiciously Grand Guignol touch. At the age of fifty he married a very young wife, who became the mistress of the Duke of York; the disgrace of this drove Denham mad, and he murdered his wife by administering to her a poisoned cup of chocolate. Some but not all of this is true. Denham died in 1669; his wits were restored, but he was under a cloud and was brutally and characteristically lampooned by Samuel Butler.

Denham occupies a fairly prominent position in literary histories, if not in literature; but this is due not so much to the merits of his writings as to Dryden's well-known opinion of them. Dryden says: "This sweetness of Mr. Waller's lyric poesy was afterwards followed in the epic by Sir John Denham, in his *Cooper's Hill*, a poem which

As if they had been made of fire,
 And spreading so, would flame anon.
 All that was meant by air or sun,
 To the young flower, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
 What may the same informed of love,
 Of purest love, and music too,
 When Flavia it aspires to move?
 When that, which lifeless buds persuades
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 About his palace their broad roots are toss'd
 Into the air.—So Romulus was lost!
 New Rome in such a tempest miss'd her king,
 And from obeying fell to worshipping.
 On Ætna's top thus Hercules lay dead,
 With ruin'd oaks and pines about him spread;
 The poplar, too, whose bough he wont to wear
 On his victorious head, lay prostrate there;
 Those his last fury from the mountain rent:
 Our dying hero from the Continent
 Ravish'd whole towns: and forts from Spaniards reft
 As his last legacy to Britain left.
 The ocean, which so long our hopes confined,
 Could give no limits to his vaster mind;
 Our bounds' enlargement was his latest toil,
 Nor hath he left us pris'ners to our isle;
 Under the tropic is our language spoke,
 And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.
 From civil broils he did us disengage,
 Found nobler objects for our martial rage;
 And, with wise conduct, to his country show'd
 The ancient way of conquering abroad.
 Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow
 To him, that gave us peace and empire too.

Princes, that fear'd him, grieve, concern'd to see
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herself took notice of his death,
And, sighing, swell'd the sea with such a breath,
That, to remotest shores her billows roll'd,
The approaching fate of their great ruler told.

Of English Verse

Poets may boast, as safely vain,
Their works shall with the world remain:
Both, bound together, live or die,
The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line should long
Last in a daily changing tongue?
While they are new, envy prevails;
And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art;
Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that lasting marble seek,
Must carve in Latin, or in Greek;
We write in sand, our language grows,
And like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast;
The glory of his numbers lost!
Years have defaced his matchless strain;
And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age,
The shining subjects of his rage,
Hoping they should immortal prove,
Rewarded with success his love.

This was the gen'rous poet's scope;
And all an English pen can hope,

To make the fair approve his flame,
That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty; if it prove
But as long-lived as present love.

To Phyllis

Phyllis! why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can!)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time,
Change in love to heaven does climb.
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.

Phyllis! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two.
Let not you and I inquire
What has been our past desire;
On what shepherds you have smiled,
Or what nymphs I have beguiled;
Leave it to the planets too,
What we shall hereafter do;
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

While I Listen to Thy Voice

While I listen to thy voice,
Chloris! I feel my life decay;
That powerful noise
Calls my fleeting soul away.
Oh! suppress that magic sound,
Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris! peace! or singing die,
That together you and I
To heaven may go;
For all we know
Of what the blessed do above,
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

SIR JOHN DENHAM

(1615 - 1669)

SIR JOHN DENHAM was born in Dublin in 1615. His father, also Sir John, was Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland, but in 1617 was created a baron of the English Exchequer. Denham was educated at Oxford, and studied law at Lincoln's Inn, being distinguished principally by his love of gaming, against which, in a temporary mood of repentance, he wrote an essay, *The Anatomy of Play* (published without permission in 1651). In 1636 Denham commenced author by paraphrasing, with no extraordinary amount of skill, the second book of the *Aeneid*. His flat Turkish tragedy, *The Sophy*, was acted in 1642. Denham was a prominent Royalist, and acted for a time as secretary to Charles, employing no fewer than nine ciphers in this work. After some months he had to fly to France; he visited Poland and Holland before his return to England in 1652. Denham's most celebrated poem, *Cooper's Hill*, had been published in 1642, but was several times revised, and did not assume its final form until 1655, when the

well-known lines on the Thames appeared for the first time. After the Restoration, Denham was made Surveyor-General of Works; he organized the coronation ceremony in 1661 and was created K.B. His latter days were unhappy, though the accepted story of them has a suspiciously Grand Guignol touch. At the age of fifty he married a very young wife, who became the mistress of the Duke of York; the disgrace of this drove Denham mad, and he murdered his wife by administering to her a poisoned cup of chocolate. Some but not all of this is true. Denham died in 1669; his wits were restored, but he was under a cloud and was brutally and characteristically lampooned by Samuel Butler.

Denham occupies a fairly prominent position in literary histories, if not in literature; but this is due not so much to the merits of his writings as to Dryden's well-known opinion of them. Dryden says: "This sweetness of Mr. Waller's lyric poesy was afterwards followed in the epic by Sir John Denham, in his *Cooper's Hill*, a poem which

your Lordship knows for the majesty of the style, is, and ever will be, the exact standard of good writing." Dryden's words were weighty enough to confer upon *Cooper's Hill* a position in poetry not unlike that held by the *Doryphorus* of Polyclitus in the art of statuary—a canon or standard of perfect art. *Cooper's Hill* is probably Denham's best poem, though his Elegy on Cowley is good; it is a fair but not inspired or inspiring piece of

work. Many of Denham's poems are disfigured by carelessness; he was an Antinomian in respect of grammar and rhyme. Much of his work has the air of a literary exercise; his attempts at humour are even less amusing than those of other court-poets. He retains a niche in a rarely visited side-chapel of literary history, partly on account of Dryden's praise, and partly on account of one fine, though hackneyed, passage in *Cooper's Hill*.

From "Cooper's Hill"

My eye descending from the hill, surveys
 Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
 Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
 By his old sire, to his embraces runs;
 Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity.
 Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
 Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold,
 His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers which their infants overlay;
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil:
 But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
 But free and common as the sea or wind;
 When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying towers
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants;

So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost;
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us or herself with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise maker's, than beholder's sight;
Though these delights from sev'ral causes move;
For so our children, thus our friends, we love),
Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord, which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe;
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists;
While the steep, horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood,
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth gazed here,
So fatally deceived he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat:
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is placed,
Between the mountain and the stream embraced,
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard

SIR JOHN DENHAM

Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames?
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great masterpiece; to show how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the King, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken, and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flower
Of youth whose hopes a nobler prey devour:
Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ears does wound.
Roused with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset;
All instruments, all arts of ruin met;
He calls to mind his strength and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet:
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompence;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent;
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks; the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies;
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,

With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves;
Sadly surveying where he ranged alone
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own,
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame,
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge, and his clashing beam;
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife;
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now every leaf, and every moving breath
Presents a foe, and every foe a death.
Wearied, forsaken, and pursued, at last
All safety in despair of safety placed,
Courage he thence resumes, resolved to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
But when he sees the cager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor art, avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desperate to assay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst; alas! they thirst for blood.
So t'wards a ship the oar-finn'd galleys ply,
Which, wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall revenged on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag, among th' enraged hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds;
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.

SIR JOHN DENHAM

So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
 From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
 Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
 And stains the crystal with a purple flood.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

(1618–1667)

ABRAHAM COWLEY was the posthumous seventh child of Thomas Cowley, a stationer, and was born in London in 1618. He was educated at Westminster and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1639 and M.A. in 1642; in 1640 he was elected to a minor fellowship. Cowley was one of the most precocious poets on record, nor was his precocity, like that of many infant prodigies, a mere flash in the pan. He has told us himself, in one of his essays, how his thoughts first turned to poetry. “I remember when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lye in my mother’s parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion), but there was wont to lye Spenser’s works. This I happen’d to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found every where there (tho’ my understanding had little to do with all this); and by degrees with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet.” In 1633, while still at Westminster, he published *Poetical Blossoms*, a collec-

tion of five poems, one of which was written at the age of ten and another two years later. They are not great poems, but would not be discredit able to a much more mature writer. His pastoral drama, *Love’s Riddle*, was published in 1638, and in the same year his Latin comedy, *Naufragium Joculare*, was acted by members of Trinity College, and soon afterwards printed. When Prince Charles visited Cambridge in 1641, Cowley improvised a comedy, *The Guardian*, for the occasion. This comedy was subsequently rewritten, renamed *The Cutter of Coleman Street*, and acted, after the Restoration, with indifferent success. Cowley had planned out for himself a quiet and contemplative literary life, but his plans were rudely upset by the Civil War. Though a life of action was not what he desired, he felt it his duty to dedicate his gifts to the Royalist cause. He was ejected from his fellowship at Trinity, “torn from thence by that violent publick storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me the hyssop”. He took sanctuary for a time at St. John’s College, Oxford, and in 1646 followed the queen to France. He went on several diplomatic missions to Jersey, Holland,

and other places; but he principally devoted himself to conducting a correspondence in cipher between the king and queen. This was a most exacting and exhausting task, and left Cowley scant leisure for literary work. A collection of his frigid love-poems, *The Mistress*, was published in 1647. These love-poems were admired to excess by Cowley's contemporaries, but are perhaps the least admired of his writings to-day. They were not based upon experience, and do not ring true. In 1656 Cowley revisited England, and was arrested by mistake and bailed out with difficulty. As a cloak for his political activities, he took the degree of M.D. at Oxford in 1657, but almost the only result of his medical studies was a Latin poem on plants, in six books. In 1656 he published a four-fold collection of poems, containing *Miscellanies*, *The Mistress*, *Pindarique Odes*, and *The Davideis*. *The Pindarique Odes* are faulty productions with excellent passages in them; they owe little to Pindar, and inaugurated a literary fashion which lasted for over a century, and which appealed strongly to poets who imagined that regular metres unduly restrained their genius. *The Davideis* is an incomplete and unsatisfactory sacred poem. It was to have had twelve books, the statutory number since Virgil wrote the *Aeneid*, but the author only managed to complete four. It displays, as does most of Cowley's work, considerable skill and cleverness, but not many of the higher qualities of poetry. Cowley went back to France again in 1658, and returned to England after the Restoration. He hoped to be appointed master of the

Savoy, but was balked in his ambition. He acquired, however, a lease of the queen's lands, and lived in retirement, first at Barn Elms and then at Chertsey. Rural seclusion did not come up to his expectations, and his tenants did not pay their rent. While supervising his labourers in the meadows, he caught cold and died on the 28th July, 1667. In the following year a folio edition of his works appeared; in it his eleven charming essays were printed for the first time.

Few poetical reputations have come through more vicissitudes than Cowley's. In his lifetime he was considered, quite soberly, by men of sound judgment, as one of the greatest of English poets, and the peer of Pindar and Virgil. Yet in 1737 Pope inquired "Who now reads Cowley?"; the answer to Pope's query to-day, almost two hundred years later, is "Hardly anyone". Yet if his contemporary fame was undeserved, the neglect of him to-day is not less so. In most of his poems there are brilliant passages; some, in which he forgets to be clever, are simple, graceful, and entirely successful; his essays, which are of the school of Montaigne, are delightfully easy and attractive in style. He spoke of himself as melancholy; but his chief characteristic was a Roman *gravitas*. He was an earnest labourer at the craft of letters, and a pioneer in the art of writing prefaces, notes, and similar aids to literary enjoyment. His reputation vanished so abruptly mainly because he belonged to a transition period; he fell in too much with the fleeting fashions of his day; his house was built on sand. His works have been edited by A. R. Waller.

Drinking

The thirsty Earth soaks up the Rain,
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
 The Plants suck in the Earth, and are
 With constant drinking fresh and fair.
 The Sea it self, which one would think
 Should have but little need of Drink,
 Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
 So fill'd that they or'eflow the Cup.
 The busie Sun (and one would guess
 By's drunken fiery face no less)
 Drinks up the Sea, and when h'as done,
 The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun.
 They drink and dance by their own light,
 They drink and revel all the night.
 Nothing in Nature's Sober found,
 But an eternal Health goes round.
 Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high,
 Fill all the Glasses there, for why
 Should every creature drink but I,
 Why, Man of Morals, tell me why?

The Wish

Well then; I now do plainly see,
 This busie world and I shall ne're agree;
 The very Honey of all earthly joy
 Does of all meats the soonest cloy,
 And they (methinks) deserve my pity,
 Who for it can endure the stings,
 The Crowd, and Buz, and Murmuring
 Of this great I live, the City.

Ah, yet, e're I descend to th' Grave
 May I a small House, and large Garden have!
 And a few Friends, and many Books, both true,
 Both wise, and both delightful too!
 And since Love ne're will from me flee,
 A Mistress moderately fair,
 And good as Guardian-Angels are,
 Only belov'd, and loving me!

Oh, Fountains, when in you shall I
 My self, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
 Oh Fields! Oh Woods! when, when shall I be made
 The happy Tenant of your shade?
 Here's the Spring-head of Pleasures flood;
 Where all the Riches lie, that she
 Has coyn'd and stamp't for good.

Pride and Ambition here,
 Only in far fetcht Metaphors appear;
 Here nought but winds can hurtful Murmurs scatter,
 And nought but Echo flatter.

The Gods, when they descended, hither
 From Heav'n did always chuse their way;
 And therefore we may boldly say,
 That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I,
 And one dear She live, and embracing dy!
 She who is all the world, and can exclude
 In desarts Solitude.

I should have then this only fear,
 Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
 Should hither throng to live like me,
 And so make a City here.

Hymn. To Light

First born of Chaos, who so fair didst come
 From the old Negro's darksome womb!
 Which when it saw the lovely Child,
 The melancholly Mass put on kind looks and smil'd,

Thou Tide of Glory which no Rest dost know,
 But ever Ebb, and ever Flow!
 Thou Golden shower of true Jove!
 Who does in thee descend, and Heav'n to Earth make Love!

Hail active Natures watchful Life and Health!
 Her Joy, her Ornament, and Wealth!
 Hail to thy Husband Heat, and Thee!
 Thou the worlds beauteous Bride, the lusty Bridegroom He!

Say from what Golden Quivers of the Sky,
 Do all thy winged Arrows fly?
 Swiftness and Power by Birth are thine:
 From thy Great Sire they came, thy Sire the word Divine.

'Tis, I believe, this Archery to show,
 That so much cost in Colours thou,
 And skill in Painting dost bestow,
 Upon thy ancient Arms, the Gawdy Heav'nly Bow.

Swift as light Thoughts their empty Carriere run,
 Thy Race is finisht, when begun
 Let a Post-Angel start with 'Ihee,
 And Thou the Goal of Earth shalt reach as soon as He:

Thou in the Moons bright Chariot proud and gay,
 Dost thy bright wood of Stars survey;
 And all the year dost with thee bring
 Of thousand flowry Lights thine own Nocturnal Spring.

Thou Scythian-like dost round thy Lands above
 The Suns gilt Tent for ever move,
 And still as thou in pomp dost go
 The shining Pageants of the World attend thy show.

Nor amidst all these Triumphs dost thou scorn
 The humble Glow-worms to adorn,
 And with those living spangles gild,
 (O Greatness without Pride!) the Bushes of the Field.

Night, and her ugly Subjects thou dost fright,
 And sleep, the lazy Owl of Night;
 Asham'd and fearful to appear
 They skreen their horrid shapes with the black Hemisphere.

With 'em there hast, and wildly takes the Alarm,
 Of painted Dreams, a busie swarm,
 At the first opening of thine eye,
 The various Clusters break, the antick Atomes fly.

The guilty Serpents, and obscener Beasts
 Creep conscious to their secret rests:
 Nature to thee does reverence pay,
 Ill Omens, and ill Sights removes out of thy way.

At thy appearance, Grief it self is said,
To shake his Wings, and rouse his Head.
And cloudy care has often took
A gentle beamy Smile reflected from thy Look.

At thy appearance, Fear it self grows bold;
Thy Sun-shine melts away his Cold.
Encourag'd at the sight of Thee,
To the cheek Colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

Even Lust the Master of a hardned Face,
Blushes if thou beest in the place,
To darkness' Curtains he retires,
In Sympathizing Night he rowls his smoaky Fires.

When, Goddess, thou liftst up thy wakened Head,
Out of the Mornings purple bed,
Thy Quire of Birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

The Ghosts, and Monster Spirits, that did presume
A Bodies Priv'lege to assume,
Vanish again invisibly,
And Bodies gain agen their visibility.

All the Worlds bravery that delights our Eyes
Is but thy sev'ral Liveries,
Thou the Rich Dy on them bestowest,
Thy nimble Pencil Paints this Landskape as thou go'st.

A Crimson Garment in the Rose thou wear'st;
A Crown of studded Gold thou bear'st,
The Virgin Lillies in their White,
Are clad but with the Lawn of almost Naked Light.

The Violet, springs little Infant, stands,
Girt in thy purple Swadling-bands:
On the fair Tulip thou dost dote;
Thou cloath'st it in a gay and party-colour'd Coat.

With Flame condens't thou dost the Jewels fix,
And solid Colours in it mix:
Flora her self envyes to see
Flowers fairer then her own, and durable as she.

Ah, Goddess! would thou could'st thy hand withhold,
 And be less Liberall to Gold;
 Didst thou less value to it give,
 Of how much care (alas) might'st thou poor Man relieve!

To me the Sun is more delightful farr,
 And all fair Dayes much fairer are.
 But few, ah wondrous few there be,
 Who do not Gold preferr, O Goddess, ev'n to Thee.

Through the soft wayes of IHeaven, and Air, and Sea,
 Which open all their Pores to Thee;
 Like a cleer River thou dost glide,
 And with thy Living Stream through the close Channels slide.

But where firm Bodies thy free course oppose,
 Gently thy source the Land oreflowes;
 Takes there possession, and does make,
 Of Colours mingled, Light, a thick and standing Lake.

But the vast Ocean of unbounded Day
 In th' Empyraean IHeaven does stay.
 Thy Rivers, Lakes, and Springs below
 From thence took first their Rise, thither at last must Flow.

From “Of Solitude”

“*Nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus,*” is now become a very vulgar saying. Every man, and almost every boy, for these seventeen hundred years has had it in his mouth. But it was at first spoken by the excellent Scipio, who was without question a most eloquent and witty person, as well as the most wise, most worthy, most happy, and the greatest of all mankind. His meaning no doubt was this: that he found more satisfaction to his mind, and more improvement of it by solitude than by company; and to show that he spoke not this loosely or out of vanity, after he had made Rome mistress of almost the whole world, he retired himself from it by a voluntary exile, and at a private house in the middle of a wood near Linternum passed the remainder of his glorious life no less gloriously. This house Seneca went to see so long after with great veneration, and, among other things, describes his bath to have been of so mean a structure that now, says he, the basest of the people would despise them, and cry out, “Poor Scipio understood not how to live.” What

an authority is here for the credit of retreat! and happy had it been for Hannibal if adversity could have taught him as much wisdom as was learnt by Scipio from the highest prosperities. This would be no wonder if it were as truly as it is colourably and wittily said by Monsieur de Montaigne, that ambition itself might teach us to love solitude: there is nothing does so much hate to have companions. It is true, it loves to have its elbows free, it detests to have company on either side, but it delights above all things in a train behind, ay, and ushers, too, before it. But the greater part of men are so far from the opinion of that noble Roman, that if they chance at any time to be without company they are like a becalmed ship; they never move but by the wind of other men's breath, and have no oars of their own to steer withal. It is very fantastical and contradictory in human nature that men should love themselves above all the rest of the world, and yet never endure to be with themselves. When they are in love with a mistress, all other persons are unfortunate and burdensome to them. "*Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam lubens*", They would live and die with her alone.

Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere silvis
 Qua nulla humano sit via trita pede,
 Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra
 Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.

With thee for ever I in woods could rest,
 Where never human foot the ground has pressed
 Thou from all shades the darkness canst exclude,
 And from a desert banish solitude.

And yet our dear self is so wearisome to us that we can scarcely support its conversation for an hour together. This is such an odd temper of mind as Catullus expresses towards one of his mistresses, whom we may suppose to have been of a very unsociable humour.

Odi et Amo, qua nam id faciam ratione requiris?
 Nescio, sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.

I hate, and yet I love thee too;
 How can that be? I know not how;
 Only that so it is I know,
 And feel with torment that 'tis so.

It is a deplorable condition this, and drives a man sometimes to pitiful shifts in seeking how to avoid himself.

JOHN MILTON

(1608 - 1674)

JOHN MILTON was born in Bread Street, Cheapside, on 9th December, 1608. His father, who had the same name, was a prosperous scrivener or lawyer who specialized in drawing up contracts and dealing in money matters. The elder John Milton had been disinherited on account of his religious views by his father, who was a Roman Catholic. He was a good scholar and a musician of more than ordinary skill, and took a keen interest in the education of his elder son. Milton was educated by Thomas Young, afterwards master of Jesus College, Cambridge, and the TY of Smeectymnuus. He was also sent to St. Paul's School, and studied assiduously, often remaining at his books until midnight. His portrait, an extremely beautiful one, as a boy of ten has been preserved; even at that age he had a serious and thoughtful look, and seems as if he even already stood somewhat apart from his contemporaries, and relished Greek and Latin more than play or mischief. In 1625 he entered Christ's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1629 and M.A. in 1632. He studied hard at Cambridge, and though some unpleasantness with the college authorities led to his changing his tutor and perhaps to his rustication, the legend that he was publicly flogged in the hall of Christ's College is a legend and nothing more. While at college Milton wrote some Latin and some English verse; the latter included the poem which was prefixed to the 1632 Folio edition of Shake-

peare, the not very humorous poems on Hobson the carrier, and the *Nativity Ode*. Milton went down from Cambridge in 1632, after taking his master's degree, and went to live with his father, who had retired from business and was residing at Horton, in Buckinghamshire. Here he spent almost six years, which must have been some of the happiest years of his life, in reading and study. He had for a time been intended for the Church, but was unwilling to take the oaths which were necessary. He thought, but not very seriously, of adopting law as a profession; but soon after leaving Cambridge he decided on a literary career. He, in fact, prepared himself for the career of poet—of chief English poet—as carefully as the most ambitious divinity or law student prepares himself to be Archbishop of Canterbury or Lord Chancellor. Fortunately for him, his father fell in with his views, and enabled him not only to live without earning anything until he was well over thirty, but also to travel abroad in some comfort. During the years at Horton, Milton wrote *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* (1632), *Arcades* (1633), *Comus* (1634), and *Lycidas* (1637). In 1638 Milton started on his foreign tour, which lasted fifteen months. He visited Paris, Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, and Florence, where he spent two months. He spent two months in Rome also, visited Naples, returned to Rome and Florence, and visited Venice, Verona, Milan, and Geneva. He

returned home, on account of the political situation, about the end of July, 1639. His foreign tour had been something of a triumph for a young Englishman who held no public office; but his scholarship, his poetical gifts, his letters of recommendation, and, it may be added, his personal appearance, threw open to him many doors which would have been closed to many a nobleman or gentleman. He was honoured by the Florentine academies, and was introduced to Galileo, Cardinal Barberini, and Manso, the aged patron of Tasso. While in Italy Milton wrote several sonnets in good but not quite perfect Italian, thus establishing himself, along with Gower, as one of our few trilingual poets. When Milton returned to England, he took first of all rooms in St. Bride's Churchyard and then a house in Aldersgate Street, and set up as a private schoolmaster in a small way. He undertook the education of his two nephews, Edward and John Phillips, and subsequently took a few more pupils. Plain living and high thinking was the order of the day, though athletic sports were not neglected. It was not long before Milton flung himself heart and soul into the disputes of the time, but as a pamphleteer, not as a soldier, for which, as he naïvely says, any common person was fitted. Joseph Hall, satirist and bishop, and the prodigiously learned Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh, were his first antagonists. The three pamphlets which Milton contributed to the *Smectymnuus* controversy, as it was called from the composite initials of five Puritan pamphleteers, are, like too many of Milton's prose writings, illogical

and lacking in decent respect for his adversaries. In 1642 he published *The Reason of Church-Government urg'd against Prelaty*. The controversy with Hall continued, though it had degenerated into mere personalities, and evoked Milton's *Apology*. In 1643 Milton married under circumstances which suggest that his character was perhaps more impetuous than that of the Milton of tradition. He disappeared into the country and came back with a seventeen - year - old wife, Mary Powell, the daughter of an Oxfordshire cavalier. His wife was not a suitable mate in age, opinions, or training. After a month of married life, Mrs Milton went to her father's house on a visit, and refused to come back to her husband. It has been suggested that the marriage was a marriage only in name. Milton's behaviour in these tragical circumstances was characteristic. Basing general arguments upon his own particular case, he wrote four pamphlets in favour of divorce, *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, *The Judgement of Martin Bucer*, *Tetrachordon*, and *Colasterion*. The first of these was written very soon after his wife's departure. His attitude was the dangerous one that incompatibility of temper alone was sufficient cause for divorce. His views on divorce displeased almost everybody, including some of those who shared his political views, and "Miltonist" became a term of reproach applied to anyone who denied the sanctity of the marriage tie. Milton had had some trouble with the authorities in connexion with the publication of these pamphlets, and in November, 1644, published what is perhaps the best-known and the best of his prose

works, *Areopagitica*, a powerful and eloquent plea for the freedom of the press. *Of Education*, a valuable and not acrimonious pamphlet, appeared in 1644 also, though earlier in the year. In 1645 Milton proposed to give practical effect to his views on divorce by marrying another wife, but the lady, wise in her generation, was "averse to the motion". Either because she heard of this incident or "for any other good female reason", Mrs. Milton returned to her husband in 1645, and her parents, after the ruin of the Royalist cause, were glad to find a sanctuary in the house of their scarcely sympathetic son-in-law. There is no evidence that Milton's first marriage was an unqualified success; his wife bore him three daughters, Anne, Mary, and Deborah, and one son, who died in infancy. In 1652, soon after the birth of Deborah, Mrs. Milton died. In 1647 Milton's father died and left him a competence, whereupon he moved to High Holborn and gave up teaching. During these years Milton's sole poetical writings appear to have been some of the *Sonneis* and a by no means impressive version of some of the *Psalms*. The execution of the king in 1649 was a turning-point in Milton's life. A fortnight after Charles's death he published his *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, a defence of the regicides' policy. His reward was immediate. He was appointed Latin secretary to the Council of State, and took office on 15th March, 1649. His principal duty, for which he was admirably qualified, was to turn foreign despatches into Latin, and he discharged this and other duties with characteristic vigour and effi-

cency. His *Eikonoklastes* (1649) was a reply to the *Eikon Basilike*, which was published as the work of Charles himself, but is almost certainly the work of John Gauden (q.v.). Milton's criticism takes the form of a line-by-line commentary, a form which, if it arouses any interest at all, arouses interest in the original. Milton's next controversy was his severest and most tiresome. The French scholar Salmasius (Claude de Saumaise), a professor at Leyden, wrote a *Defensio Regia pro Carolo I*, to which Milton was commissioned to reply. His reply, *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio*, in Latin, appeared in March, 1650. Both works are exceedingly ferocious in tone, and appear even more so to those who are unfamiliar with the amenities of scholarly controversy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Milton's effort cost him his eyesight, which had long been failing, and Salmasius's counterattack was said to have caused its author's death. Another attack on Milton was made by the Frenchman Peter du Moulin in his *Regii Sanguinis Clamor ad Coelum*, to which a Franco - Scot, Alexander More, wrote a dedicatory epistle. Milton's reply, *Defensio Secunda* (Latin), was addressed to More, as was his *Pro Se Defensio* (1655). Milton's blindness, which became total in 1652, modified but did not end his career as Latin secretary. He was assisted in the performance of his duties by several subordinates, of whom the most important was Andrew Marvell (q.v.). His salary was reduced together with his duties. In 1656 Milton married for a second time. Little is known of his second wife except that her

name was Catherine Woodcock, that she died fifteen months after the marriage together with her infant daughter, and that Milton wrote one of his most beautiful sonnets in her memory. After the death of Cromwell, Milton retained his secretaryship, and wrote several ill-timed pamphlets, such as *The Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth*. The Restoration, in which he refused to believe until it had taken place, if then, altered his whole mode of life. He was obliged to conceal himself, and feared severe if not extreme penalties; one of his books, the *Defensio*, was burnt, and he himself was in custody for a time, but was soon released. The Act of Indemnity freed him from all fear of any further punishment. There is a tradition, pleasant but improbable, that Milton owed his life to D'Avenant, whom he had formerly saved from a similar fate. The Restoration caused Milton to lose some considerable sums of money, besides his salary, and he found himself in straitened circumstances, though not in actual need. His relations with the three daughters of his first marriage were not very happy; the daughters accused their father of forcing them to read to him Hebrew and Syriac books which they did not understand. If this accusation is true, it would seem uncertain whether the reader or the listener suffered more. Milton, in turn, accused his daughters of taking advantage of his blindness, and of selling his books, the *summum nefas* in the judgment of a scholar. To remedy this state of affairs, Milton in 1663 married a third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, who brought him no

children, was a good though not ideal wife, and lived until 1727. Soon after this marriage he moved to a house in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, where he spent the rest of his life except for part of the Plague Year (1665), when he retreated to a small house, still standing, in Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire.

About the year 1658 Milton began the composition of *Paradise Lost*, which occupied him for some five years. The poem was originally planned many years before as a drama. A notebook of Milton's, preserved in Trinity College, Cambridge, gives a list of ninety-nine possible subjects for a long poem. Fifty-three of these subjects are taken from the Old Testament, eight from the Gospels, thirty-three from British history, and five from Scottish history. The poem was dictated in batches of twenty or thirty lines to whoever happened to be at hand. Its publication was delayed until 1667 by the Great Plague and the Great Fire. It was originally in ten books, but in the 1674 edition was altered, by the subdivision of the seventh and tenth books, from the decimal to the duodecimal system, almost a statutory requirement in an epic poem since Virgil wrote the *Aeneid*. Milton received £5 for the poem, and was to receive a further £5 upon the sale of each of the first three editions. The first edition of thirteen hundred copies was sold by April, 1669, so that the poem enjoyed at once a fair amount of popularity, considering its difficulty, its unusual metre, and the politics of its author. The idea that *Paradise Lost* was written into popularity by Addison in the

Spectator is or was widespread, but is quite erroneous. The sequel to the great poem was suggested, it is said, by Milton's young Quaker friend, Thomas Ellwood, who said to him, on seeing the complete manuscript of the earlier poem, "Thou hast said much here of *Paradise Lost*, but what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found?*" *Paradise Regained* was published, together with *Samson Agonistes*, in 1671. Milton could not bear to hear it compared unfavourably with its forerunner, but it is not correct to say that it was his favourite of the two. In *Samson Agonistes* Milton kept the promise which he had made to himself many years before of writing a drama modelled upon a Greek tragedy. It is a somewhat austere poem, lacking in action, the essential feature of drama, but it is a noble work, and of much autobiographical interest. In his later days Milton published several innocuous prose works, *The History of Britain*, *The History of Moscovia*, a Latin grammar (in English), and a work on logic (in Latin). In 1823 a Latin treatise, *De Doctrina Christiana*, was discovered among the state papers by the archivist Robert Lemon; it was published with a translation by C. R. Sumner, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, in 1825, and served as a peg for Macaulay's celebrated essay. In it Milton expounds his peculiar Arian or semi-Arian views. Milton had suffered from gout for many years, and died of it on 8th November, 1674. He was buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

Milton's work is divided into three periods with unusual clearness. In his first period, which

may be regarded as ending when he returned to England in 1639, he wrote his Latin poems, various short or occasional poems, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Arcades*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*. In his second period, which ended roughly when Cromwell died, he wrote nothing but controversial or didactic prose and a few sonnets. In his third period he wrote his two epic poems and *Samson Agonistes*.

Milton's Latin poems are admirable, but have certainly been appreciated at quite their full value. Latin poems of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are not very accessible to many of those who have both enough Latin and enough interest to read them; accordingly Milton's Latin verses are praised without sufficient reference to the prevalent high standard of Latin verse-writing. In his earliest English poems Milton almost at once showed his distinctive style, his nobility of language and his grandeur of rhythm. *The Nativity Ode* is a splendid example of his mature style; and in his other short early poems he shows himself at once the pupil and the superior of such poets as Giles and Phineas Fletcher and Drummond of Hawthornden. The companion poems, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, which depict two different moods rather than two different men, are perfect in their way and are written in a metre which is admirably adapted to the subject. As Johnson says, "Every man that reads them, reads them with pleasure". *Arcades* is perhaps somewhat sketchy, but *Comus*, which is not a masque in the Jonsonian sense, is, in the opinion of some, Milton's most perfect poem. *Lycidas*, written on

Song

Saphira faire

Listen virgin whoe thou sittest sitting
under the glassie coole translucent wave
in twisted braids of litties knitting
the loose ~~thine~~ traine of thy amber dropping hair
Lisp for deare honours sake
Goodeise of the silver lake
Listen and save

Litter am I prone to us

to be said

in name of great Oceanus by th' Earth shaking neptunes mare
by Leucothoe's lovely hands and Tethys grande mayestick pace
her son that rules the strands by Aeneas' ~~strands~~ wrinkled look
by Thetis tinsel-slipper'd feet and the Carpathian wizards hook
and the songs of Sirens sweet and old sooth saying Alceus' yell
by Dead Panthenoids dears lamb by Leucades,
and faire Ligeas golden comb
where she sits on diamond rocks by all the nymphs that moulder can
streaking her soft falldering locks upon thy streams with wild gleney
rise & heave thy rose head from thy corall-pated bed
and bield in thy head long wane
till then our summons answered have

Listen & save

Sabinus rising attuned with the water nymphs

Songs

By the vining-finged banch
where grows the willow, & the osier banch
my sliding chariot stayes
thick grove with fragt and diazyne sheens
of leavening turp'le blaw, & emerald emerald green
that morn-wheats onlayes that in the channell stranies
My light from off the waters fleet
thus I set my pricketse free
on the coulips velvet head
that boud'g'd as broad
Gentle swaine at thy soft request.

I am here.

Dr. Goddess dore

wee implore thy powerfull hand
to undoe the may charmed band
of true virgin heart distrest
through the force, & through the wile
of an blast enchanter wile.
Shepherd is my office best

to helpe ensnared chastitie

dearly Brightest lady looke on me
thou & sprinkle on thy self
drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure

thrice upon thy fingers tip

thrice we on thy rubed lip

next this marble venomed seat

smeard with aquing of glutinous hate

I touch wth chaff palmyre moist & cold

now the goll hath lost his hold

and I met hast eve morning now

To wade in amphitrites mucky bowys

Virgin daughter of Locrine

Spring of old Anchises lin

gabine
the ladies riss out
of her seat

the death of Milton's college friend (not a very intimate friend) Edward King, is a faultless poem; and Johnson's strictures upon it, as often happens, throw more light upon the critic than upon the poem. Had Milton written no more poems than those of his first period, he would still rank as one of our greatest poets and as a master of metre second only to Spenser, if to him.

The reader of Milton's prose cannot help being struck by the poor quality of many of his "paper bullets of the brain", and by the lack of manners and of logic displayed in many of his controversial writings. His ruffled and undignified prose forms a striking contrast to his calm, stately verse. There is little doubt that much of it would remain unread were it not Milton's work, though some of its critics are not wholly fair to it, and, like Mr. Dick, are unable to keep King Charles I out of their discussions. His style is much marred by the length of his sentences, and still more by his outbursts of anger, which, as Horace tells us, is a brief madness. In some passages, however, he rises to great heights of eloquence, and the great-souled poet is visible behind the rabid controversialist.

To most of his readers, however, Milton is above all the author of *Paradise Lost*. To give any analysis of this great poem would be superfluous; it is sufficient to say that it puts its author on an equality, not perhaps with Homer, but with Virgil and Dante. It is an example of what Arnold called "the grand style"; it is indeed perhaps the greatest example in any language of that style, and it sustains that

style almost throughout its entirety with miraculous power. The absolute command of language and metre which Milton displays is another remarkable feature of the poem; he is a greater metrist even than Spenser, and the improvements which he introduced into blank verse have never themselves been improved upon. The chief of these improvements, perhaps, is the verse-paragraph. The defects of the poem are that there is perhaps too much debate and not enough action in certain books, and that the whole poem is a little remote from the ordinary concerns of men. A Roman poet who is in every way the antithesis of Milton says of himself, "hominem pagina nostra sapit"—it is just this quality that is lacking in the great poem. *Paradise Regained* has never equalled its predecessor in popularity, and suffers still more from lack of action, but it has some ardent admirers. In it too, and in *Samson Agonistes*, are to be found the same grandeur of phrase and majesty of metre which are in all his poems.

Milton has created upon some of his readers an impression of being an arrogant man who set himself upon a pinnacle and, like the Cyclops of old, lived in isolation from his fellows. This impression is far from being wholly true. Milton had some sense of humour, and some of the humarer virtues. When he saw the extremely unflattering portrait which was prefixed to the 1645 edition of his Poems, Milton got the engraver to engrave below it some Greek verses which pithily expressed the subject's opinion of the artist. When Dryden asked Milton's permission to turn *Paradise Lost* into

a rhymed drama, Milton said that Dryden "might tag his verses"—both the permission and the form in which it was couched show that he did not unduly over-estimate his work. That he was "a harsh choleric man" is, after all, only told us by his first mother-in-law. Almost universal opinion ranks Milton as second only to Shakespeare among English poets. His popularity is by no means as widespread as Shakespeare's, nor is it perhaps so great as it was in the old days, when he shared with Josephus immunity from banishment on Sundays. In his great poems he combines, as Swinburne said of Æschylus, "all the light of

the Greeks with all the fire of the Hebrews". The man who does not like Milton "hath no music in himself, nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds". To know him is a liberal education; to know him well is almost as good as a classical one.

[D. Masson, *The Life of John Milton* (this gives us about Milton *omnis res scibilis, et quaedam aliae*); R. Garnett, *Life of John Milton*; M. Pattison, *Milton*; Sir Walter Raleigh, *Milton*; John Bailey, *Milton*; Robert Bridges, *Milton's Prosody*; Samuel Johnson, *Lives of the Poets*; J. H. Mansford, *A Milton Handbook*; M. A. Larson, *The Modernity of Milton*.]

From "The Nativity Ode"

The Oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving,
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns, and altars round
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;

And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of Palestine;
And moonèd Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark,
The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine;
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,

And the yellow-skirted fays,
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see! the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest.
Time is our tedious song should here have ending;
Heaven's youngest-teemèd star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order serviceable.

(*Stanzas LXV to LXXII.*)

L'Allegro

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair,
Haste thee, Nymph and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landskip round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;

JOHN MILTON

Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrus met
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many afeat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat.
She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings,
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild,
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head,
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

From "Lycidas"

Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.

JOHN MILTON

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy streaked with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
 For so, to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled;
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
 Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold.
 Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves.
 Where, other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,

That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey:
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

(*Lines 132-193.*)

Sonnet I. To the Nightingale

O Nightingale that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love. O, if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom, in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

Sonnet XVIII. On the late Massacre in Piedmont

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,

Forget not: in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
 A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

Sonnet XIX. On his Blindness

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide,
 “Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?”
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need
 Either man’s work or his own gifts. Who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
 Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o’er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.”

From “Paradise Lost”

BOOK I

Of Man’s first disobedience, and the fruit
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
 Brought death into the World, and all our woe,
 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
 Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
 Sing, Heavenly Muse, that, on the secret top
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
 That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
 In the beginning how the heavens and earth
 Rose out of Chaos; or, if Sion hill

Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
 Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
 Invoke thy aid to my adventrous song
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
 And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
 Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
 Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
 And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
 Illumine, what is low raise and support;
 That, to the highth of this great argument,
 I may assert Eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first—for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
 Nor the deep tract of Hell—say first what cause
 Moved our grand Parents, in that happy state,
 Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off
 From their Creator, and transgress his will
 For one restraint, lords of the World besides.
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?

The infernal Serpent; he it was whose guile,
 Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride
 Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
 Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers,
 He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
 If he opposed, and, with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God,
 Raised impious war in Heaven and battle proud,
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
 Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In adamantine chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

Nine times the space that measures day and night
 To mortal men, he, with his horrid crew,
 Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
 Confounded, though immortal. But his doom
 Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought

Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
 Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes,
 That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
 Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
 At once, as far as Angel's ken, he views
 The dismal situation waste and wild.
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
 As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
 No light; but rather darkness visible
 Served only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
 That comes to all, but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
 Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
 For those rebellious; here their prison ordained
 In utter darkness, and their portion set,
 As far removed from God and light of Heaven
 As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
 Oh how unlike the place from whence they fell!
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in Palestine, and named
 BEELZEBUB. To whom the Arch-Enemy,
 And thence in Heaven called SATAN, with bold words,
 Breaking the horrid silence, thus began: --
 " If thou beest he—but Oh how fallen! how changed
 From him!—who, in the happy realms of light,
 Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
 Myriads, though bright—if he whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
 Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
 In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest
 From what hight fallen: so much the stronger proved
 He with his thunder: and till then who knew
 The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
 Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
 Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
 Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind,
 And high disdain from sense of injured merit.

That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
 And to the fierce contention brought along
 Innumerable forces of Spirits armed,
 That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power opposed
 In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
 All is not lost—the unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield,
 And what is else not to be overcome.
 That glory never shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power
 Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
 Doubted his empire—that were low indeed;
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath
 This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of Gods.
 And this empyreal substance, cannot fail;
 Since, through experience of this great event,
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
 We may with more successful hope resolve
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,
 Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
 Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven."

(*Lines 1-124.*)

BOOK IV

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight grey
 Had in her sober livery all things clad;
 Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.
 She all night long her amorous descant sung:
 Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw;
 When Adam thus to Eve:—“ Fair Consort, the hour
 Of night, and all things now retired to rest,

JOHN MILTON

Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
 Successive, and the timely dew of sleep,
 Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
 Our eye-lids. Other creatures all day long
 Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,
 And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
 While other animals unactive range,
 And of their doings God takes no account.
 To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform
 Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
 That mock our scant manuring, and require
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
 That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease.
 Meanwhile, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned:--
 " My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
 Unargued I obey. So God ordains:
 God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
 Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
 With thee conversing, I forget all time,
 All seasons, and their change; all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of carliest birds; pleasant the Sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming-on
 Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
 And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:
 But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun
 On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
 Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,
 With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,

Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?"

To whom our general ancestor replied:—
“ Daughter of God and Man, accomplished Eve,
Those have their course to finish round the Earth
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise;
Lest total Darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the Sun’s more potent ray.
These, then, though un beheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain. Nor think, though men were none,
That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often, from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other’s note,
Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.”

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed
On to their blissful bower. It was a place
Chosen by the sovran Planter, when he framed
All things to Man’s delightful use. The roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought

Mosaic; under foot the violet,
 Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay
 Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone
 Of costliest emblem. Other creature here,
 Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
 Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower
 More sacred and sequestered, though but feigned,
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
 Espous'd Eve decked first her nuptial bed,
 And heavenly choirs the hymenæan sung,
 What day the genial Angel to our sire
 Brought her, in naked beauty more adorned,
 More lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods
 Endowed with all their gifts; and O! too like
 In sad event, when, to the unwiser son
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnared
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
 On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
 Both turned, and under open sky adored
 The God that made both Sky, Air, Earth, and Heaven,
 Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent globe,
 And starry Pole:—"Thou also madest the Night,
 Maker Omnipotent; and thou the Day,
 Which we, in our appointed work employed,
 Have finished, happy in our mutual help
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
 Ordained by thee; and this delicious place,
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
 But thou hast promised from us two a race
 To fill the Earth, who shall with us extol
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

(Lines 598-735.)

From "Paradise Regained"

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
 Communed in silent walk, then laid him down
 Under the hospitable covert nigh

Of trees thick interwoven. There he slept,
And dreamed, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet.
Him thought he by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing even and morn—
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought;
He saw the Prophet also, how he fled
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper—then how, awaked,
He found his supper on the coals prepared,
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days:
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.
Thus wore out night; and now the herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry
The Morn's approach, and greet her with his song.
As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream;
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting waked.
Up to a hill anon his steps he reared,
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd;
But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote, none he saw—
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
With chant of tuneful birds resounding loud.
Thither he bent his way, determined there
To rest at noon, and entered soon the shade
High-roofed, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
That opened in the midst a woody scene;
Nature's own work it seemed (Nature taught Art)
And, to a superstitious eye, the haunt
Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs. He viewed it round;
When suddenly a man before him stood,
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in city or court or palace bred,
And with fair speech these words to him addressed:—
“ With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild solitude so long should bide,
Of all things destitute, and, well I know,
Not without hunger. Others of some note,

As story tells, have trod this wilderness:
 The fugitive bond-woman, with her son,
 Out-cast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
 By a providing Angel; all the race
 Of Israel here had famished, had not God
 Rained from heaven manna; and that prophet bold,
 Native of Thebez, wandering here, was fed
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard,
 Forty and more deserted here indeed."

To whom thus Jesus:—"What conclud'st thou hence?
 They all had need; I, as thou seest, have none."

"How hast thou hunger then?" Satan replied,
 "Tell me, if food were now before thee set,
 Wouldst thou not eat?" "Thereafter as I like
 The giver," answered Jesus. "Why should that
 Cause thy refusal?" said the subtle Fiend.

"Hast thou not right to all created things?
 Owe not all creatures, by just right, to thee
 Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,
 But tender all their power? Nor mention I
 Meats by the law unclean, or offered first
 To idols—those young Daniel could refuse;
 Nor proffered by an enemy—though who
 Would scruple that, with want oppressed? Behold,
 Nature ashamed, or, better to express,
 Troubled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath purveyed
 From all the elements her choicest store,
 To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord
 With honour. Only deign to sit and eat."

He spake no dream; for, as his words had end,
 Our Saviour, lifting up his eyes, beheld,
 In ample space under the broadest shade,
 A table richly spread in regal mode,
 With dishes piled and meats of noblest sort
 And savour—beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
 In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
 Grisamber-steamed; all fish, from sea or shore,
 Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,
 And exquisitest name, for which was drained
 Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
 Alas! how simple, to these cates compared,
 Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!
 And at a stately sideboard, by the wine,

That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood
 Tall stripling youths rich-clad, of fairer hue
 Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more,
 Under the trees now tripped, now solemn stood,
 Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
 With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
 And ladies of the Hesperides, that seemed
 Fairer than feigned of old, or fabled since
 Of faery damsels met in forest wide
 By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
 Lancelot, or Pellas, or Pellenore.
 And all the while harmonious airs were heard
 Of chiming strings or charming pipes; and winds
 Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fanned
 From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.
 Such was the splendour; and the Tempter now
 His invitation earnestly renewed:—

“ What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
 These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict
 Defends the touching of these viands pure;
 Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,
 But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
 Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
 All these are Spirits of air, and woods, and springs,
 Thy gentle ministers who come to pay
 Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord.
 What doubt'st thou, Son of God? Sit down and eat.”

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied:—
 “ Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
 And who withholds my power that right to use?
 Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
 When and where likes me best, I can command?
 I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
 Command a table in this wilderness,
 And call swift flights of Angels ministrant,
 Arrayed in glory, on my cup to attend:
 Why shouldst thou, then, obtrude this diligence
 In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
 And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
 Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
 And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.”

(*Book II, lines 260–391.*)

From "Arcopagitica"

What advantage is it to be a man over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferule to come under the fescue of an imprimatur? if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporizing and extemporizing licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the Commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which done he takes himself to be informed in what he writes as well as any that wrote before him; if in this the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings, and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unlesured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labour of book-writing; and if he be not repulsed or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian and his censor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer, it cannot be but a dishonour and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning.

And what if the author shall be one so copious of fancy as to have many things well worth the adding come into his mind after licensing, while the book is yet under the press, which not seldom happens to the best and diligentest writers; and that perhaps a dozen times in one book? The printer dares not go beyond his licensed copy; so often then must the author trudge to his leave-giver, that those his new insertions may be viewed, and many a jaunt will be made ere that licenser, for it must be the same man, can either be found, or found at leisure; mean while either the press must stand still, which is no small damage, or the author lose his accuratest thoughts, and send the book forth worse than he had made it, which to a diligent writer is the greatest melancholy and vexation that can befall.

And how can a man teach with authority, which is the life of teaching, how can he be a doctor in his book as he ought to be, or else had better be silent, when as all he teaches, all he delivers, is but under the tuition under the correction of his patriarchal licenser to blot or alter what

precisely accords not with the hidebound humour which he calls his judgment; when every acute reader upon the first sight of a pedantic licence, will be ready with these like words to ding the book a quoit's distance from him: "I hate a pupil teacher, I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the wardship of an overseeing fist; I know nothing of the licenser, but that I have his own hand here for his arrogance; who shall warrant me his judgment?" "The State, sir," replies the stationer; but has a quick return, "The State shall be my governors, but not my critics; they may be mistaken in the choice of a licenser as easily as this licenser may be mistaken in an author: this is some common stuff."

And he might add from Sir Francis Bacon, that such authorized books are but the language of the times. For though a licenser should happen to be judicious more than ordinary, which will be a great jeopardy of the next succession, yet his very office and his commission enjoins him to let pass nothing but what is vulgarly received already. Nay, which is more lamentable, if the work of any deceased author, though never so famous in his lifetime and even to this day, come to their hands for licence to be printed or reprinted, if there be found in his book one sentence of a venturous edge, uttered in the height of zeal, and who knows whether it might not be the dictate of a divine spirit, yet not suiting with every low decrepit humour of their own, though it were Knox himself, the reformer of a kingdom, that spake it, they will not pardon him their dash; the sense of that great man shall to all posterity be lost for the fearfulness or the presumptuous rashness of a perfunctory licenser. And to what an author this violence hath been lately done and in what book of greatest consequence to be faithfully published I could now instance, but shall forbear till a more convenient season. Yet if these things be not resented seriously and timely by them who have the remedy in their power, but that such iron moulds as these shall have authority to gnaw out the choicest periods of exquisitest books, and to commit such a treacherous fraud against the orphan remainders of worthiest men after death, the more sorrow will belong to that hapless race of men whose misfortune it is to have understanding. Henceforth let no man care to learn, or care to be more than worldly wise; for certainly in higher matters to be ignorant and slothful, to be a common steadfast dunce, will be the only pleasant life and only in request.

And as it is a particular disesteem of every knowing person alive, and most injurious to the written labours and monuments of the dead, so to me it seems an undervaluing and vilifying of the whole nation. I cannot set so light by all the invention, the art, the wit, the grave and solid judgment which is in England, as that it can be comprehended in any twenty capacities how good soever; much less that it should not

pass except their superintendence be over it, except it be sifted and strained with their strainers, that it should be uncurrent without their manual stamp. Truth and understanding are not such wares as to be monopolized and traded in by tickets and statutes and standards. We must not think to make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in the land, to make and licence it like our broadcloth and our wool-packs. What is it but a servitude like that imposed by the Philistines, not to be allowed the sharpening of our own axes and coulters, but we must repair from all quarters to twenty licensing forges.

Had any one written and divulged erroneous things and scandalous to honest life, misusing and forfeiting the esteem had of his reason among men, if after conviction this only censure were adjudged him, that he should never henceforth write but what were first examined by an appointed officer, whose hand should be annexed to pass his credit for him that now he might be safely read, it could not be apprehended less than a disgraceful punishment. Whence to include the whole nation, and those that never yet thus offended, under such a dissident and suspectful prohibition, may plainly be understood what a disparagement it is; so much the more, when as debtors and delinquents may walk abroad without a keeper, but inoffensive books must not stir forth without a visible gaoler in their title. Nor is it to the common people less than a reproach; for if we be so jealous over them as that we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet, what do we but censure them for a giddy, vicious, and ungrounded people, in such a sick and weak estate of faith and discretion as to be able to take nothing down but through the pipe of a licenser? That this is care or love of them we cannot pretend, when as in those Popish places where the laity are most hated and despised, the same strictness is used over them. Wisdom we cannot call it, because it stops but one breach of licence, nor that neither, when as those corruptions which it seeks to prevent break in faster at other doors which cannot be shut.

RICHARD BAXTER

(1615 – 1691)

RICHARD BAXTER was born at Rowton, Shropshire, in 1615. His father was a gentleman in reduced circumstances. He was educated at the free school at Wroxeter, but

did not proceed to either University, a matter of regret for him in his later years. His "country tutors" were by no means satisfactory, and he owed his considerable if some-

what unsystematic knowledge of books to his own unguided studies. He went to court for a very short time in 1633, but a courtier's life did not suit him, and he renewed his earlier determination to go into the Church. In 1638 he was ordained, and appointed headmaster of a school at Dudley. In 1641 he became parish minister of Kidderminster, where he proved himself to be a true servant of God, turning a small and lax congregation into a large and God-fearing one in a wonderfully short time. The imposition of the oath of universal approbation of the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England (the *et caetera oath*) had detached him from the establishment. After the battle of Naseby he accepted the chaplaincy of Colonel Whalley's regiment. He can scarcely be said, however, to have separated yet in spirit from the establishment. He upheld the monarchy, condemned the execution of the king and the election of Cromwell, preached against the Covenant and against separatists and sectaries, but his piety won him the respect of all parties. At the Restoration he became king's chaplain, but declined the bishopric of Hereford, and on the passage of the Act of Uniformity threw in his lot entirely with the Nonconformists. His life was an active if uncomfortable one; for many years his pen never ceased, and his literary output, ranging from the portly folio to the modest broadsheet, was enormous. In 1685 he was arrested, brutally badgered by Jeffreys, and imprisoned for eighteen months. After

his release he lived in retirement until his death in 1691.

Baxter was so prolific that he has baffled the bibliographers; but though it is not possible to trace all his writings, it would appear that they number over one hundred and sixty. Of these three only are at present widely remembered, *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*, *The Call to the Unconverted*, and *The Reformed Pastor*; the first-named is by far the most popular of the three. In fact, by a process of natural selection, the prodigiously prolific Baxter has become *homo unius libri*. *The Saints' Everlasting Rest* appeared in 1650, and was "written by the author for his own use in the time of his languishing, when God took him off from his public employment". Baxter appears to have written as easily as a good conversationalist talks; he never made any corrections; had he taken time to do so he could not have written so much. Ease and sincerity are the marks of his style, which is remarkable for its modernity. He hardly ever uses a word which is not in use to-day. Baxter was a man at once humble and great-souled; a truly devout man, who, as was said of him, would have been one of the Fathers of the Church had he been born at a different time. It is, after all, Baxter's character, not his style, which has given *The Saints' Everlasting Rest* a permanent place among the classics of devotion.

[William Orme, *Life and Times of Richard Baxter*; McAdam Muir, *Religious Writers of England*; Currier, *Nine Great Preachers*.]

From "The Saints' Everlasting Rest"

PART III, CHAP. I, SECT. IV

Secondly, But the great loss of the damned, will be their loss of God, they shall have no comfortable relation to him; Nor any of the Saints communion with him: As they did not like to retain God in knowledg; but bid him, Depart from us, we desire not the knowledge of thy wayes; So God will abhor to retain them in his houshold, or to give them entertainment in his Fellowship and Glory. He will never admit them to the inheritance of his Saints, nor endure them to stand amongst them in his presence; but bid them, Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity, I know you not. Now these men dare belye the Lord, if not blasphem, in calling him by the title of *Their Father*; How boldly and confidently do they daily approach him with their lips, and indeed reproach him in their formall prayers; with that appellation, *Our Father*? As if God would Father the Divels children; or as if the slighters of Christ, the pleasers of the flesh, the friends of the world, the haters of godliness, or any that trade in sin, and delight in iniquity, were the Off-spring of Heaven! They are ready now, in the height of their presumption, to lay as confident claim to Christ and heaven, as if they were sincere believing Saints. The Swearer, the Drunkard, the Whoremaster, the Worldling, can scornfully say to the People of God, What, is not God our Father as well as yours? Doth he not love us as well as you? Will he save none but a few holy Precisions? O, but when that time is come, when the case must be decided, and Christ will separate his followers from his foes, and his faithfull friends from his deceived flatterers, where then will be their presumptuous claim to Christ? Then they shall finde that God is not their Father, but their resolved foe; because they would not be his people, but were resolved in their negligence and wickedness: Then, though they had preached, or wrought miracles in his name, he wil not know them: And though they were his Brethren or sisters after the flesh, yet will he not own them, but reject them as his enemies: And even those that did eat and drink in his presence on earth, shall be cast out of his heavenly presence for ever; And those that in his name did cast out Divels, shall yet at his command be cast out to those Divels, and endure the torments prepared for them. And as they would not consent that God should by his Spirit dwell in them, so shall not these evil doers dwell with him: the Tabernacles of wickedness shall have no fellowship with him: nor the wicked inhabit the City of God. For without are the Dogs; the Sorcerers, Whoremongers, Murderers, Idolaters, and whatsoever loveth and maketh a lye. For God knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the wicked leads to perishing. God is first enjoyed

in part on earth, before he be fully enjoyed in Heaven. It is only they that walked with him here, who shall live and be happy with him there. O little doth the world now know what a loss that soul hath, who loseth God! What were the world, but a dungeon, if it had lost the Sun? What were the body, but a loathsome carrion, if it had lost the soul? Yet all these are nothing to the loss of God, even the little taste of the fruition of God which the Saints enjoy in this life, is dearer to them then all the world. As the world when they feed upon their forbidden pleasures, may cry out with the sons of the Prophets, There's death in the pot; So when the Saints do but taste of the favor of God, they cry out with David, In his favour is life. Nay, though life be naturally most dear to all men; yet they that have tasted and cryed, do say with David, his loving kindness is better then life. So that as the enjoyment of God, is the heaven of the Saints; so the loss of God, is the hell of the ungodly. And as the enjoying of God is the enjoying of all; So the loss of God is the loss of All.

SECT. V.

Thirdly, Moreover as they lose God, so they lose all those spiritual delightful Affections, and Actions, by which the Blessed do feed on God. That transporting knowldg: those ravishing views of his Glorious Face: The unconceivable pleasure of loving God. The apprehensions of his infinite Love to us; The Constant joys which his Saints are taken up with; and the Rivers of consolation wherewith he doth satisfie them. Is it nothing to lose all this? The employment of a King in ruling a kingdome, doth not so far exceed the imployment of the vilest scullion or slave, as this Heavenly imployment exceedeth his.

These wretches had no delight in Praising God on earth; their recreations and pleasures were of another nature: and now, when the Saints are singing his prayses, and employed in magnifying the Lord of Saints; then shall the ungodly be denied this happiness, and have an imployment suitable to their natures and deserts: Their hearts were full of Hell upon earth: in stead of God, and his Love, and Fear, and Graces, there was Pride, and self-love, and lust, and unbelief; And therefore Hell must now entertain those Hearts, which formerly entertained so much of it. Their Houses on Earth were the resemblances of Hell: in stead of worshipping God, and calling upon his name, there was scorning at his worship, and swearing by his name: And now Hell must therefore be their habitation for ever, where they shall never be troubled with that worship and duty which they abhorred, but joyn with the rest of the damned in blaspheming that God who is avenging their former impieties and blasphemies. Can it probably be expected, that they who made themselves merry while they lived on earth, in deriding the persons

and families of the godly, for their frequent worshiping and praising God, should at last be admitted into the Familie of Heaven, and joyn with those Saints in those more perfect praises? Surely without a sound change upon their hearts before they go hence, it is utterly impossible. It is too late then to say, Give us of your oyl, for our Lamps are out: Let us now enter with you to the marriage feast: let us now joyn with you in the joyfull Heavenly melody. You should have joyned in it on earth, if you would have joyned in Heaven. As your eyes must be taken up with other kinde of sights; so must your hearts be taken up with other kinde of thoughts, and your voices turned to another tune. As the doors of heaven will be shut against you; so will that joyous imployment be denied to you. There is no singing the songs of Zion in the land of your thralldome: Those that go down to the pit do not praise him; Who can rejoice in the place of sorrows? And who can be glad in the land of confusion? God suits mens imployments to their natures; The bent of your spirits was another way, your hearts were never set upon God in your lives: you were never admirers of his Attributes and works, nor ever thoroughly warmed with his love: you never longed after the enjoyment of him; you had no delight to speak or to hear of him: you were weary of a Sermon or Prayer an hour long, you had rather have continued on earth, if you had known how; you had rather yet have a place of earthly preferment, or lands and lordships, or a feast, or sports, or your cups, or whores, then to be interessed in the Glorious Praises of God, and is it meet then that you should be members of the Celestiall Quire? A Swine is fitter for a Lecture of Philosophy, or an Ass to build a City, or govern a Kingdom; or a dead Corps to feast at thy Table, then thou art for this work of Heavenly Praise.

JOHN HALES

(1584 - 1656)

JOHN HALES, who is distinguished in literary history by the not altogether apt epithet of "ever-memorable", was born in Bath in 1584. He was educated at Bath Grammar School and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1603. His academic career was distinguished; two years later he was elected to a

fellowship at Merton; he took his M.A. in 1609, and in 1612 was appointed University lecturer in Greek. In 1612 he was elected fellow of Eton College, in which capacity he is chiefly known to fame. In 1616 he accompanied Sir Dudley Carleton, the ambassador, to Holland; he was present at the Synod of Dort, where he shed the

last remnants of his Calvinistic views. In 1619 he retired to Eton, where he lived a quiet and studious life, diversified by an occasional visit to London, where he enjoyed the society of such men as Jonson and, at a later date, Falkland and Suckling. The liberal theological views which he expressed in his tract *Schism and Schismatics* (c. 1636) brought him into collision with Laud, who, however, was so charmed by his learning and conversation that he made him one of his chaplains and appointed him a canon of Windsor. Hales was turned out of his Eton fellowship in 1649, and spent the remainder of his life in great want, which was relieved to some extent by the sale of his valuable collection of books for little more than a quarter of the price he had paid for them. He died on 19th May, 1656.

Hales was a man of learning of the best kind, well-read in many branches of literature, and yet no pedant. He possessed that most charming combination, weight of learning and lightness of heart. He was a man of sound common sense, well-balanced and moderate in his views, a peaceful man himself, and a peacemaker among

theologians. His straightforward style reflects his honest and sensible nature. In theology he was years or rather centuries in advance of his time, so that he was accused of being a Socinian, which he was not. Clarendon tells us that he "would often say that he would renounce the religion of the Church of England to-morrow if it obliged him to believe that any other Christians should be damned; and that nobody would conclude another man to be damned who did not wish him so". Hales was one of the earliest scholarly admirers of Shakespeare, and, according to Dryden, said "that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare"—a sentence which alone is sufficient to refute the absurd but often-repeated theory that a proper appreciation of Shakespeare began only towards the end of the eighteenth century, and was inaugurated by critics to whom Shakespeare's tongue was a foreign language. Like many scholars, Hales wrote little and reluctantly; his rather miscellaneous writings were collected and published in 1659 (and again in 1673) with the title *Golden Remains*.

HOW WE COME TO KNOW THE SCRIPTURES TO BE THE WORD OF GOD?

How come I to know that the works which we call Livy's, are indeed his whose name they bear? Hath God left means to know the prophane writings of men? hath he left no certain means to know his own records?

The first and outward means that brings us to the knowledge of these books, is the voice of the church, notified to us by our teachers and instructors, who first unclasped and opened them unto us, and that common duty which is exacted at the hand of every learner: *Oportet*

discentem credere, “A learner must believe”. And this remaining in us, peradventure is all the outward means, that the ordinary and plainer sort of Christians know.

To those who are conversant among the records of antiquity, farther light appears: to find the ancient copies of books, bearing these titles, to find in all ages since their being written, the universal consent of all the church, still resolving itself upon these writings, as sacred and uncontrollable; these cannot chuse but be strong monitors to us, to pass our consent unto them, and to conclude, that either these writings are that which they are taken for, or nothing lest us from antiquity is true. For whatsoever is that gives any strength or credit to any thing of antiquity left to posterity, whether it be writings and records, or tradition from hand to hand, or what things else soever, they all concur to the authorising of holy Scriptures, as amply as they do to any other thing left unto the world.

Yea, but will some man reply, this proves indeed strongly that Moses and the prophets, that St. Matthew and St. Paul, etc. writ those books, and about those times which they bear shew of, but this comes not home; for how proves this that they are of God? If I heard St. Paul himself preaching, what makes me believe him that his doctrine is from God, and his words, the words of the Holy Ghost? For answer. There was no outward means to persuade the world at the first rising of Christianity that it is infallibly from God, but only miracles, such as impossibly were naturally to be done. “Had I not done these things” (saith our Saviour) “which no man else could do, you had had no sin:” had not the world seen those miracles, which did unavoidably prove the assistance and presence of a divine power with those who first taught the will of Christ, it had not had sin, if it had rejected them: for though the world by the light of natural discretion, might easily have discovered, that that was not the right way, wherein it usually walked; yet, that that was the true path, which the apostles themselves began to tread, there was no means undoubtedly to prove, but miracles: and if the building were at this day to be raised, it could not be founded without miracles. To our fore-fathers therefore, whose ears first entertained the word of life, miracles were necessary; and so they are to us, but after another order: for as the sight of these miracles did confirm the doctrine unto them, so unto us the infallible records of them: for whatsoever evidence there is, that the word once began to be preached, the very same confirms unto us that it was accompanied with miracles and wonders; so that as those miracles by being seen, did prove unanswerably unto our fore-fathers the truth of the doctrine, for the confirmation of which they were intended; so do they unto us never a whit less effectually approve it, by being left unto us upon these records; which if they fail us, then by antiquity there can be nothing left unto posterity which can have certain and

undoubted credit. The certain and uncontroulable records of miracles, are the same to us as the miracles are.

The church of Rome, when she commends unto us the authority of the church in dijudicating of Scriptures, seems only to speak of herself, and that, of that part of herself which is at some time existent; whereas we, when we appeal to the church's testimony, content not ourselves with any part of the church actually existent, but add unto it the perpetual successive testimony of the church in all ages, since the apostles' time, viz. since its first beginning; and out of both these draw an argument in this question of that force, as that from it not the subtlest disputer can find an escape; for who is it that can think to gain acceptance and credit with reasonable men, by opposing not only the present church conversing in earth, but to the uniform consent of the church in all ages.

So that in effect, to us of after-ages, the greatest, if not the sole outward mean of our consent to the holy Scripture, is the voice of the church, (excepting always the copies of the books themselves, bearing from their birth such or such names) of the church, I say, and that not only of that part of it, which is actually existent at any time, but successively of the church ever since the time of our blessed Saviour: for all these testimonies which from time to time are left in the writings of our fore-fathers (as almost every age, ever since the first birth of the gospel, hath by God's providence left us store) are the continued voice of the church, witnessing unto us the truth of these books, and their authority well: but this is only *fides humano iudicio et testimonio acquisita*; what shall we think of *fides infusa*? of the inward working of the Holy Ghost, in the consciences of every believer? How far it is a persuader unto us of the authority of these books, I have not much to say: only thus much in general, that doubtless the Holy Ghost doth so work in the heart of every true believer, that it leaves a farther assurance, strong and sufficient, to ground and stay itself upon: but this, because it is private to every one, and no way subject to sense, is unfit to yield argument by way of dispute, to stop the captious curiosities of wits disposed to wrangle; and by so much the more unfit it is, by how much by experience we have learned, that men are very apt to call, their own private conceit, the Spirit. To oppose unto these men, to reform them, our own private conceits, under the name likewise of the Spirit, were madness; so that to judge upon presumption of the Spirit in private, can be no way to bring either this, or any other controversy, to an end.

If it should please God, at this day, to add any thing more unto the canon of faith, it were necessary it should be confirmed by miracles.

JOHN GAUDEN

(1605–1662)

JOHN GAUDEN was born at Mayland, in Essex, in 1605. He was educated at Bury St. Edmund's School and at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1623 and M.A. in 1626. He went to Oxford as a private tutor in 1630, and took his B.D. there in 1635 and his D.D. in 1641. In 1640 he became vicar of Chippenham. In the time of the Great Rebellion and afterwards he proved himself to be a trimmer of an agile but scarcely admirable kind. His attitude may best be summed up by saying that he conformed to Presbyterianism, but wrote pamphlets on behalf of the Church of England. According to his own statements, however, he was no trimmer, and in 1649 wrote *Cromwell's Bloody Slaughter House; or his damnable Designs in contriving the Murther of his Sacred Majesty King Charles I discovered*. This was not printed until 1660; we have only Gauden's word for it that it was written earlier, and from what we know of him we are inclined to pay regard not to what he says but to what he proves. In 1653 he published *Hieraspistes: a Defence by way of Apology for the Ministry and Ministers of the Church of England*. Other pamphlets followed, on such questions as tithes and the marriage laws. After the Restoration, Gauden was consecrated Bishop of Exeter (November, 1660), but, though he pocketed £20,000 worth of accumulated fines, the revenue of the see was small, and he set his heart on

promotion to the rich see of Winchester. He was duly promoted in 1662, but only to the see of Worcester; he died three months later, his end having been hastened, it is said, by his disappointment.

Gauden's undisputed writings are of little merit, and would not justify his inclusion in a book of this kind. He is of some importance, however, because he claimed to be the author of *Eikon Basilike*. His claims were accepted by several of his contemporaries, and are at present upheld by the majority of scholars, though there is a powerful and vocal minority which denies them. The question cannot be discussed here. It has given rise to much controversy, which is even more acrimonious than such controversies are wont to be, on account of the differences in the political opinions of the combatants. The literary value of the book is not great, but its political importance cannot easily be exaggerated; it influenced public opinion incalculably in King Charles's favour, and played an important part in bringing about the Restoration in 1660. *Eikon Basilike: The Portraicture of His Sacred Majestic in his Solitudes and Sufferings* appeared in 1649, almost immediately after the execution of Charles, and purported to be the work of the royal martyr himself. Forty-seven editions were sold in a year; it was translated into Latin by John Earle (q.v.), and was answered, not very ably, by Milton in his *Eikonoklastes*.

Milton hints, but does no more, that Charles was not the author; almost all readers, friendly or hostile, accepted the book as genuine. Gauden, however, claimed the book as his sole invention in 1661, and Clarendon, who should have known the truth, acknowledges his claim. The matter cannot be considered settled; those who have upheld the royal author's claims would have strengthened their case had they concealed the fact that the wish was father to the thought that Charles wrote the book. The truth of the matter may be, not that the book was the entire work of Charles, nor that Gauden evolved it out of his inner consciousness, but that Charles handed certain memoranda

to Gauden, who proceeded to edit them out of all recognition; so that the king, who had no literary ability, might, had he seen the book, have exclaimed, "My own meaning, but infinitely better expressed". There is a certain simplicity and directness about its style which is not without charm. If it is a forgery, it is a clever piece of work; if it is not, Charles must have been in an unusually clear state of mind when he wrote it. Much of the evidence on either side is, as is usual in these matters, inadmissible.

[E. Almack, *A Bibliography of the King's Book*; C. Wordsworth, *Who wrote Eikon Basilike?*; E. J. L. Scott, *Eikon Basilike*.]

Eikon Basilike

CHAP. XXIII

Upon the Scots delivering the King to the English; and his Captivity at Holdenby

Yet may I justifie those Scots to all the world in this, that they have not deceived Me; for I never trusted to them further, then to men; if I am sold by them, I am onely sorry they should doe it; and that My price should be so much above My Saviours.

These are but further essayes, which God will have Me make of mans uncertainty, the more to fix Me on himselfe; who never faileth them that trust in him; tho the reeds of Egypt break under the hand of him that leans on them: yet the rock of Israel will be an everlasting stay and defence.

Gods providence commands Me to retire from all to himselfe, that in him I may enjoy My selfe, which I lose, while I let out My hopes to others.

The solitude and captivity, to which I am now reduced, gives Me leisure enough to study the worlds vanity, and inconstancy.

God sees 'tis fit to deprive Me of wife, children, army, friends, and freedome, that I may be wholly His, who alone is all.

I care not much to be reckoned among the unfortunate, if I be not in the black list of irreligious, and sacrilegious princes.

No restraint shall ensnare My soule in sinne; nor gain that of Me, which may make My enemies more insolent, My friends ashamed, or My name accursed.

They have no great cause to triumph, that they have got My person into their power; since My soule is still My owne: nor shall they ever gaine My consent against My conscience.

What they call obstinacy, I know God accounts honest constancy, from which reason and religion, as well as honour, forbid Me to recede.

'Tis evident now, that it was not evill counsellours with Me, but a good conscience in Me, which hath been fought against; nor did they ever intend to bring Me to My Parliament, till they had brought My mind to their obedience.

Should I grant what some men desire, I should be such as they wish Me; not more a King, and farre lesse both man and Christian.

What tumults and armies could not obtaine, neither shall restraint; which tho it have as little of safety to a prince, yet it hath not more of danger.

The feare of men shall never be My snare; nor shall the love of any liberty entangle My soule: better others betray Me, then My selfe: and that the price of My liberty should be My conscience; the greatest injuries My enemies seek to inflict upon Me, cannot be without My owne consent.

While I can deny with reason, I shall defeat the greatest impressions of their malice, who neither know how to use worthily, what I have already granted; nor what to require more of Me but this, that I would seem willing to helpe them to destroy My selfe and Mine.

Although they should destroy Me, yet they shall have no cause to despise Me.

Neither liberty nor life are so deare to Me, as the peace of My conscience, the honour of My crownes, and the welfare of My people; which My word may injure more then any warre can doe; while I gratifie a few to oppresse all.

The lawes will, by Gods blessing, revive, with the love and loyalty of My subjects; if I bury them not by My consent, and cover them in that grave of dishonour, and injustice, which some mens violence hath digged for them.

If My captivity or death must be the price of their redemption, I grudge not to pay it.

No condition can make a King miserable, which carries not with it, his soules, his peoples, and posterities thraldome.

After-times may see, what the blindnesse of this age will not; and God may at length shew My subjects, that I chuse rather to suffer for them, then with them; haply I might redeem My selfe to some shew of liberty, if I would consent to enslave them: I had rather hazard the ruine

of one King, then confirme many tyrants over them; from whom I pray God deliver them, whatever becomes of Me, whose solitude hath not left Me alone.

For thou, O God, infinitely good, and great, art with Me, whose presence is better then life; and whose service is perfect freedome.

Owne Me for thy servant, and I shall never have cause to complaine for want of that liberty, which becomes a man, a Christian, and a King.

Blesse Me still with reason, as a man; with religion, as a Christian; and with constancy in justice, as a King.

Tho thou sufferest Me to be stript of all outward ornaments, yet preserve Me ever in those enjoyments, wherein I may enjoy thy-selfe; and which cannot be taken from Me against My will.

Let no fire of affliction boyle over My passion to any impatience, or sordid feares.

There be many say of Me, there is no help for Me; doe thou lift up the light of thy countenance upon Me, and I shall never want safety, liberty, nor majesty.

Give Me that measure of patience and constancy, which My condition now requires.

My strength is scattered, My expectation from men defeated, My person restrained: O be not thou farre from Me, lest My enemies prevaile too much against Me.

I am become a wonder, and a scorne to many: O be thou My helper and defender.

Shew some token upon Me for good, that they that hate Me may be ashamed, because thou Lord hast holden and comforted Me: establish Me with thy free spirit, that I may doe, and suffer thy will, as thou wouldst have Me.

Be mercifull to Me, O Lord, for My soule trusteth in thee: yea, and in the shadow of thy wings will I make My refuge untill these calamities be overpast.

Arise to deliver Me, make no long tarrying, O My God. Tho thou killest Me, yet will I trust in thy mercy, and My Saviours merit.

I know that My Redeemer liveth; tho thou leadest Me through the vale and shadow of death, yet shall I feare none ill.

JEREMY TAYLOR

(1613-1667)

JEREMY TAYLOR was the son of a barber or barber-surgeon, and was born at Cambridge in 1613. He was educated at the newly-founded Perse School and at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1631 and M.A. in 1634. He took holy orders before reaching the statutory age, and soon attracted the notice of Laud, owing to his eloquence and his distinguished appearance. Laud procured for him, with some difficulty, a fellowship at All Souls' College, Oxford, and made him his chaplain. He was also appointed chaplain to the king, and in 1638 became vicar of Uppingham. In 1642 he went to Oxford with the Royalist forces; during the Civil War he was taken prisoner and imprisoned several times, but was not harshly treated, as he was the kind of man who did not provoke severe treatment. For a time he was a schoolmaster in Wales, and lived at Golden Grove with the second Earl of Carbery, whose second wife was Lady Alice Egerton, the "Lady" of *Comus*. At Golden Grove some of his best work was done (*The Liberty of Prophesying*, 1646; *The Great Exemplar*, 1649; *Holy Living*, 1650; and *Holy Dying*, 1651), and the place gave its name to a celebrated devotional treatise published in 1655. In 1657, after the death of two of his sons, he left Wales, and in the same year completed his weighty but not popular manual of casuistry, *Ductor Dubitantium*. In 1658 Lord Conway persuaded

him to accept a lectureship at Lisburn, County Antrim, where he found himself in the midst of difficulties and dangers. After the Restoration he was appointed to the bishopric of Down and Connor, where he found himself a bishop *de iure*, but *de facto* in an uncomfortable position, which he wished to exchange for a humble living. He was ground between the upper millstone of a dour Presbyterianism and the lower millstone of an ignorant Roman Catholicism; his life, unenviable by anyone, must have been peculiarly irksome to one of his gentle and moderate disposition. The see of Dromore was also bestowed upon him; he was made an Irish privy councillor; and as vice-chancellor of Dublin University he did much to terminate the state of chaos into which Trinity College had fallen. In 1667 Taylor caught a fever from a sick man whom he was visiting at Lisburn, and died after an illness of ten days. He was buried in Dromore Cathedral, which had been rebuilt by his own munificence.

Taylor is usually, and justly, considered the flower of Anglican writers. His only rival is Hooker, who was a more learned man (though Taylor's learning was considerable), but less popular. Taylor is one of the greatest of writers of English prose; he was above all an orator, and the beauties of his prose are rhetorical beauties. His prose is perhaps too florid and sometimes too laden with quotations

to suit all modern readers; but those who admire him do so wholeheartedly, praise the music of his majestic and melodious sentences, and compare him to Spenser for the even flow of his rhythms. He is seen at his best as a stylist in his sermons even more frequently than in his devotional treatises, but in all his works alike he unwittingly

displays his noble and truly religious character.

[Sir E. Gosse, *Jeremy Taylor*; E. H. May, *A dissertation of the life, theology, and times of Dr. Jeremy Taylor*; G. Worley, *Jeremy Taylor: A sketch of his life and times, with a popular exposition of his works*; W. J. Brown, *Jeremy Taylor*.]

Of Holy Dying

CHAPTER III (part of Section VII)

Remedies against the fear of death, by way of consideration

i. God, having in this world placed us in a sea, and troubled the sea with a continual storm, hath appointed the church for a ship, and religion to be the stern; but there is no haven or port but death. Death is that harbour, whither God hath designed every one, that there he may find rest from the troubles of the world. How many of the noblest Romans have taken death for sanctuary, and have esteemed it less than shame or a mean dishonour! and Caesar was cruel to Domitius, captain of Corfinium, when he had taken the town from him, that he refused to sign his petition of death. Death would have hid his head with honour, but that cruel mercy reserved him to the shame of surviving his disgrace. The holy Scripture, giving an account of the reasons of the divine providence taking godly men from this world, and shutting them up in a hasty grave, says, "that they are taken from the evils to come;" and concerning ourselves it is certain, if we had ten years agone taken seizure of our portion of dust, death had not taken us from good things, but from infinite evils, such which the sun hath seldom seen. Did not Priamus weep oftener than Troilus? and happy had he been, if he had died, when his sons were living, and his kingdom safe, and houses full, and his city unburnt. It was a long life that made him miserable, and an early death only could have secured his fortune. And it hath happened many times, that persons of a fair life and a clear reputation, of a good fortune and an honourable name, have been tempted in their age to folly and vanity, have fallen under the disgrace of dotage, or into an unfortunate marriage, or have besotted themselves with drinking, or outlived their fortunes, or become tedious to their friends, or are afflicted with lingering and vexatious diseases, or lived to see their excellent parts

buried, and cannot understand the wise discourses and productions of their younger years. In all these cases, and infinite more, do not all the world say, that it had been better this man had died sooner? But so have I known passionate women to shriek aloud when their nearest relatives were dying, and that horrid shriek hath stayed the spirit of the man awhile to wonder at the folly, and represent the inconvenience; and the dying person hath lived one day longer full of pain, amazed with an indeterminate spirit, distorted with convulsions, and only come again to act one scene more of a new calamity, and to die with less decency. So also do very many men: with passion and troubled interest they strive to continue their life longer; and, it may be, they escape this sickness, and live to fall into a disgrace: they escape the storm, and fall into the hands of pirates; and, instead of dying with liberty, they live like slaves, miserable and despised, servants to a little time, and sottish admirers of the breath of their own lungs. Paulus Aemilius did handsomely reprove the cowardice of the king of Macedon, who begged of him, for pity's sake and humanity, that, having conquered him and taken his kingdom from him, he would be content with that, and not lead him in triumph a prisoner to Rome. Aemilius told him, he need not be beholden to him for that; himself might prevent that in despite of him; but the timorous king durst not die. But certainly every wise man will easily believe, that it had been better the Macedonian kings should have died in battle, than protract their life so long, till some of them came to be scriveners and joiners at Rome; or that the tyrant of Sicily better had perished in the Adriatic, than to be wasted to Corinth safely, and there turn schoolmaster. It is a sad calamity, that the fear of death shall so imbecile man's courage and understanding, that he dares not suffer the remedy of all his calamities; but that he lives to say, as Liberius did, "I have lived this one day longer than I should." Either, therefore, let us be willing to die, when God calls, or let us never complain of the calamities of our life, which we feel so sharp and numerous: and when God sends his angel to us with the scroll of death, let us look on it as an act of mercy, to prevent many sins and many calamities of a longer life, and lay our heads down softly, and go to sleep without wrangling like babies and froward children: for a man, at least, gets this by death, that his calamities are not immortal.

But I do not only consider death by the advantages of comparison; but if we look on it in itself, it is no such formidable thing, if we view it on both sides, and handle it, and consider all its appendages.

2. It is necessary, and therefore not intolerable: and nothing is to be esteemed evil, which God and nature have fixed with eternal sanctions. It is a law of God, it is a punishment of our sins, and it is the constitution of our nature. Two differing substances were joined together with the breath of God, and when the breath is taken away, they part asunder,

and return to their several principles; the soul to God our father, the body to the earth our mother: and what in all this is evil? Surely nothing, but that we are men; nothing, but that we were not born immortal: but, by declining this change with great passion, or receiving it with a huge natural fear, we accuse the divine providence of tyranny, and exclaim against our natural constitution, and are discontent that we are men.

3. It is a thing, that is no great matter in itself, if we consider that we die daily, that it meets us in every accident, that every creature carries a dart along with it, and can kill us: and therefore, when Lysimachus threatened Theodorus to kill him, he told him, that was no great matter to do, and he could do no more than the cantharides could: a little fly could do as much.

4. It is a thing that every one suffers, even persons of the lowest resolution, of the meanest virtue, of no breeding, of no discourse. Take away but the pomps of death, the disguises and solemn bugbears, the tinsel, and the actings by candlelight, and proper and fantastic ceremonies, the minstrels and the noise-makers, the women and the weepers, the swoonings and the shriekings, the nurses and the physicians, the dark room and the ministers, the kindred and the watches; and then to die is easy, ready and quitted from its troublesome circumstances. It is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday, or a maid-servant to-day; and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men, and many fools; and the wisdom of the first will not quit him, and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die.

5. Of all the evils of the world which are reproached with an evil character, death is the most innocent of its accusation; for when it is present, it hurts nobody; and when it is absent, it is indeed troublesome, but the trouble is owing to our fears, not to the affrighting and mistaken object: and besides this, if it were an evil, it is so transient, that it passes like the instant or undiscerned portion of the present time; and either it is past, or it is not yet; for just when it is, no man hath reason to complain of so insensible, so sudden, so undiscerned a change.

6. It is so harmless a thing, that no good man was ever thought the more miserable for dying, but much the happier. When men saw the graves of Calatinus, of the Servili, the Scipios, the Metelli, did ever any man among the wisest Romans think them unhappy? And when St. Paul fell under the sword of Nero, and St. Peter died on the cross, and St. Stephen from a heap of stones was carried into an easier grave, they that made great lamentation over them wept for their own interest, and after the manner of men; but the martyrs were accounted happy, and their days kept solemnly, and their memories preserved in never-dying honours. When St. Hilary, bishop of Poictiers in France, went into the East to reprove the Arian heresy, he heard that a young noble gentleman

treated with his daughter Abra for marriage. The bishop wrote to his daughter, that she should not engage her promise, nor do countenance to that request because he had provided for her a husband fair, rich, wise, and noble, far beyond her present offer. The event of which was this: she obeyed; and when her father returned from his eastern triumph to his western charge, he prayed to God that his daughter might die quickly: and God heard his prayers, and Christ took her into his bosom, entertaining her with antepasts and caresses of holy love, till the day of the marriage-supper of the Lamb shall come. But when the bishop's wife observed this event, and understood of the good man her husband what was done, and why, she never let him alone, till he obtained the same favour for her; and she also, at the prayers of St. Hilary, went into a more early grave and a bed of joys.

7. It is a sottish and an unlearned thing to reckon the time of our life, as it is short or long, to be good or evil fortune; life in itself being neither good nor bad, but just as we make it; and therefore so is death.

8. But when we consider, death is not only better than a miserable life, not only an easy and innocent thing in itself, but also that it is a state of advantage, we shall have reason not to double the sharpnesses of our sickness by our fear of death. Certain it is, death hath some good on its proper stock; praise and a fair memory, a reverence and religion towards them so great, that it is counted dishonest to speak evil of the dead: then they rest in peace, and are quiet from their labours, and are designed to immortality. Cleobis and Biton, Trophonius and Agamedes, had an early death sent them as a reward; to the former, for their piety to their mother; to the latter, for building of a temple. To this all those arguments will minister, which relate the advantages of the state of separation and resurrection.

ANDREW MARVELL

(1621–1678)

ANDREW MARVELL was born at Winestead, Yorkshire, on 31st March, 1621. His father was the incumbent of Winestead, but in 1624 became master of the grammar-school at Hull. The poet was educated at his father's school and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his bachelor's degree

in 1638, but did not take his master's degree. In 1641 his father was drowned while escorting a visitor across the Humber, but this did not prevent Marvell from spending four years in continental travel, visiting Holland, France, Italy, and Spain, and making himself master of the languages of those

countries. He returned to England in 1646, and for some years we lose sight of him. In 1650 he became tutor to Lord Fairfax's daughter, afterwards Duchess of Buckingham, and went to reside at Fairfax's seat at Nun Appleton, in Yorkshire. During the two years which he spent there he wrote the best of his poems, including his beautiful poems on gardens. Early in 1653 Milton, who was now totally blind, asked for Marvell to be appointed assistant Latin secretary, but the appointment was not made until four and a half years later. In the meantime Marvell became tutor to Cromwell's ward, William Dutton, and went to reside at Eton. In September, 1657, he became Milton's colleague, and continued to hold this office until the Restoration. His duties naturally brought him into close contact with Milton; he proved himself to be an able man of affairs, as well as an accomplished poet. In 1659 he was elected member of Parliament for Hull, and he continued to hold this seat until his death. He was an active and useful member; the news letters which he wrote twice weekly to his constituents have been preserved; they number over three hundred letters, and, though somewhat bald and non-committal, as they were bound to be, they preserve for us much valuable information. Marvell's career was comparatively little affected by the Restoration, for although he was a keen Republican he was a strong supporter of law and order, and believed in the will of the majority prevailing. He was willing to give Charles II a fair trial, but gradually became more and more dissatisfied with his conduct, and in the end

held that England's salvation depended upon the banishment of all the Stewarts. In 1663 Marvell accompanied the Earl of Carlisle on an embassy to Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, returning early in 1665. He did not express his political views in speeches in Parliament, but served his party well by writing satires of some cleverness and much bitterness, and pamphlets of various kinds. The satires were probably circulated as broadsheets. His most celebrated paper-war was waged against Samuel Parker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, whom he mocked to some purpose in his *Rehearsal Transposed* (1672). When in 1677 he published anonymously his *Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England*, a reward of £100 was offered for the discovery of the author. Marvell died suddenly on 18th August, 1678. He was a victim of the ignorance of his medical attendant; but his enemies were so bitter against him that his friends declared that he had been poisoned. His poems were published, in a small well-printed folio three years after his death, by his widow, of whom we know nothing; she has been quite gratuitously stigmatized as never having been his wife.

Marvell was in his public life an upright and honourable Englishman, a stanch friend, a generous foe, and a capable man of affairs. As a literary man, his chief characteristic is his versatility. He could write beautiful lyrics and odes, pungent satires, and telling political pamphlets. To-day his pamphlets are of little interest except to historians who have specialized in

his period, and the same criticism applies, with slight modification, to his satires, which are lampoons full of personalities rather than true satires, and which are the work of a patriot rather than of a poet. Marvell is now remembered and loved mainly as the author of his Nun Appleton poems, in which he shows himself to be a true lover of nature, and of his magnificent *Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland*. It is not absolutely proved that the *Ode*, which was not printed until 1776, is Marvell's work, but there is a general consensus of opinion that no one else was capable of writing it. It is truly Horatian in its form and the march of its metre, and bears no resemblance to the sham "Pindarics" of Cowley and others. In his best poems Marvell bears more affinity to the Elizabethans than

to the poets of the Restoration; Donne's influence, never a healthy one, is to be seen in places. Some of Marvell's most attractive poems, for example *The Garden*, were originally written by him in Latin and then translated into English. The charm of Marvell's poems is great; nor is it the least of his other merits that he was admired by Swift, who learnt from him much of the art of bantering, which he used in his political pamphlets with a skill far more deadly than Marvell's.

[A. Birrell, *Andrew Marvell*; E. P. Hood, *Andrew Marvell*; W. H. Bagguley, *Andrew Marvell: Tercentenary Tributes*; H. M. Margoliouth, *The Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell*. The Poems and Satires have been edited by G. A. Aitken.]

'The Garden

(Translated)

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays;
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garlands of repose!

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name:
Little, alas! they know or heed,
How far these beauties hers exceed!
Fair trees! wheres'e'er your bark I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race;
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
 While man there walked without a mate:
 After a place so pure and sweet,
 What other help could yet be meet!
 But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
 To wander solitary there:
 Two paradeses 'twere in one,
 To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
 Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new;
 Where, from above, the milder sun
 Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
 And, as it works, the industrious bee
 Computes its time as well as we!
 How could such sweet and wholesome hours
 Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?

An Horatian Ode

Upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland

The forward youth that would appear,
 Must now forsake his Muses dear,
 Nor in the shadows sing
 His numbers languishing:

"Tis time to leave the books in dust,
 And oil the unused armour's rust;
 Removing from the wall
 The corselet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
 In the inglorious arts of peace,
 But through adventurous war
 Urged his active star;

And, like the three-forked lightning, first
 Breaking the clouds where it was nursed,
 Did thorough his own side
 His fiery way divide:

(For 'tis all one to courage high,
 The emulous, or enemy;
 And with such, to enclose,
 Is more than to oppose;)

Then burning through the air he went,
 And palaces and temples rent;
 And Cæsar's head at last,
 Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
 The face of angry Heaven's flame;
 And if we would speak true,
 Much to the man is due,

Who from his private gardens, where
 He lived reserved and austere,
 (As if his highest plot
 To plant the bergamot);

Could by industrious valour climb
 To ruin the great work of Time,
 And cast the kingdoms old,
 Into another mould;

Though Justice against Fate complain,
 And plead the ancient rights in vain;
 (But those do hold or break,
 As men are strong or weak.)

Nature that hateth emptiness,
 Allows of penetration less,
 And therefore must make room
 Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war,
 Where his were not the deepest scar?
 And Hampton shows what part
 He had of wiser art;

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
 He wove a net of such a scope
 That Charles himself might chase
 To Caresbrooke's narrow case,

That thence the royal actor borne,
 The tragic scaffold might adorn;
 While round the arm'd bands
 Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did, or mean,
 Upon that memorable scene,
 But with his keener eye
 The axe's edge did try;

Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
 To vindicate his helpless right;
 But bowed his comely head
 Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour,
 Which first assured the forc'd power;
 So, when they did design
 The capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they began,
 Did fright the architects to run;
 And yet in that the state
 Foresaw its happy fate.

And now the Irish are ashamed
 To see themselves in one year tamed;
 So much one man can do,
 That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
 And have, though overcome, confessed
 How good he is, how just,
 And fit for highest trust.

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
 But still in the republic's hand
 How fit he is to sway,
 That can so well obey!

He to the Commons' feet presents
 A kingdom for his first year's rents;
 And, what he may, forbears
 His fame, to make it theirs;

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
To lay them at the public's skirt:

So, when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search,
But on the next green bough to perch;

Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume?

What may not others fear,
If thus he crowns each year?

As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all states not free,
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-coloured mind,
But, from this valour sad,
Shrink underneath the plaid;

Happy, if in the tufted brake,
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on;
And for the last effect,
Still keep the sword erect;

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain.

Bermudas

Where the remote Bermudas ride,
 In the ocean's bosom unespied,
 From a small boat, that rowed along,
 The listening winds received this song:

“ What should we do but sing His praise
 That led us through the watery maze,
 Unto an isle so long unknown,
 And yet far kinder than our own?
 Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
 That lift the deep upon their backs;
 He lands us on a grassy stage,
 Safe from the stormes' and prelates' rage.
 He gave us this eternal spring,
 Which here enamels every thing,
 And sends the fowls to us in care,
 On daily visits through the air;
 He hangs in shades the orange bright,
 Like golden lamps in a green night,
 And does in the pomegranates close
 Jewels more rich than Ormus shows;
 He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
 And throws the melons at our feet;
 But apples plants of such a price,
 No tree could ever bear them twice;
 With cedars chosen by His hand,
 From Lebanon, He stores the land,
 And makes the hollow seas, that roar,
 Proclaim the ambergris on shore;
 He cast (of which we rather boast)
 The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
 And in these rocks for us did frame
 A temple where to sound His name.
 Oh! let our voice His praise exalt,
 Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
 Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
 Echo beyond the Mexique Bay.”

Thus sung they, in the English boat,
 An holy and a cheerful note;
 And all the way, to guide their chime,
 With falling oars they kept the time.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

(1605-1682)

SIR THOMAS BROWNE was born in London on 19th October, 1605. His father was a prosperous mercer and a member of a good Cheshire family. Browne was educated at Winchester College and at Broadgates Hall, Oxford, which during his residence became Pembroke College. He took his B.A. in 1626 and his M.A. three years later; he soon commenced the study of medicine, and practised in Oxfordshire. His profound and multifarious learning was greatly increased by travel and continental study. He visited Ireland with his stepfather, who was inspecting the forts and castles, and then proceeded to France, Italy, and Holland, spending probably a year in each country, and studying at the universities of Montpellier, Padua, and Leyden. In 1633 he took the degree of doctor of medicine at Leyden; in the same year he returned to England and began to practise at Shipden Hall, near Halifax. In 1637 he took his M.D. degree at Oxford, and settled at Norwich, with which his name is indissolubly connected, and where he ended his days forty-five years later. He made an extremely happy marriage in 1641, and his life, spent in the discharge of his medical duties, in study, in making and arranging his scientific collections, and in caring for his large family, seems to have been an ideally full and placid one. His first and perhaps most celebrated book, *Religio Medici*, was written about 1635, and circulated freely in manuscript copies among

his friends. A not over-scrupulous bookseller, with the ominous name of Crooke, got possession of one of the transcripts of the book, and published it surreptitiously in 1642. This forced Browne into publishing an authorized edition, with many corrections and emendations, in the following year. The book at once made a stir, not only in England but on the Continent; it was almost immediately translated into Latin, and afterwards into Dutch, French, and German. The Great Rebellion did not in any way disturb the even tenor of Browne's life at Norwich; he was a decided Royalist, but not an aggressive one, and as Norwich was a stronghold of the other party, he was prudent enough to keep quiet in order that he might be left in peace. In 1646 he published his bulkiest but not his best work, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica, or Enquiries into very many received tenets and commonly presumed truths, which examined prove but Vulgar and Common Errors*. This encyclopedic and highly entertaining book must have been the result of many years' reading and research. It is a book which most modern readers will enjoy, if they do not attempt to read it through. Browne did not publish anything more for twelve years, but his reputation as a man of vast learning rapidly increased, and he was consulted by correspondents from all parts of Europe, from Iceland to Naples. In 1658 appeared what is perhaps Browne's masterpiece, *Hydriotaphia. Urn Burial: or a Discourse of the*

Sepulchral Urns lately found in Norfolk, a short but profoundly moving essay on funeral customs and death, which owes some slight debt to Drummond of Hawthornden's *Cypress Grove*. In the same volume appeared another short treatise, more fantastic and of less general interest, but no less magnificent in its style, entitled *The Garden of Cyrus: or the Quincuncial, Lozenge, or net-work plantations of the Ancients, artificially, naturally, mystically considered*. He published nothing more in his lifetime, and the rest of his life was comparatively uneventful. In 1664 he was elected an honorary fellow of the College of Physicians; in 1671 he was knighted by Charles II, mainly because the mayor of Norwich refused the honour. He was never a fellow of the Royal Society; it has been suggested, perhaps fancifully, that he was excluded on account of the splendour of his style, since the Royal Society aimed at plainness of speech (see *Sprat, Thomas*). Browne died on his birthday in 1682. His *Christian Morals* was not published until 1716.

In his best-known work Sir Thomas Browne laid himself open to a certain amount of misconception. His views were at once so liberal and so eclectic that he was classed as a Roman Catholic by some and a Quaker by others of his critics. His attitude towards religion was much like Pope's

attitude to politics —

In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and
Whigs a Tory.

In fact, his religion was that of all sensible men, but, unlike most sensible men, he endeavoured to tell it to others. In *Hydriotaphia* he found a more congenial subject, and treated it with the full magnificence of a style which has never been surpassed for grandeur by any writer of English prose. The cadences of the fifth and last chapter of this book ring in the head as no other uninspired writing does. In all his works, however, he displays his unique personality through his unequalled style. His Latinisms, which affect his vocabulary rather than the turn of his sentences, have been harshly criticised, but need not dismay anyone who has a moderate acquaintance with ancient literature. His style exactly fits his thought; that he had a good undress style too is made pleasantly clear by his letters. Browne, Milton, and Taylor are our three greatest writers of richly-embroidered prose; and the greatest of these is Browne. He has long been acclaimed as a master, and by no one so ardently as Charles Lamb.

[Sir E. Gosse, *Sir Thomas Browne*; Sir Leslie Stephen, *Hours in a Library*; A. Whyte, *Sir Thomas Browne: an appreciation*. There are editions of Browne's Works by Simon Wilkin (1834), Charles Sayle (1927), and Geoffrey Keynes (1928).]

From "Religio Medici"

Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate, were not a History, but a piece of Poetry, and would sound to common ears like a Fable. For the World, I count it not an Inn, but an Hospital;

and a place not to live, but to dye in. The world that I regard is my self; it is the Microcosm of my own frame that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it but like my Globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and Fortunes, do err in my Altitude; for I am above Atlas his shoulders. The earth is a point not only in respect of the Heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us; that mass of Flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind; that surface that tells the Heavens it hath an end, cannot persuade me I have any; I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty; though the number of the Ark do measure my body, it comprehendeth not my mind; whilst I study to find how I am a Microcosm, or little World, I find my self something more than the great. There is surely a piece of Divinity in us, something that was before the Elements, and owes no homage unto the Sun. Nature tells me I am the Image of God, as well as Scripture: he that understands not thus much, hath not his introduction or first lesson, and is yet to begin the Alphabet of man. Let me not injure the felicity of others, if I say I am as happy as any: *Ruat coelum, fiat voluntas Tua*, salveth all; so that whatsoever happens, it is but what our daily prayers desire. In brief, I am content; and what should Providence add more? Surely this is it we call Happiness, and this do I enjoy; with this I am happy in a dream, and as content to enjoy a happiness in a fancy, as others in a more apparent truth and realty. There is surely a neerer apprehension of any thing that delights us in our dreams, than in our waked senses; without this I were unhappy; for my waked judgment discontents me, ever whispering unto me, that I am from my friend; but my friendly dreams in the night requite me, and make me think I am within his arms. I thank God for my happy dreams, as I do for my good rest; for there is a satisfaction in them unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness: and surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this World, and that the conceits of this life are as meer dreams to those of the next; as the Phantasms of the night, to the conceits of the day. There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the embleme or picture of the other: we are somewhat more than our selves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the Fancies of our sleeps. At my Nativity my Ascendant was the watery sign of Scorpius; I was born in the Planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that Leaden Planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole Comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh my self at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I

would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I chuse for my devotions; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls a confused and broken tale of that that hath passed. Aristotle, who hath written a singular Tract *Of Sleep*, hath not, methinks, throughly defined it; nor yet Galen, though he seem to have corrected it; for those Noctambuloes and night-walkers, though in their sleep, do yet enjoy the action of their senses. We must therefore say, that there is something in us that is not in the jurisdiction of Morpheus; and that those abstracted and ecstatick souls do walk about in their own corps, as spirits with the bodies they assume, wherein they seem to hear, see, and feel, though indeed the Organs are destitute of sense, and their natures of those faculties that should inform them. Thus it is observed, that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves; for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like her self, and to discourse in a strain above mortality.

We term sleep a death; and yet it is waking that kills us, and destroys those spirits that are the house of life. 'Tis indeed a part of life that best expresseth death; for every man truely lives so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself. Themistocles, therefore, that slew his Soldier in his sleep, was a merciful Executioner; 'tis a kind of punishment the mildness of no laws hath invented: I wonder the fancy of Lucan and Seneca did not discover it. It is that death by which we may be literally said to dye daily; a death which Adam dyed before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between life and death; in fine, so like death I dare not trust it without my prayers, and an half adieu unto the World, and take my farewell in a Colloquy with God.

From "Urn Burial"

CHAPTER V

Now since these dead bones have already out-lasted the living ones of Methuselah, and in a yard under ground, and thin walls of clay, out-worn all the strong and specious buildings above it; and quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests; what Prince can promise such diuturnity unto his Reliques, or might not gladly say,

Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim.

Time which antiquates Antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these *minor* Monuments.

In vain we hope to be known by open and visible conservatories,

when to be unknown was the means of their continuation and obscurity their protection: If they dyed by violent hands, and were thrust into their Urnes, these bones become considerable, and some old Philosophers would honour them, whose souls they conceived most pure, which were thus snatched from their bodies; and to retain a stranger propension unto them: whereas they weariedly left a languishing corps, and with faint desires of re-union. If they fell by long and aged decay, yet wrapt up in the bundle of time, they fall into indistinction, and make but one blot with Infants. If we begin to die when we live, and long life be but a prolongation of death; our life is a sad composition; We live with death, and die not in a moment. How many pulses made up the life of Methuselah, were work for Archimedes: Common Counters summe up the life of Moses his man. Our dayes become considerable like petty sums by minute accumulations; where numerous fractions make up but small round numbers; and our dayes of a span long make not one little finger.

If the nearnesse of our last necessity, brought a nearer conformity into it, there were a happinesse in hoary hairs, and no calamity in half senses. But the long habit of living indisposeth us for dying; when Avarice makes us the sport of death; When even David grew politickly cruell; and Solomon could hardly be said to be the wisest of men. But many are too early old, and before the date of age. Adversity stretcheth our days, misery makes Alcmena's nights, and time hath no wings unto it. But the most tedious being is that which can unwish itself, content to be nothing, or never to have been, which was beyond the malecontent of Job, who cursed not the day of his life, but his Nativity: Content to have so farre been, as to have a Title to future being; Although he had lived here but in an hidden state of life, and as it were an abortion.

What Song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling Questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these Ossuaries entred the famous Nations of the dead, and slept with Princes and Counsellours, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above Antiquarism. Not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the Provincial Guardians, or tutellary Observators. Had they made as good provision for their names, as they have done for their Reliques, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but Pyramidal extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves, a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblemes of mortall vanities; Antidotes against pride, vain-glory, and madding vices. Pagan vain-glories which thought the world might last for ever, had encouragement for

ambition, and, finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their Names, were never damp't with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vain-glories, who acting early, and before the probable Meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designes, whereby the ancient Heroes have already out-lasted their Monuments, and Mechanicall preservations. But in this latter Scene of time, we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the Prophecy of Elias, and Charles the fifth can never hope to live within two Methuselas of Hector.

And therefore restlesse inquietude for the diurnity of our memories unto present considerations, seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated peece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names, as some have done in their persons, one face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. "Tis too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designes. To extend our memories by Monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations, in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are provisionally taken off from such imaginations; And being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh Pyramids pillars of snow, and all that's past a moment.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortall right-lined circle must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the Opium of time, which temporally considereth all things; Our Fathers finde their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our Survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce fourty years. Generations passe while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare Inscriptions like many in Gruter, to hope for Eternity by Aenigmaticall Epithetes or first letters of our names, to be studied by Antiquaries, who we were, and have new Names given us like many of the Mummies, are cold consolations unto the Students of perpetuity, even by everlasting Languages.

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan: disparaging his horoscopal inclination and judgement of himself, who cares to subsist like Hippocrates Patients, or Achilles horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsame of our memories, the Entelechia and soul of our subsistences. To be namelesse in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name,

than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good theef, then Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the Temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it; Time hath spared the Epitaph of Adrians horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equall durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known? or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, then any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselahs long life had been his only Chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired: The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the Register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven Names make up the first story before the flood, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living Century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the Aequinox? Every hour adds unto the current Arithmetique which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life, and even Pagans could doubt, whether thus to live, were to dye. Since our longest sunne sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darknesse, and have our light in ashes. Since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying *memento's*, and time that grows old in it self, bids us hope no long duration: Diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darknesse and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory, a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest stroaks of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities, miseries are slippery, or fall like the snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil dayes, and our delivered senses are relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of Antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls. A good way to continue their memories, while having the advantage of plurall successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather then be lost in the uncomfortable

night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more then to return into their unknown and divine Originall again. Aegyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the winde, and folly. The Aegyptian Mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummie is become Merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsoms.

In vain do individuals hope for Immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the Moon; Men have been deceived even in their flatteries above the Sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various Cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osiris in the Dogge-starre. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we finde they are but like the Earth; Durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts; whereof beside Comets and new Stars, perspectives begin to tell tales. And the spots that wander about the Sun, with Phactons favour, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortall, but immortality; whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end- which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself; and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself. All others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiencie of Christian Immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death, makes a folly of posthumous memory. God who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest Expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence, seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble Animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing Nativities and Deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting Ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible Sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus, but the wisdom of funerall Laws found the folly of prodigall blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean, as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an Urne.

Five Languages secured not the Epitaph of Gordianus. The man of God lives longer without a Tomb then any by one, invisibly interred by Angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing humane discovery. Enoch and Elias, without either tomb or

burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great Examples of perpetuity, in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stage of earth. If in the decretory term of the world we shall not all dye but be changed, according to received translation; the last day will make but few graves; at least quick Resurrections will anticipate lasting Sepultures; Some Graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and Lazarus be no wonder. When many that feared to dye, shall groane that they can dye but once, the dismal state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned; when men shall wish the coverings of Mounaines, not of Monuments, and annihilations shall be courted.

While some have studied Monuments, others have studiously declined them: and some have been so vainly boisterous, that they durst not acknowledge their Graves: wherein Alaricus seems most subtle, who had a River turned to hide his bones at the bottome. Even Sylla, that thought himself safe in his Urne, could not prevent revenging tongues, and stones thrown at his Monument. Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world, that they are not afraid to meet them in the next, who when they dye make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah.

Pyramids, Arches, Obelisks, were but the irregularities of vain-glory, and wilde enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian Religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in Angles of contingency.

Pious spirits who passed their dayes in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world, then the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the Chaos of pre-ordination, and night of their fore-beings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, extasis, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kisse of the Spouse, gustation of God, and ingressio into the divine shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting Monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names, and praedicament of chymera's, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elyziums. But all this is nothing in the Metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope but an evidence in noble beleevers; 'Tis all one to lye in St. Innocent's church-yard as in the Sands of Aegypt: Ready to be anything, in the ecstasie of being ever, and as content with six foot as the Mole of Adrianus.

From the "Garden of Cyrus"

But the Quincunx of Heaven runs low, and 'tis time to close the five ports of knowledge; We are unwilling to spin out our awaking thoughts into the phantasmes of sleep, which often continueth praecogitations; making Cables of Cobwebbes, and Wildernesses of handsome Groves. Beside Hippocrates hath spoke so little, and the Oneirocriticall Masters, have left such frigid Interpretations from plants, that there is little encouragement to dream of Paradise itself. Nor will the sweetest delights of Gardens afford much comfort in sleep; wherein the dulnesse of that sense shakes hands with delectable odours; and though in the Bed of Cleopatra, can hardly with any delight raise up the ghost of a Rose.

Night which Pagan Theology could make the daughter of Chaos, affords no advantage to the description of order: Although no lower then that Masse can we derive its Genealogy. All things began in order, so shall they end, and so shall they begin again, according to the ordainer of order and mystical Mathematicks of the City of Heaven.

Though Somnus in Homer be sent to rowse up Agamemnon, I finde no such effects in these drowsy approaches of sleep. To keep our eyes open longer were but to act our Antipodes. The Huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia. But who can be drowsie at that howr which freed us from everlasting sleep? or have slumbering thoughts at that time, when sleep itself must end, and as some conjecture all shall awake again.

JOHN CLEVELAND

(1613 - 1658)

JOHN CLEVELAND was born at Loughborough, Leicestershire, in June, 1613. His father was usher at a charity-school, and was given a small living in 1621, from which he was ejected in 1644. Cleveland was educated privately and at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1631. In 1634 he was elected to a fellowship at the sister-foundation, St. John's, where he became a popular and

efficient tutor, and was considered the delight and ornament of the society. He was an unflinching Royalist and accordingly was ejected from his fellowship in 1645, and joined the king's army at Oxford. He was appointed judge-advocate, and was at Newark until its surrender. He was a well-liked man, with an infinite fund of wit and humour, with which he amused his friends and castigated his

enemies. His most famous, or notorious, poem was *The Rebel Scot*, written when the Scots handed over the king to the Parliament. For some years Cleveland led a somewhat precarious and aimless life, alleviated to some degree by the friendship of Samuel Butler (q.v.), the author of *Hudibras*. In 1655 he was imprisoned at Yarmouth, for being a malignant, for being unable to give a satisfactory account of himself, and for wearing a "genteel garb". He was released three months later, after writing a sturdily independent letter to Cromwell. His last days were spent in Gray's Inn, where he died on 29th April, 1658.

Cleveland's reputation as a poet has almost entirely evaporated, but it is interesting to find that his contemporaries, especially those who shared his political views, ranked him as one of the foremost poets of the day, and as a greater than Milton. His metaphysical poems are obscure and conceited; it is indeed

a matter of debate whether he was entirely serious in his extravagances, or whether he wrote with his tongue in his cheek. His friendship with Butler would suggest the probability of the latter alternative; extravagances of poetical phrase and metaphor were never more happily ridiculed than by the author of *Hudibras*. At times, however, in the midst of his absurdities, Cleveland has good lines. He was perhaps more in his element as a satirist, but his satires are too topical, and to be fully appreciated would need a learned commentary, which would scarcely be worth the trouble of writing or even of reading. The bibliography of Cleveland is exceedingly complicated; many poems have been fathered on him which are not his work, and much of his genuine work has perished. He leaves the impression of having been a gifted and admirable man, but an imperfect poet. His poems were edited by J. M. Berdan in 1912.

From "The Rebel Scot"

How! Providence! and yet a Scottish crew!
 Then Madam Nature wears black patches too?
 What shall our Nation be in bondage thus
 Unto a Land that truckles under us?
 Ring the bells backward, I am all on fire,
 Not all the buckets in a Country Quire
 Shall quench my rage. A Poet should be fear'd,
 When angry, like a Comet's flaming beard.
 And where's the Stoick, can his wrath appease
 To see his Countrey sick of Pym's disease?
 By Scotch invasion, to be made a prey
 To such *Pig widgin Myrmidons* as they?
 But that there's charm in verse, I would not quote
 The name of Scot without an antidote;

JOHN CLEVELAND

Unlesse my head were red, that I might brew
 Invention there that might be poyson too.
 Were I a drowsie Judge, whose dismal note
 Disgorgeth halters as a Juglers throat
 Doth ribbands: could I (in Sir Emp'rick tone)
 Speak Pills in phrase, and quack destruction:
 Or roar like Marshal, that Geneval Bull,
 Hell and damnation a Pulpit full:
 Yet to express a Scot, to play that prize,
 Not all those mouth-Granadoes can suffice.
 Before a Scot can properly be curst,
 I must (like Hocus) swallow daggers first.

Come, keen Lambicks, with your badgers feet,
 And Badger-like, bite till your feet do meet.
 Help, ye tart Satyrists, to imp my rage,
 With all the Scorpions that should whip this age,
 Scots are like Witches; do but whet your Pen;
 Scratch till the bloud come, they'l not hurt you then
 Now as the Martyrs were infore'd to take
 The shapes of beasts, like hypocrites at stake;
 I'l bait my Scot so, yet not cheat your eyes,
 A Scot, within a beast, is no disguise.

No more let Ireland brag, her harmless Nation
 Fosters no Venom, since the Scot's plantation;
 Nor can our feign'd antiquity maintain;
 Since they came in, England hath Wolves again,
 The Scot that kept the Tower, might have shoun
 (Within the grate of his own breast alone)
 The Leopard and the Panther, and ingrost
 What all those wild Collegiates had cost:
 The honest high-shooes, in their termly fees,
 First to the salvage Lawyer, next to these.
 Nature her self doth Scotch-men beasts confess,
 Making their Countrey such a wilderness,
 A Land that brings in question and suspense
 Gods omni-presence, but that Charles came thence,
 But that Montrossc and Crawfords loyal band
 Atton'd their sins, and christ'ned half the Land,
 Nor is it all the Nation hath these spots;
 There is a Church, as well as Kirk of Scots:
 As in a picture, where the squinting paint
 Shews fiend on this side, and on that side saint:
 He that saw Hell in's melancholy dream

And in the twi-light of his fancy's theam,
 Scar'd from his sins, repented in a fright,
 Had he view'd Scotland, had turn'd Proselyte.
 A Land, where one may pray with curst intent,
 O may they never suffer banishment!
 Had Cain been Scot, God would have chang'd his doom,
 Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home.
 Like Jews they spread, and as infection fly,
 As if the devil had Ubiquity.
 Hence 'tis they live at Rovers, and defie
 This or that place, rags of Geography.
 They'r Citizens o' th' world; they'r all in all,
 Scotland's a Nation Epidemical.
 And yet they ramble not, to learn the mode
 How to be drest, or how to lisp abroad;
 To return knowing in the Spanish shrug,
 Or which of the Dutch States a double Jug
 Resembles most, in belly, or in beard.
 (The Card by which the Mariners are steer'd.)
 No; the Scots-Errant fight, and fight to eat;
 Their Estrich stomachs make their swords their meat.
 Nature with Scots, as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
 Who use to hang their Teeth upon their belt.

JAMES HOWELL

(? 1594 – 1666)

JAMES HOWELL was one of the fifteen children of Thomas Howell, curate of Llangammarch, Brecknockshire, and was born about 1594. He was educated at Hereford Free School and at the great resort of Welshmen, Jesus College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1613. Ten years later he was elected to a fellowship. When he had taken his degree, he was appointed steward of a glass-manufacturing company in London. His duties took him abroad in search of men and material, and

he spent some six years on the Continent, in Holland, France, Spain, and Italy, returning to England in 1622. A good scholar and linguist, he severed his connexion with the glass company, vainly endeavoured to obtain a diplomatic post, and did a little tutoring. He was sent on a special mission to Spain, and acquitted himself well, but did not succeed in gaining his demands of compensation for the seizure of a ship belonging to the Turkey Company.

In 1626 he became secretary to Lord Scrope, and retained this position until Scrope's death in 1630. For some time he had no regular employment, but in 1632 accompanied the Earl of Leicester to Holland as secretary to the embassy, and in 1639 was employed by Strafford in Dublin. His political allegory, *Dodona's Grove*, appeared in 1640, and his *Instructions for Forreine Travel* in 1642. In 1643 he was arrested and sent to the Fleet, where he remained eight years. The cause of his imprisonment is not known; it may have been, as Wood says, debt; or it may have been, as he himself says, his political views. Its effect on his career was immediate; he at once became a professional writer, depending on his pen for his livelihood. Pamphlets innumerable proceeded from his prison, and his famous *Epistolae Ho-elianae*; *Familiar Letters, Domestic and Foreign, divided into Sundry Sections, partly Historical, Political and Philosophical* began to appear in 1645. A second volume followed in 1647, a third in 1650, and a fourth in 1655. On his release in 1651 he attempted to ingratiate himself with Cromwell, and wrote many more pamphlets on a variety of subjects. He managed, however,

not to offend the Royalists, and after the Restoration the post of Historiographer Royal of England was created for him. His career as pamphleteer was diversified by controversies with the indomitable William Prynne (q.v.) and with Sir Roger L'Estrange (q.v.). A volume of unpoetical poems appeared in 1663. Three years later Howell died. He left behind him also much lexicographical work and several translations.

Howell's voluminous writings have been almost entirely forgotten, with the exception of his *Epistolae Ho-elianae*. The value of this book will be much more apparent if it is frankly recognized at the outset that the letters have no value as documents; they are, in fact, clever and entertaining essays disguised in epistolary form. This has not always been understood, and Howell has repelled some readers, mostly historians, who found him an unreliable witness as to dates and facts. The *Epistolae* are, however, written with charming ease and lightness of touch, and delighted a critic so exacting as Thackeray. They are, perhaps, to be classed as journalism of the best kind, which the passage of time has exalted into literature. They were edited by J. Jacobs in 1892.

Familiar Letters

VOL. I, SECT. V, LETTER XVII

To my Father Mr. Ben Johnson

Father Ben. *Nullum sit magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiae*, ther's no great wit without som mixture of madnesse, so saith the Philosopher, nor was he a fool who answered, *nec parvum, sine mixtura stultitiae*, nor small wit without som allay of foolishnes. Touching the first it is

verified in you, for I find that you have bin oftentimes mad, you were mad when you writ your *Fox*, and madder when you writ your *Alchimist*, you were mad when you writ *Catilin*, and stark mad when you writ *Sejanus*; but when you writ your *Epigrams*, and the *Magnetic Lady* you were not so mad: Insomuch that I perceive ther be degrees of madnes in you. Excuse me that I am so free with you. The madnes I mean is that divine fury, that heating and heightning Spirit which Ovid speaks of —*Est Deus in nobis agitante calescimus illo*: that true enthusiasm which transports, and elevats the souls of Poets, above the middle Region of vulgar conceptions, and makes them soar up to Heaven to touch the stars with their laurell'd heads, to walk in the *Zodiac* with *Apollo* him self, and command *Mercury* upon their errand.

I cannot yet light upon Doctor *Davies* his welsh Grammer, before Christmas I am promis'd one; So desiring you to look better hereafter to your charcole fire and chimney, which I am glad to be one that preserv'd from burning, this being the second time that Vulcan hath threatned you, it may be because you have spoken ill of his wife, and bin too busy with his hornes; I rest

Westminster,
27 June, 1629.

*Your Son, and contiguous
Neighbour, J. H.*

VOL. II, LETTER LV

To the Right Honorable the Lord Cliff

My Lord,

Since among other passages of entertainment we had lately at the Italian ordinary (wher your Lordship was pleas'd to honour us with your presence) ther happen'd a large discourse of wines, and of other drinks that wer us'd by several Nations of the earth, and that your Lordship desir'd me to deliver what I observ'd therin abroad, I am bold now to confirm and amplifie in this Letter what I then let drop *ex tempore* from me, having made a recollection of my self for that purpose.

It is without controversie, that in the nonage of the world, men and beasts had but one buttery which was the fountain and river, nor do we read of any vines or wines till two hundred years after the flood, but now I do not know or hear of any Nation that hath water only for their drink, except the Japonois, and they drink it hot too; but we may say, that what beverage soever we make, either by brewing, by distillation, decoction, percolation or pressing, it is but water at first, nay wine is but water sublim'd, being nothing else but that moysture and sap which is caus'd either by rain or other kind of irrigations about

the roots of the vine, and drawn up to the branches and berries by the virtual attractive heat of the Sun, the bowels of the earth serving as a limbec to that end, which made the Italian Vineyard-man (after a long drought, and an extreme hot Summer, which had parch'd up all his grapes,) to complain, that *per mancamento d'acqua, bevo del acqua, se io havessi acqua, beverei el vino*, for want of water, I am forc'd to drink water; if I had water, I would drink wine; it may be also applied to the Miller when he hath no water to drive his Mills.

The Vine doth so abhor cold, that it cannot grow beyond the 49 degree to any purpose: Therfore God and nature hath furnish'd the Northwest Nations with other inventions of beverage. In this Island the old drink was Ale, noble Ale, than which, as I heard a great sorren Doctor affirm, ther is no liquor that more encreaseth the radical moisture, and preserves the natural heat, which are the two Pillars that support the life of man; but since Beer hath hopp'd in amongst us, Ale is thought to be much adulterated, and nothing so good as Sir John Old-Castle, and Smugg the Smith was us'd to drink: Besides Ale and Beer, the natural drink of part of this Isle may be said to be Metheglin, Braggot, and Mead, which differ in strength according to the three degrees of comparison. The first of the three, which is strong in the superlatif, if taken immoderately, doth stupifie more then any other liquor, and keeps a humming in the brain, which made one say that he lov'd not Mcthemlin, because he was us'd to speak too much of the house he came from, meaning the hive: Sider and Perry are also the natural drinks of part of this Isle: But I have read in som old Authors of a famous drink the ancient Nation of the Picts, who lived 'twixt Trent and Tweed and were utterly extinguished by the over-powring of the Scot, wer used to make of decoction of flowers, the receipt wherof they kept as a secret, and a thing sacred to themselves, so it perish'd with them: These are all the common drinks of this Isle, and of Ireland also, where they are more given to milk and strong-waters of all colours: the Prime is Usquebagh which cannot be made any where in that perfection, and wheras we drink it here in aqua-vitae measures, it goes down there by beer-glassfulls, being more natural to the Nation.

In the seventeen Provinces hard by, and all low Germany, beer is the common natural drink and nothing else, so is it in Westfalia, and all the lower circuit of Saxony, in Denmark, Swethland, and Norway; The Prusse hath a beer as thick as honey, in the Duke of Saxes Countrey, ther is beer as yellow as gold made of wheat, and it inebriates as soon as Sack. In som parts of Germany they use to spice their beer, which will keep many years; so that at som weddings ther will be a butt of beer drunk out as old as the Bride. Poland also is a beer Countrey, but in Russia, Muscovy, and Tatary they use mead, which is the naturallest drink of the Countrey, being made of the decoction of water, and honey,

this is that which the Ancients call'd Hydromel: Mares milk is a great drink with the Tartar, which may be a cause why they are bigger then ordinary, for the Physicians hold, That milk enlargeth the bones, Beer strengtheneth the nerves, and wine breeds blood sooner than any other liquor. The Turk when he hath his tripe full of pelaw, or of Muton and Rice, will go to natures cellar; either to the next Well or River to drink water, which is his natural common drink, for Mahomet taught them, that ther was a devil in evry berry of the grape; and so made a strict inhibition to all his sect from drinking of wine as a thing prophanè: he had also a reach of policy therin, because they should not be incumbred with luggage when they went to war as other Nations do, who are so troubled with the carriage of their wine and beverages: yet hath the Turk peculiar drinks to himself besides, as Sherbet made of juyce of Lemon, Sugar, Amber and other ingredients; he hath also a drink call'd Cauphe, which is made of a brown berry, and it may be call'd their clubbing drink between meals, which though it be not very gustfull to the palate, yet it is very comfortable to the stomach, and good for the sight; but notwithstanding their Prophets Anathema, thousands of them will venture to drink wine, and they will make a precedent prayer to their souls to depart from their bodies in the interim, for fear she partake of the same polution: nay, the last Turk died of excess of wine, for he had at one time swallow'd three and thirty okes, which is a measure near upon the bignes of our quart, and that which brought him to this, was the company of a Persian Lord, that had given him his daughter for a Present, and came with him from Bagdat; besides, one accident that happened to him was, that he had an Eunuch who was used to be drunk, and whom he had commanded twice upon pain of life to refrain, swearing by Mahomet that he would cause him to be strangled if he found him the third time so; yet the Eunuch still continued in his drunkennes, hereupon the Turk conceiving with himself that ther must needs be som extraordinary delight in drunkennes, because this man preferr'd it before his life, fell to it himself, and so drunk himself to death.

In Asia there is no beer drunk at all, but Water, Wine, and an incredible variety of other drinks made of Dates, dried Raisons, Rice, divers sorts of Nuts, Fruits, and Roots; In the Oriental Countries, as Cambaia, Calicut, Narsingha, ther is a drink call'd Banque, which is rare and precious, and 'tis the height of entertainment they give their guests before they go to sleep, like that Nepenthe which the Poets speak so much of, for it provokes pleasing dreams, and delightfull phantasies; it will accommodate itself to the humor of the sleeper: as if he be a Souldier, he will dream of victories and taking of Towns; if he be in love, he will think to enjoy his Mistris: if he be covetous, he will dream of Mountains of gold, etc. In the Moluccas and Philippines, ther is a curious drink call'd

Tampoy, made of a kind of Gilliflowers, and another drink call'd Otraqua, that comes from a Nut, and is the more general drink. In China they have a holy kind of liquor made of such sort of flowers for ratifying and binding of bargains, and having drunk therof, they hold it no less than perjury to break what they promise, as they write of a River in Bithynia, whose water hath a peculiar vertue to discover a perjurer, for if he drink therof, it will presently boyl in his stomach, and put him to visible tortures: this makes me think of the River Styx among the Poets which the gods were use to swear by, and it was the greatest oath for performance of any thing

Nubila promissi Styx mihi testis erit.

It puts me in mind also of that which som write of the River of Rhine for trying the legitimation of a child being thrown in, if he be a bastard he will sink, if otherwise he will not.

In China they speak of a tree called Maguais, which affords not only good drink being pierced, but all things else that belong to the subsistence of man; they bore the trunk with an awger and ther issueth out sweet potable liquor; 'twixt the rinde and the tree ther is a cotton or hempie kind of moss which they wear for their cloathing: it bears huge nuts which have excellent food in them: it shoots out hard prickles above a fathom long, and those arm them, with the bark they make Tents, and the dotard trees serve for firing.

Afric also hath a great diversity of drinks, as having more need of them being a hotter Countrey far: In Guiney of the lower Ethiopia ther is a famous drink call'd Mingol, which issueth out of a tree much like the Palm, being bored: But in the upper Ethiopia or the Habassins Countrey, they drink Mead decocted in a different manner, there is also much wine there; the common drink of Barbary after water is that which is made of Dates: But in Egypt in times passed ther was beer drunk call'd Zichus in Latin, which was no other than a decoction of Barley and water, they had also a famous composition (and they use it to this day) called Chiffi, made of divers cordials and provocative ingredients, which they throw into water to make it gustful, they use it also for fumigation; But now the general drink of Egypt is Nile water; which of all waters may be said to be the best, insomuch that Pindars words might be more appliable to that then to any other, *ἀριττὸν μὲν ἔδωρ*. It doth not only fertilize, and extremly fatten the soil which it covers, but it helps to impregnate barren women for ther is no place on earth where people encrease and multiply faster; 'tis yellowish and thick, but if one cast a few Almonds into a potful of it, it will becom as clear as rock water; it is also in a degree of luke-warmnes as Martials boy

Tolle puer calices tepidique torcurnata Nili.

In the new world they have a world of drinks, for ther is no root, flower, fruit or pulse but is reducible to a potable liquor, as in the Barbado island the common drink among the English, is Mobbi, made of Potato roots: In Mexico, and Peru which is the great continent of America with other parts, it is prohibited to make Wines under great penalties for fear of starving of trade, so that all the Wines they have are sent from Spain.

Now for the pure Wine Countries, Greece with all her Islands, Italy, Spain, France, one part of four of Germany, Hungary, with divers Countries ther abouts, all the Islands in the Mediterranean and Atlantic sea, are Wine Countries.

The most generous Wines of Spain, grow in the mid-land parts of the Continent, and Saint Martin bears the bell, which is near the Court; Now as in Spain so in all other Wine Countries one cannot passe a days journey but he will find a differing race of Wine; those kinds that our Merchants carry over are those only, that grow upon the Seaside, as Malagas, Sheries, Tents, and Aligants: of this last ther's little comes over right, therefore the Vinteners make Tent (which is a name for all Wines in Spain, except white) to supply the place of it: Ther is a gentle kind of white wine grows among the mountains of Galitia, but not of body enough to bear the Sea, call'd Ribadavia; Portugal affords no wines worth the transporting: they have an odd stone we call Yef which they use to throw into their wines, which clarifieth it, and makes it more lasting. Ther's also a drink in Spain called Alosha, which they drink between meals in hot weather, and 'tis a Hydromel made of water and honey, much of them take of our Mead: In the Court of Spain ther's a German or two that brews beer; but for that ancient drink of Spain which Pliny speaks of, compos'd of flowers, the receipt therof is utterly lost.

In Greece ther are no wines that have bodies enough to bear the sea for long voyages, som few Muscadels, and Malmsies are brought over in small Casks; nor is ther in Italy any wine transported to England but in bottles, as Verde and others, for the length of the voyage makes them subject to Pricking and to lose colour, by reason of their delicacy.

France participating of the clymes of all the Countries about her, affords wines of qualitie accordingly, as towards the Alpes and Italy she hath a luscious rich wine called Frontiniac; In the Countrey of Province toward the Pyrenies in Languedoc, ther are wines congstutable with those of Spain; one of the prime sort of white wines is that of Beaume, and of Clarets that of Orleans though it be interdicted to wine the Kings Cellar with it in regard of the corrosivenes it carries with it: As in France, so in all other wine Countreys the white is called the female, and the Claret or red Wine is called the male, because commonly

it hath more sulphur, body and heat in't: 'The Wines that our Merchants bring over upon the River of Garond near Bourdeaux in Gascony, which is the greatest Mart for Wines in all France; 'The Scot because he hath always bin an useful confederate to France against England, hath (among other privileges) right of preemption of first choice of wines in Bourdeaux; he is also permitted to carry his Ordnance to the very Walls of the Town, wheras the English are forc'd to leave them at Blay a good way distant down the River: 'I'her is a hard green Wine that grows about Rochel, and the Islands therabouts, which the cunning Hollander sometime uscd to fetch, and he hath a trick to put a bag of herbs, or som other infusions into it, (as he doth brimstone in Rhenish) to give it a whiter tincture, and more sweetnes, then they re-imbark it for England, wher it passeth for good Bachrag, and this is called stooming of wines: In Normandy ther's little or no wine at all grows, therfore the common drink of that Countrey is cyder, specially in low Normandy; Ther are also many beer houses in Paris and elsewhere, but though their barley and water be better then ours, or that of Germany, and though they have English and Dutch brewers among them, yet they cannot make Beer in that perfection.

The prime Wines of Germany grow about the Rhine, specially in the Psalts or lower Palatinat about Bachrag, which hath its Etymology from Bachiara, for in ancient times ther was an Altar erected there to the honour of Bacchus, in regard of the richnes of the wines. Here and all France over, 'tis held a great part of incivility for maidens to drink wine until they are married, as it is in Spain for them to wear high shooes, or to paint till then: 'The German mothers, to make their sons fall into hatred of wine, do use when they are little to put som Owles eggs into a cup of Rhenish, and sometimes a little living Eel, which twingling in the wine while the child is drinking so scares him, that many com to abhor and have an antipathy to wine all ther lives after. From Bachrag the first stocks of vines which grow now in the grand Canary Island were brought, which with the heat of the Sun and the Soyl, is grown now to that height of perfection, that the wine which they afford are accounted the richest, the most firm, the best bodied and lastingst wine, and the most defecated from all earthly grossenes of any other whatsoever, it hath little or no sulphur at all in't, and leaves less dreggs behind, though one drink it to excess: French wines may be said to pickle meat in the stomach, but this is the wine that digests, and doth not only breed good blood, but it nutritieth also, being a glutinous substantiall liquor; of this wine, if of any other, may be verified that merry induction, 'That good wine makes good blood, good bloud causeth good humors, good humors cause good thoughts, good thoughts bring forth good works, good works carry a man to heaven, ergo good wine carrieth a man to heaven. If this be true surely more English go to heaven this way then

any other, for I think ther's more Canary brought into England then to all the world besides, I think also ther is hundred times more drunk under the name of Canary wine then ther is brought in, for Sherries and Malagas well mingled pass for Canaries in most Taverns more often then Canary it self, else I do not see how 'twer possible for the Vintner to save by it: or to live by his calling unless he were permitted sometimes to be a Brewer. When Sacks and Canaries wer brought in first among us, they were us'd to be drunk in Aquavita measures, and 'twas held fit only for those to drink of them who us'd to carry their leggs in their hands, their eyes upon their noses, and an Almanack in their bones: but now they go down every ones throat both young and old like milk.

The Countries that are freest from exces of drinking are Spain and Italy: If a woman can prove her Husband to have been thrice drunk, by the ancient laws of Spain she may plead for a divorce from him: Nor indeed can the Spaniard being hot brain'd bear much drink, yet I have heard that Gondamar was once too hard for the King of Denmark when he was heer in England; But the Spanish Souldiers that have bin in the wars of Flanders will take their cups freely, and the Italians also: when I liv'd t'other side the Alps, a Gentleman told me a merry tale of a Ligurian Souldier who had got drunk in Genoa, and Prince Doria going a horseback to walk the round one night, the Souldier took his horse by the bridle and ask'd what price of him was, for he wanted a horse, the Prince seeing in what humor he was caus'd him to be taken into a house and put to sleep: In the morning he sent for him and ask'd him what he would give for his horse. Sir, said the recovered Souldier, the Merchant that would have bought him yesternight of your Highness, went away betimes in the morning. The boonest compagnions for drinking are the Greeks and Germans: but the Greek is the merrier of the two, for he will sing and dance and kiss his next compagnion: but the other will drink as deep as he: if the Greek will drink as many glasses as ther be letters in his Mistresses name, the other will drink the number of his yeers, and though he be not apt to break out into singing, being not of so airy a constitution, yet he will drink often musically a health to every one of these 6 notes, Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La; which, with this reason, are all comprehended in this Exameter

Ut Relevet Miserum Fatum Solitosque Labores.

The fewest draughts he drinks are three, the first to quench the thirst pass'd, the second to quench the present thirst, the third to prevent the future; I heard of a company of low Dutchmen that had drunk so deep that beginning to stagger, and their heads turning round they thought verily they were at Sea, and that the upper chamber, wher they were, was a ship, insomuch that it being foul windy weather, they fell to throw

the stools, and other things out of the window, to lighten the vessel for fear of suffering shipwreck.

Thus have I sent your Lordship a dry discourse upon a fluent subject, yet I hope your Lordship will please to take all in good part, because it proceeds from

Westmin.,
17 Octo., 1634

*Your most humble and ready
Servitor, J. H.*

LUCY HUTCHINSON

(1620 - ?)

LUCY HUTCHINSON was the daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower of London, and was born in the Tower on 29th January, 1620. For our knowledge of her we are indebted to a fragmentary autobiography which she left. In it she says: "My mother, while she was with child of me, dreamed that she was walking in the garden with my father, and that a star came down into her hand, with other circumstances, which, though I have often heard, I minded not enough to remember perfectly; only my father told her, her dream signified she should have a daughter of some extraordinary eminency; which thing, like such vain prophecies, wrought as far as it could its own accomplishment: for my father and mother fancying me then beautiful, and more than ordinarily apprehensive, applied all their cares, and spared no cost to improve me in my education, which procured me the admiration of those that flattered my parents. By the time I was four years old I read English perfectly, and having a great memory, I was carried to

sermons; and while I was very young could remember and repeat them exactly, and being caressed, the love of praise tickled me, and made me attend more heedfully. When I was about seven years of age, I remember I had at one time eight tutors in several qualities, languages, music, dancing, writing, and needlework; but my genius was quite averse from all but my book, and that I was so eager of, that my mother thinking it prejudiced my health, would moderate me in it; yet this rather animated me than kept me back, and every moment I could steal from my play I would employ in any book I could find, when my own were locked up from me. . . Play among other children I despised, and when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me, I tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers, and plucked all their babies (dolls) to pieces, and kept the children in such awe, that they were glad when I entertained myself with elder company." This accomplished and seriously-minded young lady at the age of eighteen married

John Hutchinson of Owthorpe, Nottinghamshire, who was five years her senior. Hutchinson was educated at Peterhouse, Cambridge, and Lincoln's Inn. On the outbreak of the Civil War he joined the popular party, and was appointed governor of Nottingham Castle, which he defended against the Royalists with great skill and gallantry. On the termination of the war he was returned to Parliament for his native town, and was a member of the high court of justiciary which condemned the king to death, but subsequently retired from public life because he disapproved of Cromwell's arbitrary conduct as ruler. He was, thanks to his wife's influence and his own submission, not executed with the other regicides; but he was closely watched, and was implicated in the Yorkshire Plot of 1663. He was arrested, and died of fever less than a year later while incarcerated at Sandown Castle in Kent. Very soon after his death his widow

began to write his biography, which has made him and her famous. It was intended to impress on her children the beauty of their father's character, and was not meant for publication. It was, in fact, not published until 1806, when a collateral descendant edited it. Since then it has been frequently reissued, the best edition being that by Sir Charles Firth. It is a charming book, and is perhaps less one-sided than might have been expected; but it is much more admirable in its biographical than in its historical aspect. Mrs. Hutchinson is on the whole fair when she speaks of what she saw and heard; her more general historical passages owe much to Thomas May (q.v.). Her style is natural and dignified; she has given us a most valuable picture of the times and of a Roundhead household of the best kind. She was at work upon her biography until 1671, but we know nothing more about her, not even the date of her death.

From "The Life of Colonel Hutchinson"

RECOVERY OF THE FORTS AT NOTTINGHAM

The Derby soldiers, when they returned home, being asked why they left the cavaliers at the bridges unassaulted, made answer they would have beaten them out, but the governor would not lend them a piece of ordnance out of his castle; which false report, when the governor heard, piqued him heartily, being so notorious a lie, for he drew down two pieces of ordnance, and could not entreat them to do more than stand by, while he attempted it with his own men; but their Major Molanus, being an old soldier, discouraged our soldiers, and told them it was a vain and impossible attempt. For this cause, the governor resolved he would set upon it alone, whenever it was seasonable; and watching an opportunity, he soon took it, at a time when intelligence was brought him that all the forces Newark could send forth, were gone upon a design into Lincolnshire. Then, on the Lord's day,

under colour of hearing a sermon at the great church in the town, he went thither, and after sermon from the steeple, took a view of the fort at the bridges; no one perceiving his design, but his engineer who was with him, and took a full survey of Hacker's works. Then, after supper, he called the committee together, and communicated his intentions to them, which they approved of. So all that night he spent in preparations against the next morning; he sent away orders to the horse and foot that lay at Broxtowe to come to him in the morning by eight o'clock, with all the pioneers they could gather up in the country; he sent into the town, and caused all the pioneers there to be brought up, under pretence of making a breastwork before the castle-gates, and pretending to set them upon the platforms, caused all the cannon-baskets to be filled, which he intended for rolling trenches. All things, betimes, in the morning, being gotten into perfect readiness and so discreetly ordered, that the enemy had no notice from any of their friends in town, nor knew anything of the design, till it was ready; the governor, about eleven o'clock on Monday morning, marched out, although the weather at that time, being very tempestuous and rainy, seemed to have combined with his enemies to withstand the attempt; but the soldiers were rather animated than discouraged, thinking that difficulties, after they were vanquished, would increase their glory. So when the ugly storm had, for three or four hours, wasted itself in its fury on them, it fell at their feet, and no more envious clouds obscured the cheerful face of heaven, so long as they continued in the field. The governor's own company marched through the meadows, and gave the alarm to the enemy's foot, while Mr. George Hutchinson's company went through the lanes, to gain a nook, which was very advantageous for the approaches of our men, and of which they easily possessed themselves, and then advancing, planted their colours within musket-shot of the fort. Although they planted so many colours, the governor had but eightscore foot, and a hundred horse, in all that went with him out of the castle, but he set the pioneers fairly among them to make the better show.

When the colours were thus planted, the pioneers were set at work to cast up a breastwork; and being left in a safe posture with the inferior officers, the governor and his brother went up to the castle, to order the drawing down of the ordnance. Meanwhile the cavaliers sallied out of their fort to gain the colours, at whose approach all the pioneers ran away from their works; but the soldiers kept their ground and their colours, and beat back the enemy into their own fort, killing some of them, whereof two were left dead before our men, whom they thought it not safe to carry off. Our horse meeting the flying pioneers, brought them back again to their works, which they continued all that day, and the cavaliers attempted no more sallies. At evening the ordnance were brought down and planted within musket-shot of the fort, and then the governor

dispatched a messenger to Derby to tell Sir John Gell, if he pleased to send any of his men, they might come and see the fort taken. Accordingly, on Tuesday the Dutch major came, with about sixscore foot and dragoons. Hard by the fort at the bridges, and at that side which our men approached there were two houses full of coals, into which, if the cavaliers had put any men, they might have done much mischief to the assailants; wherefore the governor sent two or three soldiers, who very boldly went almost under their works and fired them both, by the light of which, they burning all night, the governor's men wrought all that night in their trenches, and cut a trench in the meadows, some of them calling to the cavaliers in the fort, and keeping them in abusive replies, one upon another, while the pioneers carried on their works. The governor and his brother, and all the other officers, continued all night in the trenches with them, they behaved themselves so cheerfully, that the governor gave them the next morning twenty pounds; and they had very good drink and provisions brought them out of the garrison, which much encouraged them, but the governor's presence and alacrity among them much more. When the Derby men came on Tuesday, the Dutch major came down to the trenches, and told the governor that he wondered he would attempt the fort, for it was impregnable, and therefore much dissuaded him from going on, and said that he and his men would return. The governor told him that he and the soldiers with him were resolved to leave their lives rather than their attempt; and if they failed for want of seconding by that force which was sent with him to their assistance, let the blame lie on him. When the Derby officers saw him so resolute to persist, they after much dissuasion and dispute, determined to stay, and the officers went up with the governor to supper in the castle, and the soldiers to quarters provided for them in the town; but after supper, the governor went down again, and stayed all night in the trenches with his men, and left them not as long as they stayed there, but only to fetch down what was necessary for them. He, his brother, and all the officers, were every night with them, and made them continue their custom of railing at each other in the dark, while they carried on their approaches. There was in the Trent, a little piece of ground of which, by damming up the water, the cavaliers had made an island; and while some of the soldiers held them in talk, others on Wednesday night cut the sluice, and by break of day on Thursday morning had pitched two colours in the island, within carbine-shot of the fort, and the governor's company had as much advanced their approach on the other side. When they in the fort saw, in the morning, how the assailants had advanced, while they were kept secure in talk all night, they were extremely mad, and swore like devils, which made the governor and his men great sport; and then it was believed they in the fort began to think of flight; which the besiegers not expecting, still continued their approaches, and that

day got forty yards nearer to the island and also to the other side. Although Sir John Gell's men came but on Tuesday, on Thursday the second messenger came from him, to call them back. The governor entreated them to stay that night and keep the trenches, while his men refreshed themselves: which they did, but his men would not go out of their trenches; but slept there to sit themselves for the assault, which the governor had resolved on for the morning, and for that purpose, after he had left them with all things provided in their trenches, he went to the castle to see the fire-balls and other necessaries for the assault brought down, and at three in the morning came to them, when the soldiers told him the cavaliers in the fort had for two hours left off shooting. He sent some soldiers then to the work sides to discover what this meant; but they, perceiving the place empty, went in and found that all the garrison had stolen away, and had left behind them fourscore sheep, a hundred loads of coals, twenty quarters of oats, much hay, a great deal of plundered lead, and a fort so strong, that if they had had such courage as became men of their profession, they would never have quitted it. They left all their works standing, and only broke up two arches of the Trent bridges, to hinder the governor's men from following them. Their flight was by that means secured, the river being so out that the horse could not ford over. Mr. George Hutchinson and his company were appointed to possess and keep the fort at the bridges, which he did; and the next week the garrison kept a day of solemn thanksgiving to God, for this success and the mercy in it, whereby all their men were preserved, notwithstanding their very bold adventures, so that not one of them was slain, and but four of them wounded, whereof three were so slightly hurt, that they returned again next day into the field. To increase their thanks to God, news was brought them that the same week the forces that went out from Newark, joined with Henderson's, had received a great overthrow by Cromwell; and that my Lord Newcastle had been forced to raise his siege of Hull with great loss and dishonour. Some time after the bridge was recovered, the horse went forth and brought in some oxen of Mr. John Wood's, a justice of the county, disaffected to the parliament, but not in action against them. He, following his oxen, came to the governor, and, after he had dispatched his business, told him how Mr. Sutton would have once employed him on a message, to offer the governor any terms he would ask the king, to come over to his side and deliver up the castle to his use. Mr. Wood told him (Sutton), that such a message would not obtain credit, unless he had some propositions in writing; whereupon Sutton called for pen and ink, and wrote that he should offer the governor, if he would resign his castle, not only to be received into favour, but to have that reward of honour, money, or command, he himself would propound; which paper when Mr. Wood had received, Sir Richard Byron came in, and

Mr. Sutton told him the business; to which Sir Richard answered, he believed it would not take effect, for he himself had made the like offers to him, and been rejected, which Mr. Wood hearing, would not undertake the employment, but the governor made him declare the story to two of the gentlemen of the committee.

THOMAS FULLER

(1608 - 1661)

THOMAS FULLER was born at St. Peter's rectory, Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, in June, 1608. His father, a Trinity College, Cambridge, man, was rector of the parish. He was educated at Queens' College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1625 and M.A. in 1628. His maternal uncle had been President of Queens', and then became Bishop of Salisbury; in both capacities he assisted his nephew, firstly by endeavouring, though vainly, to obtain for him a fellowship at Sidney Sussex, secondly by presenting him to a prebend in Salisbury Cathedral, and thirdly by appointing him rector of Broadwindsor, in Dorsetshire, in 1634. In 1635 he took his B.D. degree, and in 1639 published his *History of the Holy Warre*, a lively account of the Crusades. His best-known and on the whole his best book, *The Holy and Profane State*, appeared in 1642. In 1643, during the Civil War, he went to Oxford and joined the king; left in a few months for the army, in which he became chaplain to Sir Ralph Hopton, and employed his leisure in making collections of details concerning English history

and antiquities. In 1644 he took refuge in Exeter, and was appointed chaplain to the infant Princess Henrietta Anne. In 1645 he published his *Good Thoughts in Bad Times*; its sequel, *Better Thoughts in Worse Times*, appeared in 1647. In the following year Fuller, more fortunate or more popular than most of his brother divines, was presented to the perpetual curacy of Waltham Abbey, where he continued his assiduous literary labours. His *Pisgah Sight of Palestine* appeared in 1650, and his enormous *Church History of Britain*, covering the period between the days of Christ and 1648, and complete with no fewer than one hundred and sixty-six dedications, appeared in 1655. In 1658 he was presented to the living of Cranford; after the Restoration he was reinstated in his prebendal stall, made one of the king's chaplains, and created D.D. by letter from the king. He was spoken of as likely to receive a bishopric, but died of typhus fever on 16th August, 1661. His *Worthies of England* was published by his son in the following year. This book is valuable alike for the solid

information it affords about the provincial history of the country, and for its profusion of biographical anecdote and acute information on men and manners.

Fuller is a delightful writer in the opinion of those who can relish his style. He is not for everybody. He had a peculiar wit, a peculiar taste for quips and conceits, which seasoned all his writings. He is witty in the most unexpected places, even in ecclesiastical histories and gazetteers; in fact he could no more help being humorous than the average compiler of such works can help being stodgy. He has, accordingly, been accused of lacking high seriousness by those who do not realize that "Foolery does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines everywhere". He

has also been accused, by the same critics, of a lamentable laxness in the matter of accuracy of detail. As a matter of fact, his wit is never indecent, never even unseemly; and his biographies give us true portraits, though they are unreliable as documents. Fuller must have been a delightful companion, at once erudite and witty; he had a prodigious memory, and was withal a man of such reasonableness and moderation that he displeased the extremists of both the great parties in the state. He was the greatest conversationalist of his day, and his literary skill was so great that the charm of his gossip still lives in the pages of his books.

[J. E. Bailey, *The Life of Thomas Fuller.*]

The Holy State

BOOK II, CHAP. XXII

The Life of Sir Francis Drake

Francis Drake was born nigh south Tavistock in Devonshire, and brought up in Kent; God dividing the honour betwixt two Counties, that the one might have his birth, and the other his education. His Father, being a Minister, fled into Kent for fear of the Six Articles, wherein the sting of Popery still remained in England, though the teeth thereof were knocked out, and the Pope's Supremacy abolished. Coming into Kent, he bound his son Francis apprentice to the Master of a small barque, which traded into France, and Zealand, where he underwent a hard service; and pains with patience in his youth did knit the joints of his soul, and made them more solid and compacted. His Master dying unmarried, in reward of his industry, bequeathed his barque unto him for a Legacy.

For some time he continued his Master's profession: But the Narrow Seas were a prison for so large a spirit, born for greater undertakings. He soon grew weary of his barque, which would scarce go alone but as it crept along by the shore: wherefore selling it, he unfortunately ventured most of his estate with Captain John Hawkins into the West Indies,

whose goods were taken by the Spaniards at S. John de Ulva, and he himself scarce escaped with life. The King of Spain being so tender in those parts, that the least touch doth wound him; and so jealous of the West Indies, his wife, that willingly he would have none look upon her, and therefore used them with the greater severity.

Drake was persuaded by the Minister of his ship that he might lawfully recover in value of the King of Spain, and repair his losses upon him any where else. The Case was clear in sea-divinity, and few are such Infidels, as not to believe doctrines which make for their own profit. Whereupon Drake, though a poor private man, hereafter undertook to revenge himself on so mighty a Monarch; who, as not contented that the Sun riseth and setteth in his dominions, may seem to desire to make all his own where he shineth. And now let us see how a dwarf, standing on the Mount of God's providence, may prove an overmatch for a giant.

After two or three several Voyages to gain intelligence in the West Indies, and some prizes taken, at last he effectually set forward from Plymouth with two ships, the one of seventy, the other twenty-five tons, and seventy-three men and boys in both. He made with all speed and secrecy to Nombre de Dios, as loth to put the Town to too much charge (which he knew they would willingly bestow) in providing beforehand for his entertainment; which City was then the granary of the West Indies, wherein the golden harvest brought from Panama was hoarded up till it could be conveyed into Spain. He came hard aboard the shore, and lay quiet all night intending to attempt the Town in the dawning of the day.

But he was forced to alter his resolution, and assault it sooner; for he heard his men muttering amongst themselves of the strength and greatness of the Town: and when men's heads are once fly-blown with buzzes of suspicion, the vermin multiply instantly, and one jealousy begets another. Wherefore he raised them from their nest before they had hatched their fears, and to put away those conceits, he persuaded them it was day-dawning when the Moon rose, and instantly set on the Town, and won it being unwalled. In the Market-place the Spaniards saluted them with a volley of shot; Drake returned their greeting with a flight of arrows, the best and ancient English compliment, which drove their enemies away. Here Drake received a dangerous wound, though he valiantly concealed it a long time, knowing if his heart stooped, his men's would fall, and loth to leave off the action, wherein if so bright an opportunity once setteth it seldom riseth again. But at length his men forced him to return to his ship, that his wound might be dressed, and this unhappy accident defeated the whole design. Thus victory sometimes slips through their fingers, who have caught it in their hands.

But his valour would not let him give over the project as long as there was either life or warmth in it: And therefore having received

intelligence from the Negroes, called Symerons, of many mules-lading of gold and silver, which was to be brought from Panama, he leaving competent numbers to man his ships, went on land with the rest, and bestowed himself in the woods by the way as they were to pass, and so intercepted and carried away an infinite mass of gold. As for the silver which was not portable over the mountains, they digged holes in the ground and hid it therein.

There want not those who love to beat down the price of every honourable action, though they themselves never mean to be chapmen. These cry up Drake's fortune herein to cry down his valour; as if this his performance were nothing, wherein a golden opportunity ran his head with its long forelock into Drake's hands beyond expectation. But certainly his resolution and unconquerable patience deserved much praise, to adventure, on such a design, which had in it just no more probability than what was enough to keep it from being impossible: yet I admire not so much at all the treasure he took, as at the rich and deep mine of God's providence.

Having now full fraughted himself with wealth, and burnt at the House of Crosses above two hundred thousand pounds worth of Spanish Merchandise, he returned with honour and safety into England, and some years after undertook that his famous voyage about the world, most accurately described by our English Authors; and yet a word or two thereof will not be amiss.

Setting forward from Plymouth, he bore up for Calhovert, where near to the Island of S. Jago he took prisoner Nuno-da-Silva, an experienced Spanish pilot, whose direction he used in the coasts of Brazil and Magellan straits, and afterwards safely landed him at Guatuleo in New Spain. Hence they took their course to the island of Brava, and hereabouts they met with those tempestuous winds, whose only praise is, that they continue not an hour, in which time they change all the points of the compass. Here they had great plenty of rains, poured (not as in other places, as it were out of sieves, but) as out of spouts, so that a butt of water falls down in a place; which notwithstanding is but a courteous injury in that hot climate far from land, and where otherwise fresh water cannot be provided: then cutting the Line, they saw the face of that heaven which earth hideth from us, but therein only three stars of the first greatness, the rest few and small compared to our Hemisphere, as if God, on purpose, had set up the best and biggest candles in that room wherein his civilest guests are entertained.

Sailing the South of Brazil, he afterwards passed the Magellan straits, and then entered *Mare pacificum*, came to the southernmost land at the height of $55\frac{1}{2}$ latitudes; thence directing his course northward, he pillaged many Spanish towns, and took rich prizes of high value in the kingdoms of Chile, Peru, and New Spain. Then bending eastwards, he coasted

China, and the Moluccoes, where by the King of Terrenate, a true Gentleman Pagan, he was most honourably entertained: The King told them, They and he were all of one religion in this respect, that they believed not in Gods made of stocks and stones as did the Portugals. He furnished them also with all necessaries that they wanted.

On the ninth of January following, his ship, having a large wind and a smooth sea, ran aground on a dangerous shoal, and struck twice on it; knocking twice at the door of death, which no doubt had opened the third time. Here they stuck from eight o'clock at night till four the next afternoon, having ground too much, and yet too little to land on, and water too much; and yet too little to sail in. Had God (who as the wise man saith, Prov. 30. 4. *holdeth the winds in his fist*) but opened his little finger, and let out the smallest blast, they had undoubtedly been cast away; but there blew not any wind all the while. Then they conceiving aright that the best way to lighten the ship, was first to ease it of the burthen of their sins by true repentance, humbled themselves by fasting under the hand of God: Afterwards they received the Communion, dining on Christ in the Sacrament, expecting no other than to sup with him in heaven: Then they cast out of their ship six great pieces of ordnance, threw overboard as much wealth as would break the heart of a Miser to think on't, with much sugar, and packs of spices, making a caudle of the sea round about: Then they betook themselves to their prayers, the best lever at such a dead lift indeed, and it pleased God that the wind, formerly their mortal enemy, became their friend, which changing from the starboard to the larboard of the ship, and rising by degrees, cleared them off to the sea again, for which they returned unfeigned thanks to almighty God.

By the Cape of Good Hope and west of Africa he returned safe into England, and landed at Plymouth, (being almost the first of those that made a thorow-light through the world) having in his whole voyage, though a curious searcher after the time, lost one day through the variation of several climates. He feasted the Queen in his ship at Dartford, who knighted him for his service: yet it grieved him not a little, that some prime Courtiers refused the gold he offered them, as gotten by piracy. Some of them would have been loth to have been told, that they had *Aurum Tholosanum* in their own purses. Some think that they did it to show that their envious pride was above their covetousness, who of set purpose did blur the fair copy of his performance, because they would not take pains to write after it.

I pass by his next West Indian voyage, wherein he took the cities of S. Jago, S. Domingo, Carthagena, and S. Augustine in Florida: as also his service performed in '88, wherein he with many others helped to the waning of that half Moon, which sought to govern all the motion of our Sea. I haste to his last voyage.

Queen Elizabeth perceiving that the only way to make the Spaniard a cripple for ever, was to cut his Sinews of war in the West Indies, furnished Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins with six of her own ships, besides 21 ships and barques of their own providing, containing in all 2500 Men and Boys, for some service on America. But, alas, this voyage was marred before begun. For so great preparations being too big for a cover, the King of Spain knew of it, and sent a Caravall of adviso to the West Indies, so that they had intelligence three weeks before the fleet set forth of England, either to fortify or remove their treasure; whereas in other of Drake's voyages not two of his own men knew whither he went; and managing such a design is like carrying a mine in war, if it hath any vent, all is spoiled. Besides, Drake and Hawkins being in joint Commission hindered each other. The latter took himself to be inferior rather in success than skill, and the action was unlike to prosper when neither would follow, and both could not handsomely go abreast. It vexed old Hawkins that his counsel was not followed, in present sailing to America, but that they spent time in vain in assaulting the Canaries, and the grief that his advice was slighted (say some) was the cause of his death. Others impute it to the sorrow he took, for the taking of his barque called the *Francis*, which five Spanish frigates had intercepted: But when the same heart hath two mortal wounds given it together, 'tis hard to say which of them killeth.

Drake continued his course for Port-Rico, and riding within the road, a shot from the Castle entered the steerage of the ship, took away the stool from under him as he sat at supper, wounded Sir Nicholas Clissord and Brute Brown to death. *Ah dear Brute* (said Drake) *I could grieve for thee, but now is no time for me to let down my spirits.* And indeed a soldier's most proper bemoaning a friend's death in war is in revenging it. And sure, as if grief had made the English furious, they soon after fired five Spanish ships of two hundred tons apiece, in despite of the Castle.

America is not unfitly resembled to an hour-glass, which hath a narrow neck of land (suppose it the hole where the sand passeth) betwixt the parts thereof, Mexicana and Pervana. Now the English had a design to march by land over this isthmus from Port-Rico to Panama, where the Spanish treasure was laid up. Sir Thomas Baskerville, general of the land forces, undertook the service with seven hundred and fifty armed men. They marched through deep ways, the Spaniards much annoying them with shot out of the woods. One fort in the passage they assaulted in vain, and heard two others were built to stop them, besides Panama itself. They had so much of this breakfast, they thought they should surfeit of a dinner and supper of the same. No hope of conquest, except with cloying the jaws of death, and thrusting men on the mouth of the cannon. Wherefore fearing to find the Proverb true, That Gold

can be bought too dear, they returned to their ships. Drake afterwards fired Nombre de Dios, and many other petty towns (whose treasure the Spaniards had conveyed away) burning the empty casks, when their precious liquor was run out before, and then prepared for their returning home.

Great was the difference betwixt the Indian cities now from what they were when Drake first haunted these coasts. At first the Spaniards here were safe and secure, counting their treasure sufficient to defend itself, the remoteness thereof being the greatest (almost only) resistance, and the fetching of it more than the fighting for it. Whilst the King of Spain guarded the head and heart of his dominions in Europe, he left his long legs in America open to blows, till finding them to smart, being beaten black and blue by the English, he learned to arm them at last, fortifying the most important of them to make them impregnable.

Now began Sir Francis his discontent to feed upon him. He conceived that expectation a merciless usurer, computing each day since his departure exacted an interest and return of honour and profit proportionable to his great preparations, and transcending his former achievements. He saw that all the good which he had done in this voyage, consisted in the evil he had done to the Spaniards afar off, whereof he could present but small visible fruits in England. These apprehensions accompanying if not causing the disease of the flux wrought his sudden death. And sickness did not so much untie his clothes, as sorrow did rend at once the robe of his mortality asunder. He lived by the sea, died on it, and was buried in it. Thus an extempore performance (scarce heard to be begun before we hear it is ended) comes off with better applause, or miscarries with less disgrace, than a long studied and openly pre-meditated action. Besides, we see how great spirits, having mounted to the highest pitch of performance, afterwards strain and break their credits in striving to go beyond it. Lastly, God oftentimes leaves the brightest men in an eclipse, to show that they do but borrow their lustre from his reflection. We will not justify all the actions of any man, though of a tamer profession than a Sea-Captain, in whom civility is often counted preciseness. For the main, we say that this our Captain was a religious man towards God and his houses (generally sparing Churches where he came), chaste in his life, just in his dealings, true of his word, and merciful to those that were under him, hating nothing so much as idleness: And therefore lest his soul should rust in peace, at spare hours he brought fresh water to Plymouth. Careful he was for posterity (though men of his profession have as well an ebb of riot, as a flood of fortune) and providently raised a worshipful Family of his kindred. In a word, should those that speak against him fast till they fetch their bread where he did his, they would have a good stomach to eat it.

IZAAK WALTON

(1593–1683)

IZAAK WALTON was born at Stafford on 9th August, 1593. He was the son of Gervase Walton, a yeoman, who died before his son was four years old. After a brief schooling he went to London, where he was apprenticed to an ironmonger. In 1614 he started for himself, and had a shop in Fleet Street, near Chancery Lane. He became a freeman of the Ironmongers' Company in 1618. His earliest literary productions were copies of verses prefixed to books written by his friends. In 1626 he married the great-grand-niece of Archbishop Cranmer. She died in 1640; and in 1646 he married a half-sister of Thomas Ken, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells. He thus knew many Anglican clergy. Donne and George Morley, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, were among his intimate friends. In 1640 he wrote a life of Donne, which was prefixed to an edition of his sermons; this was added to and issued separately in 1655. He also wrote lives of Sir Henry Wotton (1651), Richard Hooker (1665), George Herbert (1670), and Robert Sanderson (1678). Walton had known all these men except Hooker; he had been a close friend of Donne and Wotton; his acquaintance with Sanderson had been slighter; Herbert he had only met. His biographies are all good—indeed are all masterly—but he has done most justice to the men he knew most intimately. Walton's masterpiece, however, is *The Compleat Angler*, which first appeared as a

small octavo, price eighteenpence, in 1653. A second edition, much amplified, and introducing Venator and Auceps (the hunter and the falconer) in place of the single interlocutor, Viator (the passer-by), came out in 1655. A third edition appeared in 1661, a fourth in 1664, a fifth in 1668, and in 1676 the work, with treatises by Robert Venables and Walton's pupil Charles Cotton (q.v.), was given to the world as *The Universal Angler*. Since then there have been over a hundred and thirty editions. Walton seems to have lived an ideally tranquil and happy life. Though an unwavering Royalist, he took no part in the Civil War, except to take care of King Charles's "Lesser George", or badge of the Order of the Garter, after the battle of Worcester. He retired from business in the prime of life, and lived to a great age, spending his time in fishing and in pleasant intercourse with his friends. He made his head-quarters for many years in the Bishop of Winchester's palace, and died at Winchester on 15th December, 1683, in the house of his son-in-law, Canon Hawkins.

Walton was not a prolific writer, but everything he wrote was as good as he could make it. He was not artless, as has sometimes been said, but a careful artist who polished his periods sedulously. He has managed to convey to us indirectly in his writings something of the charm of his own personality. Like Lucilius, "the

life of the old man is clearly set down, as it were on a votive tablet". His biographies show him to us in a serious, work-a-day frame of mind; in *The Compleat Angler* we see him in holiday mood. His style is always natural and charming; the spirit which lives in the opening lines of Chaucer's *Prologue* animates all his masterpiece. In his temperament, Walton is the last of the Elizabethans. *The Compleat Angler* has been criticized for giving inaccurate or inadequate information about fishing. It is no more a mere manual of fishing than the *Georgics* is a manual of agriculture. Walton is an idyllist; his work is an amplification of the text "Study to be quiet". He

lived through a difficult time; but he was one of those who "going through the vale of misery, use it for a well; and the pools are filled with water". His niche among English classics is as secure as anyone's; he has written the best book on fishing in the language, and was, moreover, a pioneer and a master in the art of writing brief and attractive biographies.

[S. Martin, *Izaak Walton and his Friends*; R. B. Marston, *Izaak Walton and some earlier writers on fish and fishing*. Among the innumerable editions of *The Compleat Angler*, those by Sir Harris Nicolas (1836), R. B. Marston (1888), and Andrew Lang (1896) are noteworthy.]

From "The Compleat Angler"

PISCATOR, VENATOR.

PISCATOR.—The Trout is a fish highly valued, both in this and foreign nations. He may be justly said, as the old poet said of wine, and we English say of venison, to be a generous fish; a fish that is so like the buck, that he also has his seasons; for it is observed, that he comes in and goes out of season with the stag and buck. Gesner says, his name is of a German offspring; and says he is a fish that feeds clean and purely, in the swiftest streams, and on the hardest gravel; and that he may justly contend with all fresh water fish, as the Mullet may with all sea fish, for precedence and the daintiness of taste; and that being in right season, the most dainty palates have allowed precedence to him.

And before I go farther in my discourse, let me tell you that you are to observe, that as there be some barren does that are good in summer, so there be some barren Trouts that are good in winter; but there are not many that are so; for usually they be in their perfection in the month of May, and decline with the buck. Now you are to take notice, that in several countries, as in Germany, and in other parts, compared to ours, fish do differ much in their bigness, and shape, and other ways; and so do Trouts. It is well known that in the Lake Leman, the Lake of Geneva, there are Trouts taken of three cubits long; as is affirmed by Gesner, a writer of good credit: and Mercator says, the Trouts that

are taken in the Lake of Geneva are a great part of the merchandise of that famous city. And you are further to know, that there be certain waters that breed Trout remarkable, both for their number and smallness. I know a little brook in Kent, that breeds them to a number incredible, and you may take them twenty or forty in an hour, and none greater than about the size of a Gudgeon. There are also, in divers rivers, especially that relate to, or be near to the sea, as Winchester, or the Thames about Windsor, a little Trout called a Samlet, or Skegger Trout, in both which places I have caught twenty or forty at a standing, that will bite as fast and as freely as Minnows; these be by some taken to be young Salmons; but in those waters they never grow to be bigger than a Herring.

There is also in Kent, near to Canterbury, a Trout called there a Fordidge Trout, a Trout that bears the name of the town where it is usually caught, that is accounted the rarest of fish; many of them near the bigness of a Salmon, but known by their different colour; and in their best season they cut very white: and none of these have been known to be caught with an angle, unless it were one that was caught by Sir George Hastings, an excellent angler, and now with God; and he hath told me, he thought that Trout bit not for hunger but wantonness; and it is the rather to be believed, because both he, then, and many others before him, have been curious to search into their bellies, what the food was by which they lived; and have found out nothing by which they might satisfy their curiosity.

Concerning which you are to take notice, that it is reported by good authors, that grasshoppers and some fish have no mouths, but are nourished and take breath by the porousness of their gills, man knows not how: and this may be believed, if we consider that when the raven hath hatched her eggs, she takes no further care, but leaves her young ones to the care of the God of nature, who is said in the Psalms "to feed the young ravens that call upon him". And they be kept alive and fed by a dew; or worms that breed in their nests; or some other ways that we mortals know not. And this may be believed of the Fordidge Trout, which, as it is said of the stork, that he knows his season, so he knows his times, I think almost his day of coming into that river out of the sea; where he lives, and, it is like, feeds, nine months of the year, and fasts three in the river of Fordidge. And you are to note, that those townsmen are very punctual in observing the time of beginning to fish for them; and boast much, that their river affords a Trout that exceeds all others. And just so does Sussex boast of several fish; as, namely, a Shelsey Cockle, a Chichester Lobster, an Arundel Mullet, and an Amerly Trout.

And, now, for some confirmation of the Fordidge Trout; you are to know that this Trout is thought to eat nothing in the fresh water; and it may be the better believed, because it is well known, that swallows, and bats, and wagtails, which are called half-year birds, and not seen



Being a Discourse of
F I S H and FISHING,
Not unworthy the perusal of most *Anglers.*

Simon Peter said, I go a fishing : and they said, We also will go with thee. John 21.3.

London, Printed by T. Maxey for RICH. MARRIOT, in
S. Dunstans Church-yard Fleetstreet, 1653.

TITLE-PAGE OF FIRST EDITION OF IZAAK WALTON'S
COMPLEAT ANGLER (1653)
(From a copy in the British Museum)

to fly in England for six months in the year, but about Michaelmas leave us for a hotter climate, yet some of them that have been left behind their fellows, have been found, many thousands at a time, in hollow trees, or caves of clay, where they have been observed to live, and sleep out the whole winter, without meat. And so Albertus observes, That there is one kind of frog that hath her mouth naturally shut up about the end of August, and that she lives so all the winter: and though it be strange to some, yet it is known to too many among us to be doubted.

And so much for these Fordidge Trout, which never afford an angler sport, but either live their time of being in the fresh water, by their meat formerly gotten in the sea, not unlike the swallow or frog, or, by the virtue of the fresh water only; or, as birds of Paradise and the cameleon are said to live, by the sun and the air.

There is also in Northumberland a Trout called a Bull-Trout, of a much greater length and bigness than any in these southern parts; and there are, in many rivers that relate to the sea, Salmon-trouts, as much different from others, both in shape and in their spots, as we see sheep in some countries differ one from another in their shape and bigness, and in the fineness of the wool: and, certainly, as some pastures breed larger sheep; so do some rivers, by reason of the ground over which they run, breed larger Trout.

Now the next thing that I will commend to your consideration is, that the Trout is of a more sudden growth than other fish. Concerning which, you are also to take notice, that he lives not so long as the Pearch, and divers other fishes do, as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his History of Life and Death.

And next you are to take notice, that he is not like the Crocodile, which if he lives never so long, yet always thrives till his death; but 'tis not so with the Trout; for after he is come to his full growth, he declines in his body, and keeps his bigness, or thrives only in his head till his death. And you are to know, that he will, about, especially before, the time of his spawning, get, almost miraculously, through weirs and flood-gates, against the stream; even through such high and swift places as is almost incredible. Next, that the Trout usually spawns about October or November, but in some rivers a little sooner or later, which is the more observable, because most other fish spawn in the spring or summer, when the sun hath warmed both the earth and water, and made it fit for generation. And you are to note, that he continues many months out of season; for it may be observed of the Trout, that he is like the Buck or the Ox, that will not be fat in many months, though he go in the very same pastures that horses do, which will be fat in one month; and so you may observe, That most other fishes recover strength, and grow sooner fat and in season than the Trout doth.

And next you are to note, That till the sun gets to such a height

as to warm the earth and the water, the Trout is sick and lean, and lousy, and unwholesome; for you shall, in winter, find him to have a big head, and, then, to be lank and thin and lean; at which time many of them have sticking on them Sugs, or Trout lice; which is a kind of worm, in shape like a clove, or pin with a big head, and sticks close to him, and sucks his moisture; those I think, the Trout breeds himself; and never thrives till he free himself from them, which is when warm weather comes; and, then as he grows stronger, he gets from the dead still water into the sharp streams and the gravel, and, there, rubs off these worms or lice; and then, as he grows stronger, as he gets him into swifter and swifter streams, and there lies at the watch for any fly or minnow that comes near to him; and he especially loves the May-fly, which is bred of the cod-worm, or eadis; and these make the Trout bold and lusty, and he is usually fatter and better meat at the end of that month than at any time of the year.

Now you are to know that it is observed, that usually the best Trout are either red or yellow; though some, as the Fordidge Trout, be white and yet good; but that is not usual; and it is a note observable, that the female Trout hath usually a less head, and a deeper body than the male Trout, and is usually the better meat. And note, that a hog back and a little head, to either Trout, Salmon, or any other fish, is a sign that the fish is in season.

But yet you are to note, that as you see some willows or palm trees bud and blossom sooner than others do, so some Trout be, in rivers, sooner in season; and as some hollies, or oaks, are longer before they cast their leaves, so are some Trout, in rivers, longer before they go out of season.

And you are to note, that there are several kinds of Trout, but these several kinds are not considered but by very few men; for they go under the general name of Trout; just as pigeons do, in most places; though it is certain, there are tame and wild pigeons; and of the tame, there be helmits and runts, and carriers and copers: and indeed too many to name. Nay, the Royal Society have found and published lately, that there be thirty and three kinds of spiders, and yet all, for aught I know, go under that one general name of spider. And it is so with many kinds of fish, and of Trout especially; which differ in their bigness, and shape, and spots, and colour. The great Kentish hens may be an instance, compared to other hens; and, doubtless, there is a kind of small Trout, which will never thrive to be big, that breeds very many more than others do, that be of a larger size: which you may rather believe, if you consider that the little wren and titmouse will have twenty young ones at a time, when, usually, the noble hawk or the musical thrassel or blackbird, exceed not four or five.

And now you shall see me try my skill to catch a Trout; and at my

next walking, either this evening or to-morrow morning, I will give you direction how you yourself shall fish for him.

VENATOR.—Trust me, master, I see now it is harder matter to catch a Trout than a Chub; for I have put on patience, and followed you these two hours, and not seen a fish stir, neither at your minnow nor your worm.

PISCATOR.—Well, scholar, you must endure worse luck sometime, or you will never make a good angler. But what say you now? there is a Trout now, and a good one too, if I can but hold him; and two or three turns more will tire him. Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him; reach me that landing-net; So, Sir, now he is mine own; what say you now, is not this worth all my labour and your patience?

VENATOR.—On my word, master, this is a gallant Trout; what shall we do with him?

PISCATOR.—Marry, e'en eat him to supper; we'll go to my hostess from whence we came; she told me, as I was going out of door, that my brother Peter, a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word that he would lodge there to-night, and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best; we'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us, and pass away a little time without offence to God or man.

VENATOR.—A match, good master, let's go to that house, for the linen looks white, and smells of lavender, and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so. Let's be going, good master, for I am hungry again with fishing.

PISCATOR.—Nay, stay a little, good scholar; I caught my last Trout with a worm; now I will put on a minnow, and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another; and, so, walk towards our lodging. Look you, scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently, or not at all. Have with you, Sir: o' my word I have hold of him.

Oh! it is a great logger-headed Chub; come, hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little good scholar! towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge, there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look! under that broad beech-tree I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dread voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near to the brow of that primrose-hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam; and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs; some leaping securely

in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As thus I sat, these and other sights had so fully possest my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily exprest it,

I was for that time lifted above earth;
And possest joys not promis'd in my birth.

From the “Life of Dr. John Donne”

At this time of Mr. Donne’s, and his wifes living in Sir Roberts house, the Lord Hay was by King James sent upon a glorious Embassie to the then French King Henry the fourth, and, Sir Robert put on a suddain resolution to accompany him to the French court, and, to be present at his audience there. And, Sir Robert put on as suddain a resolution, to solicit Mr. Donne to be his Companion in that Journey. And this desire was suddainly made known to his wife, who was then with Child, and otherwise under so dangerous a habit of body, as to her health, that she profest an unwillingness to allow him any absence from her; saying, her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence; and therefore, desired him not to leave her. This made Mr. Donne lay aside all thoughts of the Journey, and really to resolve against it. But Sir Robert became restless in his perswasions for it; and Mr. Donne, was so generous, as to think he had sold his liberty when he received so many Charitable kindnesses from him; and, told his wife so; who did therefore with an unwilling-willingness gave a faint Consent to the Journey, which was proposed to be but for two months; for about that time they determin’d their return.— Within a few days after this resolve, the Ambassador, Sir Robert, and Mr. Donne left London; and were the twelfth day got all safe to Paris, two days after their arrival there, Mr. Donne was left alone, in that room in which Sir Robert, and he, and some other friends had din’d together. To this place Sir Robert return’d within half an hour; and, as he left, so he found Mr. Donne alone; but, in such an Extasie, and so alter’d as to his looks, as amaz’d Sir Robert to behold him; insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befalln him in the short time of his absence? to which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer: but, after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, I have seen a dreadful Vision since I saw you: I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms; this, I have seen since I saw you. To which Sir Robert reply’d: Sure Sir, you have slept since I saw you; and, this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are

now awake. To which Mr. Donnes reply was: I cannot be surer that I now live, then that I have not slept since I saw you: and am, as sure, that at her second appearing, she stop't and look'd me in the face, and vanisht.— Rest and sleep, had not alter'd Mr. Donne's opinion the next day, for, he then affirm'd this Vision with a more deliberate, and, so confirm'd a confidence that he inclin'd Sir Robert to a faint belief that the Vision was true.— It is truly said that desire, and doubt, have no rest: and it prov'd so with Sir Robert, for he immediately sent a servant to Drewry House with a charge to hasten back, and bring him word whether Mrs. Donne were alive, and if alive, in what condition she was, as to her health?— The twelfth day the Messenger returned with this account—That he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad, and sick in her bed; and that, after a long and dangerous labor she had been deliver'd of a dead child. And, upon examination, the abortion prov'd to be the same day, and about the very hour that Mr. Donne affirm'd he saw her pass by him in his Chamber.

This is a relation that will beget some wonder; and, it well may; for most of our world are at present possest with an opinion that Visions and Miracles are ceas'd. And, though 'tis most certain, that two Lutes, being both strung and tun'd to an equal pitch, and then, one plaid upon, the other, that is not totcht, being laid upon a Table at a fit distance, will (like an Eccho to a trumpet) warble a faint audible harmony, in answer to the same tune; yet many will not believe there is any such thing, as a sympathy of souls; and I am well pleas'd, that every Reader do injoy his own opinion: but if the unbelieving will not allow the believing Reader of this story, a liberty to believe that it may be true; then, I wish him to consider, many Wise men have believed, that, the ghost of Julius Caesar did appear to Brutus, and that both St. Austin, and Monica his mother, had Visions in order to his Conversion. And, though these and many others (too many to name) have but the authority of humane story, yet, the incredible Reader may find in the Sacred story that Samuel did appear to Saul even after his death (whether really or not? I undertake not to determine.) And, Bildad, in the Book of Job, says these words, A spirit passed before my face, the hair of my head stood up, fear and trembling came upon me; and made all my bones to shake. Upon which words I will make no comment; but, leave them to be considered by the incredulous Reader; to whom, I will also commend this following consideration: That there be many pious and learned men, that believe our merciful God hath assign'd to every man a particular guardian Angel to be his constant monitor; and, to attend him in all his dangers, both of body and soul. And the opinion that every man hath his particular Angel, may gain some authority, by the relation of St. Peter's miraculous deliverance out of prison, not by many, but by one Angel. And this belief may yet gain more credit, by the Readers

considering that when Peter after his enlargement knockt at the door of Mary the mother of John; and Rode the maid servant being surpriz'd with joy that Peter was there, did not let him in, but ran in haste and told the Disciples (who were then, and therc met together) that Peter was at the door; and, they not believing it, said she was mad; yet, when she again affirm'd it, though they then believed it not: yet, they concluded, and said: It is his Angel.

THOMAS HOBBES

(1588 – 1679)

THOMAS HOBBES was born at Malmesbury, Wiltshire, on 5th April, 1588. He was said to have been a premature child, his mother having been frightened into giving him birth by the news of the approach of the Armada. His father was vicar of Charlton and Westport. Hobbes was educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1608, but did not find the curriculum much to his taste. Soon after graduating he commenced a connexion with the Cavendish family, which lasted with brief interruptions for seventy years. He was first of all tutor, afterwards secretary and companion to William Cavendish, subsequently second Earl of Devonshire, who was only three years his junior. He made the grand tour with him in 1610, and afterwards settled down to a life of quiet study. In 1629 he published a translation of Thucydides. In 1628 the second Earl of Devonshire died, and Hobbes became tutor to Sir Gervase Clifton's son, and travelled with him in France and Italy. In 1631 he became tutor to the fourteen-year-old third Earl of Devonshire, and

in 1634 took him abroad, becoming acquainted with Gassendi, Descartes, and Galileo. He had formerly been intimate with Bacon (some of whose essays he turned into Latin), Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Ben Jonson. From 1637 to 1641 he resided much at Chatsworth, but becoming alarmed at the likelihood of an outbreak of civil war, he went to Paris. He was always morbidly timid, owing perhaps to the circumstances of his birth. He remained in Paris from 1641 to 1652, and during that time wrote some of his most important works, both in Latin and in English. He also taught mathematics to the Prince of Wales (Charles II), then in Paris, who after the Restoration gave him a pension of £100, which was occasionally paid. After his return to England, Hobbes embroiled himself in a controversy with Bramhall, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, and entered upon a vain mathematical war, which lasted five times as long as the European War, with Seth Ward, John Wallis, and other trained mathematicians. Hobbes was convinced that he had succeeded in

squaring the circle, but the controversy did not confine itself to mathematical matters, becoming, as was not unusual in those days, acrimoniously personal. When eighty-four years of age, Hobbes wrote a quaint autobiography in Latin verse, and two years later completed a metrical version of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. He died quietly after a paralytic seizure on 4th December, 1679. He was buried in Hault Hucknall Church.

Hobbes is not much read nowadays by purely literary students, though every competent philosopher is well acquainted with his work. Roughly a third of his published work is in Latin. The most remarkable of his works is his *Leviathan, or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth* (1651). Other works are: *De Cive* (1642); *De Corpore Politico* (1650); *De Liberte, Necessitate, et Casu* (1654); and *Behemoth*, a history of the Civil War, published after his death. In the history of the development of free-thought in Europe Hobbes holds an important place, and he was one of the first great English writers on government. He was above all a political

philosopher, and would have the State supreme in all matters affecting the mutual relations of men. He conceived the state of nature to be one in which all are at war with one another, and government as the result of a compact, suggested by selfishness, for the sake of peace and protection. Absolute rule was the best form of government, but this is qualified by the assertion that obedience to a ruler is only due so long as he can afford protection to the subject. The philosophy of Hobbes, so depreciated among his contemporaries, mainly because he made religion a political matter, was more or less adopted by Locke, Hartley, Hume, and Priestley, and his ideas on government have formed the foundation of the utilitarianism of the Benthamites. Hobbes's style is not in itself striking, but is admirably in keeping with his subjects, being plain, vigorous, precise, and luminous.

[Sir Leslie Stephen, *Hobbes*; G. Croom Robertson, *Hobbes*; E. H. Sneath, *The Ethics of Hobbes*; M. W. Calkins, *The Metaphysical System of Hobbes*; G. E. G. Catlin, *Thomas Hobbes as Philosopher, Publicist, and Man of Letters.*]

Leviathan

CHAP. XVII

Of the Causes, Generation, and Definition of a Common-Wealth

The finall Cause, End, or Designe of men, (who naturally love Liberty, and Dominion over others,) in the introduction of that restraint upon themselves, (in which wee see them live in Common-wealths,) is the foresight of their own preservation, and of a more contented life thereby; that is to say, of getting themselves out from that miserable condition of Warre, which is necessarily consequent (as hath been shewn) to the

naturall Passions of men, when there is no visible Power to keep them in awe, and tye them by feare of punishment to the performance of their Covenants, and observation of those Lawes of Nature set down in the fourteenth and fifteenth Chapters.

For the Lawes of Nature (as *Justice, Equity, Modesty, Mercy*, and (in summe) *doing to others, as wee would be done to,*) of themselves, without the terroure of some Power, to cause them to be observed, are contrary to our naturall Passions, that carry us to Partiality, Pride, Revenge, and the like. And Covenants, without the Sword, are but Words, and of no strength to secure a man at all. Therefore notwithstanding the Lawes of Nature, (which every one hath then kept, when he has the will to keep them, when he can do it safely,) if there be no Power erected, or not great enough for security; every man will, and may lawfully rely on his own strength and art, for caution against all other men. And in all places, where men have lived by small Families, to robbe and spoyle one another, has been a Trade, and so farre from being reputed against the Law of Nature, that the greater spoyles they gained, the greater was their honour; and men observed no other Lawes therein, but the Lawes of Honour; that is, to abstain from cruelty, leaving to men their lives, and instruments of husbandry. And as small Familyes did then; so now do Cities and Kingdomes which are but greater Families (for their own security) enlarge their Dominions, upon all pretences of danger, and fear of Invasion, or assistance that may be given to Invaders, endeavour as much as they can, to subdue, or weaken their neighbours, by open force, and secret arts, for want of other Caution, justly; and are remembred for it in after ages with honour.

Nor is it the joyning together of a small number of men, that gives them this security; because in small numbers, small additions on the one side or the other, make the advantage of strength so great, as is sufficient to carry the Victory; and therefore gives encouragement to an Invasion. The Multitude sufficient to confide in for our Security, is not determined by any certain number, but by comparison with the Enemy we feare; and is then sufficient, when the odds of the Enemy is not of so visible and conspicuous moment, to determine the event of warre, as to move him to attempt.

And be there never so great a Multitude; yet if their actions be directed according to their particular judgements, and particular appetites, they can expect thereby no defence, nor protection, neither against a Common enemy, nor against the injuries of one another. For being distracted in opinions concerning the best use and application of their strength, they do not help, but hinder one another; and reduce their strength by mutuall opposition to nothing: whereby they are easily, not onely subdued by a very few that agree together; but also when there is no common enemy, they make warre upon each other, for their

particular interests. For if we could suppose a great Multitude of men to consent in the observation of Justice, and other Lawes of Nature, without a common Power to keep them all in awe; we might as well suppose all Man-kind to do the same; and then there neither would be, nor need to be any Civill Government, or Common-wealth at all; because there would be Peace without subjection.

Nor is it enough for the security, which men desire should last all the time of their life, that they be governed, and directed by one judgement, for a limited time; as in one Battell, or one Warre. For though they obtain a Victory by their unanimous endeavour against a forraign enemy; yet afterwards, when either they have no common enemy, or he that by one part is held for an enemy, is by another part held for a friend, they must needs by the difference of the interests dissolve, and fall again into a Warre amongst themselves.

It is true, that certain living creatures, as Bees, and Ants, live sociably one with another, (which are therefore by *Aristotle* numbred amongst Politicall creatures;) and yet have no other direction, than their particular judgements and appetites; nor speech, whereby one of them can signifie to another, what he thinks expedient for the common benefit: and therefore some man may perhaps desire to know, why Man-kind cannot do the same. To which I answer,

First, that men are continually in competition for Honour and Dignity, which these creatures are not; and consequently amongst men there ariseth on that ground, Envy and Hatred, and finally Warre; but amongst these not so.

Secondly, that amongst these creatures, the Common good differeth not from the Private; and being by nature enclined to their private, they procure thereby the common benefit. But man, whose Joy consisteth in comparing himselfe with other men, can relish nothing but what is eminent.

Thirdly, that these creatures, having not (as man) the use of reason, do not see, nor think they see any fault, in the administration of their common businesse: whereas amongst men, there are very many, that thinke themselves wiser, and abler to govern the Publique, better than the rest; and these strive to reforme and innovate, one this way, another that way; and thereby bring it into Distraction and Civill warre.

Fourthly, that these creatures, though they have some use of voice, in making knowne to one another their desires, and other affections; yet they want that art of words, by which some men can represent to others, that which is Good, in the likenesse of Evill; and Evill, in the likenesse of Good; and augment, or diminish the apparent greatnessse of Good and Evill; discontenting men, and troubling their Peace at their pleasure.

Fiftly, irrationall creatures cannot distinguish betweene *Injury*, and
VOL. III.

Dammage; and therefore as long as they be at ease, they are not offended with their fellowes: whereas Man is then most troublesome, when he is most at ease: for then it is that he loves to shew his Wisdome, and controule the Actions of them that governe the Common-wealth.

Lastly, the agreement of these creatures is Naturall; that of men, is by Covenant only, which is Artificiall: and therefore it is no wonder if there be somewhat else required (besides Covenant) to make their Agreement constant and lasting; which is a Common Power, to keep them in awe, and to direct their actions to the Common Benefit.

The only way to erect such a Common Power, as may be able to defend them from the invasion of Forraigners, and the injuries of one another, and thereby to secure them in such sort, as that by their owne industrie, and by the fruites of the Earth, they may nourish themselves and live contentedly; is, to conferre all their power and strength upon one Man, or upon one Assembly of men, that may reduce all their Wills, by plurality of voices, unto one Will: which is as much as to say, to appoint one Man, or Assembly of men, to beare their Person; and every one to owne, and acknowledge himselfe to be Author of whatsoever he that so beareth their Person, shall Act, or cause to be Acted, in those things which concerne the Common Peace and Safetie; and therein to submit their Wills, every one to his Will, and their Judgements, to his Judgment. This is more than Consent, or Concord; it is a reall Unitie of them all, in one and the same Person, made by Covenant of every man with every man, in such manner, as if every man should say to every man, *I Authorise and give up my Right of Governing my selfe, to this Man, or to this Assembly of men, on this condition, that thou give up thy Right to him, and Authorise all his Actions in like manner.* This done, the Multitude so united in one Person, is called a COMMON-WEALTH, in latine CIVITAS. This is the Generation of that great LEVIATHAN, or rather (to speake more reverently) of that *Mortall God*, to which wee owe under the *Immortall God*, our peace and defence. For by this Authoritie, given him by every particular man in the Common-Wealth, he hath the use of so much Power and Strength conferred on him, that by terror thereof, he is inable to forme the wills of them all, to Peace at home, and mutuall ayd against their enemies abroad. And in him consisteth the Essence of the Common-wealth; which (to define it,) is *One Person, of whose Acts a great Multitude, by mutuall Covenants one with another, have made themselves every one the Author, to the end he may use the strength and means of them all, as he shall think expedient, for their Peace and Common Defence.*

And he that carryeth this Person, is called SOVERAIGNE, and said to have *Souveraigne Power*; and every one besides, his SUBJECT.

The attaining to this Soveraigne Power, is by two wayes. One, by Naturall force; as when a man maketh his children, to submit themselves, and their children to his government, as being able to destroy

them if they refuse; or by Warre subdueth his enemies to his will, giving them their lives on that condition. The other, is when men agree amongst themselves, to submit to some Man, or Assembly of men, voluntarily, on confidence to be protected by him against all others. This latter, may be called a Politicall Common-wealth, or Common-wealth by *Institution*; and the former, a Common-wealth by *Acquisition*. And first, I shall speak of a Common-wealth by Institution.

JAMES HARRINGTON

(1611–1677)

JAMES HARRINGTON, the son of a Lincolnshire knight, was born at Upton, Northamptonshire, on 7th January, 1611. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, under Chillingworth, but did not take a degree. He visited Holland, and was for a time at the court of the Elector Palatine and the “Queen of Hearts”. After a brief experience of military service he travelled in France and Italy, and absorbed many of his political ideas in Venice. On his return to England he devoted himself to study. Though a Republican, he was made groom of the bedchamber to King Charles at Holmby House, and though dismissed from this office, his personal sympathies were with the king, whose death was a sore blow to him. In 1656 Harrington’s chief work, *The Commonwealth of Oceana*, appeared. There were difficulties about its publication, and when it did appear it pleased neither party. In 1659 Harrington formed a somewhat famous club, known as the Rota, whose members shared some or many of his views. In 1661 Harrington was sent to the Tower, being afterwards transferred

to Plymouth. Owing either to his imprisonment or to unskilful medical treatment, he went mad, and imagined that foul fiends haunted him in the shape of flies. Marriage did nothing to alleviate his condition, and he never regained the full use of his faculties. He died of paralysis on 11th September, 1677.

Harrington was to all intents and purposes a “man of a single book”, for the score of small books and pamphlets which he published were all offshoots of *Oceana* or apologies for it. *Oceana* describes an ideal republic which is England under a very thin disguise, Marpesia being Scotland and Panopea Ireland. It is a matter-of-fact book, with no more flights of fancy than many a Blue book. It might have benefited from being cast in some form other than that of a romance. In style it is heavy and prolix, though clear enough. It contains much valuable political thought, expressed often enough in a dull form. The constitution of *Oceana* is too complete; like most doctrinaires, Harrington failed to realize that men’s thoughts and desires cannot be foretold with mathematical pre-

cision. In some of his theories Harrington showed himself a real crank, in others we can see indications of his coming mental collapse. An extreme instance of the unbalanced state of his mind is his solution of the Irish problem—that Ireland should be handed over

entire to the Jews! A Milesian Zion would probably have been a more entertaining country than Oceana.

[H. F. Russell-Smith, *Harrington and his Oceana: a Study of a seventeenth-century Utopia, and its influence in America.*]

From “Oceana”

THE SPEECH OF THE LORD EPIMONUS DE GARRULA

May it please your Highness, my Lord Archon,—

Under correction of Mr. Peregrin Spy, our very learned agent and intelligencer, I have seen the world a little, Venice, and (as gentlemen are permitted to do) the great council balloting. And truly I must needs say, that it is for a dumb show the goodliest that I ever beheld with my eyes. You should have some would take it ill, as if the noble Venetians thought themselves too good to speak to strangers, but they observed them not so narrowly. The truth is, they have nothing to say to their acquaintance; or men that are in council sure would have tongues: for a council, and not a word spoken in it, is a contradiction. But there is such a pudder with their marching and countermarching, as, though never a one of them draw a sword, you would think they were training; which till I found that they did it only to entertain strangers, I came from among them as wise as I went thither. But in the parliament of Oceana you had no balls nor dancing, but sober conversation; a man might know and be known, show his parts, and improve them. And now if you take the advice of this same fellow, you will spoil all with his whimsies. Mr. Speaker—cry you mercy, my Lord Archon, I mean —set the wisest man of your house in the great council of Venice, and you will not know him from a fool. Whereas nothing is more certain than that flat and dull fellows in the judgment of all such as used to keep company with them before, upon electing into our house, have immediately chitted, like barley in the vat where it acquires a new spirit, and flowed forth into language, that I am as confident as I am here, if there were not such as delight to abuse us, is far better than Tully's; or, let anybody but translate one of his orations, and speak it in the house, and see if everybody do not laugh at him. This is a great matter, Mr. Speaker; they do not cant it with your book-learning, your orbs, your centres, your prime magnitudes, and your nebulones, things I profess that would make a sober man run stark mad to hear them; while

we, who should be considering the honour of our country, and that it goes now or never upon our hand, whether it shall be ridiculous to all the world, are going to *nine-holes* or *trow madam* for our business, like your dumb Venetian, whom this same Sir Politic your resident, that never saw him do anything but make faces, would insinuate into you, at this distance, to have the only knack of state. Whereas if you should take the pains, as I have done, to look a little nearer, you would find these same wonderful things to be nothing else but mere natural fopperies, or *capriccios*, as they call them in Italian, even of the meanest, of that nation. For, put the case you be travelling in Italy, ask your *contadino*, that is, the next country-fellow you meet, some question, and presently he ballots you an answer with a nod, which is affirmative; or a shake with his head, which is the negative box; or a shrug with his shoulder, which is the *bossolo di non sinceri*. Good! You will admire Sandys for telling you, that *grotto di cane* is a miracle: and I shall be laughed at, for assuring you, that it is nothing else but such a damp (continued by the neighbourhood of certain sulphur mines) as through accidental heat does sometimes happen in our coalpits. But ingratitude must not discourage an honest man from doing good. There is not, I say, such a tongue-tied generation under heaven as your Italian, that you should not wonder if he make signs. But our people must have something in their diurnals; we must ever and anon be telling them our minds; or if we be at it when we raise taxes, like those gentlemen with the finger and the thumb, they will swear that we are cutpurses. Come, I know what I have heard them say, when some men had money that wrought hard enough for it; and do you conceive they will be better pleased when they shall be told that upon like occasions you are at mumchance or stool-ball? I do not speak for myself; for though I shall always acknowledge that I got more by one year's sitting in the house than by my three years' travels, it was not of that kind. But I hate that this same Spy, for pretending to have played at billiards with the most serene commonwealth of Venice, should make such fools of us here, when I know that he must have had his intelligence from some corncutter upon the Rialto; for a noble Venetian would be hanged if he should keep such a fellow company. And yet if I do not think he has made you all dote, never trust me, my Lord Archon is sometimes in such strange raptures. Why, good my lord, let me be heard as well as your apple squire. Venice has fresh blood in her cheeks, I must confess, yet she is but an old lady. Nor has he picked her cabinet; these he sends you are none of her receipts, I can assure you; he bought them for a Julio at St. Mark's of a mountebank. She has no other wash, upon my knowledge, for that same envied complexion of hers but her marshes. My lords, I know what I say, but you will never have done with it, that neither the great Turk, nor any of those little Turks her neighbours, have been able to spoil her! Why

you may as well wonder that weasels do not suck eggs in swans' nests. Do you think that it has lain in the devotion of her beads? which you that have puked so much at Popery, are now at length resolved shall consecrate Mr. Parson, and be dropped by every one of his congregation, while those same whimsical intelligences your surveyors (you will break my heart) give the turn to your *primum mobile*! And so I think they will; for you will find that money is the *primum mobile*, and they will turn you thus out of some three or four hundred thousand pounds; a pretty sum for urns and balls, for boxes and pills, which these same quacksalvers are to administer to the parishes; and for what disease I marvel! Or how does it work? Out comes a constable, an overseer, and a churchwarden! Mr. Speaker, I am amazed!

SAMUEL BUTLER

(1612-1680)

SAMUEL BUTLER, the son of a Worcestershire farmer, was baptized at Strensham on 8th February, 1612. He was educated at Worcester Free School. Very little is known with complete certainty about his life. Some of his early biographers have sent him to Cambridge, others to Oxford; it is most likely that he was not at either University. He appears to have occupied several secretarial posts, and as a young man held a post of this kind in the establishment of Elizabeth, Countess of Kent, where he met and assisted Selden, who doubtless helped him to acquire some of the recondite learning which he displays in his works. Like his namesake in the nineteenth century, Butler studied the art of painting with much assiduity, but his pictures, like imperious Cæsar, ultimately served to "stop a hole to keep the wind away". He acted as secretary to a justice of the peace named Jeffereys, at

Earl's Coombe, and to Sir Samuel Luke of Cople Hoo, Bedfordshire, Bunyan's superior officer and the model for Hudibras, as is usually said. At some time Butler travelled in France and Holland, but it is impossible to say when. In 1659 he published anonymously a Royalist tract, entitled *Mola Asinaria*, in prose. He was accordingly appointed secretary to the Earl of Carbery, Lord President of Wales, in 1660, and for about a year was steward of Ludlow Castle. He endeavoured to strengthen his financial position by a prudent marriage; it is uncertain whether his wife was a widow or a spinster, and her name may have been Herbert or Morgan. Unfortunately, her money was not securely invested, and was of little permanent benefit to her husband. Butler may or may not have been secretary for a time to the Duke of Buckingham; according to a pungent story told by Wycherley, he was presented to

that nobleman, but other attractions curtailed the interview. In 1663 appeared the first part of Butler's great work *Hudibras*; the second part appeared in 1664; the third and last fourteen years later, in 1678. Pirated editions of the first and second parts preceded the authorized version. The poem became at once immensely popular, as it exactly suited the taste of Charles II and his court. Charles carried a copy everywhere with him, and gave away numerous copies to his friends. The treatment which Butler received from the king and court has become almost proverbial as an instance of literary genius being unrewarded; but there is some evidence that the king gave the poet £300—no mean reward in those days—and would have helped him in some more permanent way had he not found him tongue-tied and difficult. There is much evidence, both internal and external, that Butler was not an easy man to live with, and that his sardonic humour made him many enemies even among the cavaliers. Butler died of consumption on 25th September, 1680, two years after publishing the third part of his poem. It ends rather than stops, and it is probable that, had he lived, Butler would have extended it, and brought it somehow or other into the duodecimal system, which governed all epics, serious and comic alike. The success of *Hudibras* gave rise to a great many imitations, some of which were published in Butler's name, and all of which are of slight historical and no literary interest. In 1759 two volumes of Butler's *Remains* were published; they contain, amongst other things, a clever satire on the

newly-founded Royal Society, entitled *The Elephant in the Moon*, and a series of interesting prose *Characters*, written in the vein of Overbury and Earle.

It is not surprising that *Hudibras* should have won instantaneous popularity; that it should still retain a position not far removed from that of a classic is more remarkable. It is brilliantly clever, and lends itself to apt quotation, but its wit is too bitter, its characters are too like scarecrows, its action is too slight, and its argumentative passages are too long. It goes without saying that much of the wit and many of the allusions are quite unintelligible to us without a full and learned commentary. Even the ingenious but seldom perfect double and triple rhymes, which gave the poem no small part of its charm in the eyes of its contemporaries, seem to us, who are accustomed to see similar metrical pranks played perfectly by such writers as Gilbert and Calverley, irritating and disgusting. *Hudibras*, however, lives chiefly in the innumerable quotations it has provided; there cannot be many books so frequently quoted and so seldom read through. To read through *Hudibras*, indeed, is no mean feat of endurance; those who have performed it are apt to lament that Butler poured so much genius and learning into so unworthy a vessel. We may wish that Butler had written otherwise than he did; but there is no doubt that in *Hudibras* he accomplished exactly what he set out to perform. His chief strength is in his learning, in his extraordinary power of framing comparisons between things dissimilar, and in his mastery over his peculiar form of verse. His chief

weakness is in the extreme barbarity of his satire and the ribaldry of some of his attempts at humour. *Hudibras* had the honour of being illustrated by Hogarth in 1726, and of being edited in a full and scholarly manner

by the learned Dr. Zachary Grey in 1744. It was, perhaps, the first English book to acquire a commentary written on classical lines. A good modern edition is that of A. R. Waller.

From “Hudibras”

CANTO I

When civil fury first grew high,
 And men fell out they knew not why;
 When hard Words, Jealousies, and Fears,
 Set Folks together by the Ears,
 And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
 For Dame Religion as for punk,
 Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
 Though not a man of them knew wherefore;
 When Gospel-Trumpeter surrounded
 With long-ear'd rout to Battle sounded,
 And Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastic,
 Was beat with fist, instead of a stick;
 Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
 And out he rode a Colonelling.
 A Wight he was, whose very sight would
 Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
 That never bent his stubborn knee,
 To any thing but Chivalry,
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid
 Right worshipful on Shoulder-blade,
 Chief of Domestic Knights and Errant,
 Either for Chartel or for Warrant,
 Great on the Bench, great in the Saddle,
 That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle.
 Mighty he was at both of these,
 And styl'd of War, as well as Peace.
 (So some Rats of amphibious nature
 Are either for the Land or Water)
 But here our Authors make a doubt,
 Whether he were more wise, or stout.
 Some held the one, and some the other:
 But howso'er they make a pother,
 The difference was so small, his Brain

Outweigh'd his Rage but half a Grain:
Which made some take him for a Tool
That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
And offer to lay wagers that
As Montaigne playing with his Cat,
Complains she thought him but an Ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras,
(For that's the Name our valiant Knight
To all his Challenges did write).
But they're mistaken very much
'Tis plain enough he was not such,
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it,
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on Holy-days, or so
As Men their best Apparel do,
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek,
As naturally as Pigs squeak,
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a Black-bird 'tis to whistle.

Being rich in both, he never scanted
His Bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For Hebrew Roots, although th' are found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd,
And truely so perhaps, he was,
'Tis many a Pious Christian's case.

He was in Logic a great Critic,
Profoundly skill'd in Analytic.
He could distinguish and divide
A Hair 'twixt South and South-West side:
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of Argument, a Man's no Horse.
He'd prove a Buzzard is no Fowl,
And that a Lord may be an Owl,
A Calf an Alderman, a Goose a Justice,

And Rooks Committee-men, and Trustees;
 He'd run in Debt by Disputation,
 And pay with Ratiocination.
 All this by Syllogism, true
 In mood and Figure, he would do.

For Rhetoric he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a Trope;
 And when he happened to break off
 I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
 H' had hard words, ready to show why,
 And tell what Rules he did it by.
 Else when with greatest Art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other folk,
 For all a Rhetorician's Rules,
 Teach nothing but to name his Tools;
 His ordinary Rate of Speech,
 In loftiness of sound was rich.
 A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learned Pedants much affect,
 It was a parti-coloured dress
 Of patch'd and piebald Languages,
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like Fustian heretofore on Satin.
 It had an odd promiscuous Tone,
 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one.
 Which made some think when he did gabble,
 Th' had heard three Labo'rers of Babel;
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 A leash of Languages at once.
 This he as volubly would vent,
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent,
 And truly to support that charge
 He had supplies as vast and large.
 For he could coin or counterfeit
 New words with little or no wit;
 Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on,
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The Ignorant for current took 'em.
 That had the Orator who once,
 Did fill his Mouth with Pebble Stones
 When he harangu'd, but known his Phrase,
 He would have us'd no other ways.

In Mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or Erra Pater;
For he, by Geometric scale,
Could take the size of Pots of Ale,
Resolve by Sines and Tangents straight,
If Bread or Butter wanted weight,
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day,
The Clock doth strike, by Algebra.

Beside he was a shrewd Philosopher,
And had read every Text and Gloss over;
What e'er the crabbed'st Author hath
He understood b' implicit Faith,
What every Sceptic could inquire for;
For every why he had a wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go.
All which he understood by Rote,
And as occasion serv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong:
They might be either said or sung,
His Notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes mistook th' one
For th' other, as great Clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to Acts,
And knew their Natures by Abstracts,
Where Entity and Quiddity
The Ghosts of defunct Bodies fly;
Where Truth in Person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in Northern Air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As Metaphysic Wit can fly,
In school Divinity as able
As he that hight Irrefragable;
Profound in all the Nominal
And real ways beyond them all;
And with as delicate a Hand,
Could twist as tough a Rope of Sand.
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Skull
That's empty when the Moon is full,
Such as take Lodgings in a Head
That's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise Scruples dark and nice,

SAMUEL BUTLER

And after solve 'em in a trice;
 As if Divinity had catch'd
 The Itch, of purpose to be scratch'd;
 Or like a Mountebank, did wound
 And stab her self with doubts profound,
 Only to show with how small pain
 The sores of faith are cur'd again;
 Although by woeful proof we find,
 They always leave a Scar behind.

He knew the Seat of Paradise,
 Could tell in what degree it lies;
 And as he was dispos'd, could prove it
 Below the Moon, or else above it.
 What Adam dreamt of when his Bride
 Came from her Closet in his side;
 Whether the Devil tempted her
 By a High Dutch Interpreter,
 If either of them had a Navel,
 Who first made Music malleable;
 Whether the Serpent at the fall,
 Had cloven Feet, or none at all.
 All this without a Gloss or Comment,
 He would unriddle in a moment:
 In proper terms, such as men smatter
 When they throw out and miss the matter

For his Religion, it was fit
 To match his Learning and his Wit;
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue,
 For he was of that stubborn Crew
 Of Errant Saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true Church Militant:
 Such as do build their Faith upon
 The holy Text of Pike and Gun;
 Decide all Controversies by
 Infallible Artillery;
 And prove their Doctrine Orthodox
 By Apostolic Blows and Knocks;
 Call Fire and Sword and Desolation,
 A Godly-thorough-Reformation,
 Which always must be carried on,
 And still be doing, never done:
 As if Religion were intended

For nothing else but to be mended.
 A Sect, whose chief Devotion lies
 In odd perverse Antipathies;
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss:
 More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
 Than Dog distract, or Monkey sick,
 That with more care keep Holy-day
 The wrong, than others the right way:
 Compound for Sins they are inclin'd to,
 By damning those they have no mind to;
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worshipp'd God for spite.
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for.
 Free-will they one way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow.
 All Piety consists therein
 In them, in other Men all Sin.
 Rather than fail, they will defy
 That which they love most tenderly,
 Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend, Plum Porridge,
 Fat Pig and Goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme Custard through the Nose.
 Th' Apostles of their fierce Religion,
 Like Mahomet's, were Ass and Widgeon,
 To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
 Of Wit and Temper was so linkt,
 As if Hypocrisy and Nonsense
 Had got th' Advowson of his Conscience.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE

(? 1635 - ? 1691)

We know very little about the early life of Sir George Etherege. He is believed but not known to have belonged to an Oxfordshire family, to have been born about 1635, to have been educated at Cambridge

and one of the Inns of Court, and to have travelled on the Continent. It is thought that he did not return to England immediately after the Restoration, but remained in France two or three years longer, and prob-

ably saw some of Molière's early comedies. Etherege's comedies are three in number: *The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub* (1664); *She Would if She Could* (1668); and his masterpiece, *The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter* (1676). It will be seen from the dates that the spaces between his plays were larger than the laws of literary eugenics necessitated; we may conclude that Etherege was a lazy workman—a typical member of "the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease". About Etherege's later life a little more is known. He fought with the watch at Epsom, one of his companions being killed in the fray; he lived with the celebrated actress Mrs. Barry; he purchased a knighthood in order to facilitate his marriage with a rich widow in 1678; in 1685 he was appointed English Resident at Ratisbon. His fortunes were bound up with those of his royal master, James; after the Revolution he fled to Paris, where he died, probably

not of falling downstairs when drunk as the picturesque legend stated. His dispatches are in a letter-book preserved in the British Museum.

"Gentle George" or "easy Etherege", as his friends called him, was a scamp of some charm, not, like some of his contemporaries, a sordid profligate. His three comedies display his gifts of ease, naturalness, and brilliance, though often they tremble on the brink of being mere farces. Construction was not his forte, but he could paint the fashionable world in a skilful manner. His last and best play owed some of its contemporary fame to the fact that, under a thin disguise, it represented well-known men about town, including the author, on the stage. Etherege can hardly be praised on the score of decency, but he is frivolous rather than offensive, and compares most favourably with some of his brother playwrights. There is an edition of his plays by H. F. B. Brett-Smith.

From "The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter"

(Enter SIR FOPLING and others in masks.)

Dorimant.—What's here, masquerades?

Harriet.—I thought that foppery had been left off and people might have been in private with a fiddle.

Dorimant.—'Tis endeavoured to be kept on foot still by some who find themselves the more acceptable the less they are known.

Young Bellair.—This must be Sir Fopling.

Medley.—That extraordinary habit shows it.

Young Bellair.—What are the rest?

Medley.—A company of French rascals whom he picked up in Paris and has brought over to be his dancing equipage on these occasions.

Make him own himself; a fool is very troublesome when he presumes he is incognito.

Sir Fopling (to Harriet).—Do you know me?

Harriet.—Ten to one but I guess at you.

Sir Fopling.—Are you women as fond of a vizard as we men are?

Harriet.—I am very fond of a vizard that covers a face I do not like, sir.

Young Bellair.—Here are no masks, you see, sir, but those which came with you; this was intended a private meeting, but because you look like a gentleman, if you discover yourself, and we know you to be such, you shall be welcome.

Sir Fopling (pulling off his mask).—Dear Bellair.

Medley.—Sir Fopling! how came you hither?

Sir Fopling.—Faith, I was coming late from Whitehall, after the King's *couchée*, one of my people told me he had heard fiddles at my Lady Townley's, and—

Dorimant.—You need not say any more, sir.

Sir Fopling.—Dorimant, let me kiss thee.

Dorimant (whispers).—Hark you, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fopling.—Enough, enough—Courtage. A pretty kind of young woman that, Medley; I observed her in the Mall; more *éveillée* than our English women commonly are; prithee, what is she?

Medley.—The most noted *coquette* in town; beware of her.

Sir Fopling.—Let her be what she will, I know how to take my measures; in Paris the *mode* is to flatter the *prude*, laugh at the *faux-prude*, make serious love to the *demi-prude*, and only rally the *coquette*. Medley, what think you?

Medley.—That for all this smattering of the mathematics, you may be out in your judgment at tennis.

Sir Fopling.—What a *coq-à-l'âne* is this! I talk of women, and thou answer'st tennis.

Medley.—Mistakes will be for want of apprehension.

Sir Fopling.—I am very glad of the acquaintance I have with this family.

Medley.—My lady truly is a good woman.

Sir Fopling.—Ah! Dorimant—Courtage I would say—would thou hadst spent the last winter in Paris with me. When thou wert there La Corneus and Sallyes were the only habitudes we had; a comedian would have been a *bonne fortune*. No stranger ever passed his time so well as I did some months before I came over. I was well received in a dozen families where all the women of quality used to visit; I have intrigues to tell thee more pleasant than ever thou read'st in a novel.

Harriet.—Write 'em, sir, and oblige us women; our language wants such little stories.

Sir Fopling.—Writing, madam, is a mechanic part of wit; a gentleman should never go beyond a song or a billet.

Harriet.—Bussy was a gentleman.

Sir Fopling.—Who, d'Ambois?

Medley.—Was there ever such a brisk blockhead?

Harriet.—Not d'Ambois, sir, but Rabutin—he who writ *The Loves of France*.

Sir Fopling.—That may be, madam: many gentlemen do things that are below 'em. Damn your authors, Courtage; women are the prettiest things we can fool away our time with.

Harriet.—I hope ye have wearied yourself to-night at Court, sir, and will not think of fooling with anybody here.

Sir Fopling.—I cannot complain of my fortune there, madam—
Dorimant—

Dorimant.—Again!

Sir Fopling.—Courtage, a pox on 't! I have something to tell thee. When I had made my court within, I came out and flung myself upon the mat, under the State i' th' outward room, i' th' midst of half a dozen beauties who were withdrawn to jeer among themselves, as they called it.

Dorimant.—Did you know 'em?

Sir Fopling.—Not one of 'em, by heavens! not I. But they were all your friends.

Dorimant.—How are you sure of that?

Sir Fopling.—Why, we laughed at all the town; spared nobody but yourself; they found me a man for their purpose.

Dorimant.—I know you are malicious to your power.

Sir Fopling.—And, faith, I had occasion to show it, for I never saw more gaping fools at a ball or on a Birthday.

Dorimant.—You learned who the women were?

Sir Fopling.—No matter; they frequent the Drawing-room.

Dorimant.—And entertain themselves pleasantly at the expense of all the fops who come there.

Sir Fopling.—That's their business; faith, I sifted 'em, and find they have a sort of wit among them—Ah! filthy. [Pinches a tallow candle.]

Dorimant.—Look, he has been pinching the tallow candle.

Sir Fopling.—How can you breathe in a room where there's grease frying? Dorimant, thou art intimate with my lady, advise her for her own sake, and the good company that comes hither, to burn wax lights.

Harriet.—What are these masquerades who stand so obsequiously at a distance?

Sir Fopling.—A set of *balladins* whom I picked out of the best in France, and brought over with a *flûtes douces* or two, my servants; they shall entertain you.

Harriet.—I had rather see you dance yourself, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fopling.—And I had rather do it—all the company knows it—but, madam—

Medley.—Come, come, no excuses, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fopling.—By Heavens, Medley!

Medley.—Like a woman, I find you must be struggled with before one brings you to what you desire.

Harriet (aside).—Can he dance?

Emilia.—And fence and sing too, if you'll believe him.

Dorimant.—He has no more excellence in his heels than in his head. He went to Paris a plain bashful English blockhead, and is returned a fine undertaking French fop.

Medley.—I cannot prevail.

Sir Fopling.—Do not think it want of complaisance, madam.

Harriet.—You are too well bred to want that, Sir Fopling. I believe it want of power.

Sir Fopling.—By heavens! and so it is. I have sat up so damned late and drunk so cursed hard since I came to this lewd town, that I am fit for nothing but low dancing now, a *corant*, a *bourée*, or a *menuet*; but St. André tells me, if I will but be regular, in one month I shall rise again. Pox on this debauchery! [Endeavours at a caper.]

Emilia.—I have heard your dancing much commended.

Sir Fopling.—It had the good fortune to please in Paris: I was judged to rise within an inch as high as the *basque*, in an entry I danced there.

Harriet.—I am mightily taken with this fool, let us sit. Here's a seat, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fopling.—At your feet, madam; I can be nowhere so much at ease: by your leave, gown.

Harriet and Emilia.—Ah! you'll spoil it.

Sir Fopling.—No matter, my clothes are my creatures; I make 'em to make my court to you ladies, hey—(*Dance.*)—*Qu'on commence*—to an English dancer English motions. I was forced to entertain this fellow, one of my set miscarrying—Oh, horrid! leave your damned manner of dancing, and put on the French air; have you not a pattern before you—pretty well! Imitation in time may bring him to something.

(Act IV, Sc. 1.)

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

(? 1639 – 1701)

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY was born at Aylesford, in Kent, and was the son of a baronet and a member of an old family. His maternal grandfather was Sir Henry Savile, Provost of Eton. He was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, but did not take a degree. After the Restoration he became a member of Parliament and a well-known man about town. He was implicated in several drunken brawls, and had the reputation of being one of the lewdest fellows of the age—no mean achievement, as the standard of lewdness was extremely high in those days. In later life Sedley appears to have sobered down to some extent, and at the Revolution he was a moderate supporter of William of Orange. Sedley died on 20th August, 1701. His only child was created Countess of Dorchester because she was for many years the mistress of James II.

Sedley had in his day a high literary reputation, which is hardly sustained by his extant works.

Charles II called him “Apollo’s viceroy”, and Dryden made him an interlocutor in his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, under the name of Lisideius, a latinized anagram of Sedley. Sedley’s writings may be roughly grouped into prose writings, including one clearly-written political pamphlet, tragedies, comedies, and occasional verse. The two tragedies, *Antony and Cleopatra* and *The Tyrant King of Crete*, are both quite worthless. The three comedies are not much better. *The Mulberry Garden* (1668) is based upon Molière; *Bellamira, or the Mistress* on the *Eunuchus* of Terence; and *The Grumbler* on an obscure French farce. Sedley is remembered chiefly for his occasional verse, which sometimes is happily turned. “Phillis is my only joy” and “Love still has something of the sea” are his two best-known songs. The fame of the former is in part due to its musical setting. Sedley’s works were edited in 1928 by Professor V. de Sola Pinto, who has also written a biography.

Song

Phillis is my only joy,
 Faithless as the winds or seas,
 Sometimes cunning, sometimes coy,
 Yet she never fails to please;
 If with a frown
 I am cast down,
 Phillis smiling
 And beguiling
 Makes me happier than before.

Though alas! too late I find
Nothing can her fancy fix,
Yet the moment she is kind
I forgive her with her tricks;
Which though I see,
I can't get free,—
She deceiving,
I believing,—
What need lovers wish for more.

Song

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his Mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed in clearest days,
And in rough weather tossed;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
The vessel drives again.

At first Disdain and Pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and Falsehood soon appear,
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withheld,
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain;
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celestine,
Offends the wingèd boy.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

An hundred thousand oaths your fears,
 Perhaps, would not remove;
 And if I gazed a thousand years,
 I could not deeper love.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, SIXTH EARL OF DORSET

(1638–1706)

CHARLES SACKVILLE was the son of the fifth Earl of Dorset, and was born on 24th January, 1638. From 1652 to 1675 he was by courtesy known as Lord Buckhurst; in 1675 he was created Earl of Middlesex, and two years later he succeeded his father as sixth Earl of Dorset. He was educated privately, and travelled in Italy. He returned to England at the Restoration, and soon became known as a riotous courtier and a friend of Sedley and Rochester, whom, however, he did not imitate in their worst vices. In 1665 he volunteered to serve under the Duke of York against the Dutch, and was present at the naval battle of 3rd June in that year, when eighteen Dutch ships were taken, fourteen destroyed, and Opdam, the admiral, blown up with all his crew. According to the traditional story, Buckhurst wrote his most celebrated poem, "To all you ladies now at land", on the eve of this engagement. "Seldom any splendid story is wholly true," says Johnson; Pepys's *Diary* now makes it quite certain that Buckhurst's ballad was in circulation in some form six months before the battle, though it may have received a final polish not

long before its author went into action. After living for a short time with Nell Gwynne, Buckhurst mended his ways to some extent, and combined the rôles of Mæcenas and Petronius, being at once a bountiful patron of letters and a recognized *arbiter elegantiarum*. At the time of the Revolution, Dorset was a resolute Williamite, and was rewarded with the office of Lord Chamberlain (1689–1697) and the Garter. When he withdrew Dryden's salary as Poet Laureate, as he was obliged to do in his capacity of Chamberlain, he paid him an equivalent annuity out of his own pocket. On three occasions he acted as one of the regents during the temporary absences of William. He died at Bath on 29th January, 1706.

Dorset was so generous a patron to men of letters that it is small wonder that men like Dryden and Prior praised him cordially, and that their praise extended from himself to his writings. His extant writings do not sustain his great reputation, being witty but slight. His best poem is the brilliant piece of *vers de société* already alluded to. He shone in satire, of both the "toothless" and the "biting" kind,

to adopt Bishop Hall's classification. He was not, however, an unamiable man, as many satirists are, and was described by Rochester as "the best good man with the worst-natured Muse".

Song

Written at Sea, in the First Dutch War (1665), the Night Before an Engagement

To all you ladies now at land
 We men at sea indite;
 But first would have you understand
 How hard it is to write:
 The Muses now, and Neptune too,
 We must implore to write to you—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
 And fill our empty brain,
 Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
 To wave the azure main,
 Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
 Roll up and down our ships at sea—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Then if we write not by each post,
 Think not we are unkind;
 Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
 By Dutchmen or by wind:
 Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
 The tide shall waft them twice a day—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

The King with wonder and surprise
 Will swear the seas grow bold,
 Because the tides will higher rise
 Than e'er they did of old:
 But let him know it is our tears
 Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
 Our sad and dismal story,
 The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
 And quit their fort at Goree:

For what resistance can they find
 From men who've left their hearts behind?
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
 Be you to us but kind;
 Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
 No sorrow we shall find:
 'Tis then no matter how things go,
 Or who's our friend, or who's our foe—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

To pass our tedious hours away
 We throw a merry main,
 Or else at serious ombre play:
 But why should we in vain
 Each other's ruin thus pursue?
 We were undone when we left you—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

But now our fears tempestuous grow
 And cast our hopes away;
 Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
 Sit careless at a play:
 Perhaps permit some happier man
 To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan,
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

When any mournful tune you hear,
 That dies in every note
 As if it sighed with each man's care
 For being so remote,
 Think then how often love we've made
 To you, when all those tunes were played—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

In justice you cannot refuse
 To think of our distress,
 When we for hopes of honour lose
 Our certain happiness:
 All those designs are but to prove
 Ourselves more worthy of your love—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

And now we've told you all our loves,
 And likewise all our fears,
 In hopes this declaration moves
 Some pity for our tears:
 Let's hear of no inconstancy—
 We have too much of that at sea—
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

(1647 – 1680)

JOHN WILMOT, Earl of Rochester, was born at Ditchley, Oxfordshire, on 10th April, 1647. His father, the first earl, was the victor of Roundway Down and Cropredy Bridge, and was Charles II's companion in his wanderings after the battle of Worcester. John Wilmot succeeded to the earldom before he was eleven years old. He was educated at Burford and at Wadham College, Oxford, where, being a nobleman, he received the degree of M.A. when only fourteen years of age. He then travelled in France and Italy, returning to England in 1664 an accomplished courtier and an experienced rake. He served with credit in two naval expeditions as a volunteer, on one occasion carrying a message at the utmost risk of his life. He soon became known as the most dissolute of all the dissolute courtiers. It is, however, probable that some of his enormities were legendary, and that he was a less debauched and less interesting man than he has been represented as being. Bishop Burnet, who assisted him in his death-bed repentance, probably ex-

aggerated his vices in order to increase the miraculousness of his repentance. It is unlikely, for instance, that Rochester was drunk for five years on end. Many of Rochester's less reputable amusements were only practical jokes on a Gargantuan scale; he disguised himself as a beggar; he pretended to be a quack doctor; he set up as an innkeeper, in partnership with the Duke of Buckingham, on the Newmarket Road. He alternated between being in high favour with the king and being banished from court; his bitter and pungent wit spared nobody, not even the "merry monarch, scandalous and poor" and his seraglio. He made many enemies, including the Earl of Mulgrave, with whom he refused to fight a duel, and Dryden, whom he caused to be waylaid and brutally beaten by hooligans. He endeavoured forcibly to abduct his wife two years before he married her, but he appears to have loved her sincerely. His letters to her do much to increase our disbelief in the legendary Rochester. In 1679 his health began to fail, and on 26th

July, 1680, he died, after an edifying repentance, which was duly written up by his chaplain, Robert Parsons, and by Burnet. Dr. Johnson said of Rochester: "Thus in a course of drunken gaiety, and gross sensuality, with intervals of study perhaps yet more criminal, with an avowed contempt of all decency and order, a total disregard to every moral, and a resolute denial of every religious obligation, he lived worthless and useless, and blazed out his youth and his health in lavish voluptuousness; till, at the age of one and thirty, he had exhausted the fund of life, and reduced himself to a state of weakness and decay."

Rochester's chief literary gift was his ability to write songs. He had something of the ease and tunefulness of Herrick and Carew; he struck a note which, after his death,

was not heard again until Blake and Burns began to write. As a satirist he was vigorous but not original; as a dramatist he was negligible. One of his plays, *Sodom*, has been allowed to remain in manuscript. As a patron of poets Rochester was as fickle as he was as an amorist. He would appear to have attracted the more or less unwilling admiration of many men. Like a later and less attractive profligate of genius, he put his genius into his life and only his talent into his writings. A volume known as *Rochester's Works* contained a vast quantity of filth for which Rochester was not responsible, and enjoyed (like "*Aristotle's Works*" and Balzac's *Droll Stories*) a large subterraneous circulation. Rochester's best poems are as free from offence as his worst ones are full of it.

Constancy

A Song

I cannot change as others do,
 Though you unjustly scorn;
 Since the poor swain that sighs for you,
 For you alone was born.
 No, Phyllis, no, your heart to move
 A surer way I'll try;
 And, to revenge my slighted love,
 Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

When, kill'd with grief, Amyntas lies,
 And you to mind shall call
 The sighs that now unpity'd rise,
 The tears that vainly fall:
 That welcome hour that ends his smart,
 Will then begin your pain;
 For such a faithful tender heart
 Can never break, can never break, in vain.

Upon Drinking in a Bowl

Vulcan, contrive me such a cup
As Nestor us'd of old;
Show all thy skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack,
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts on that delicious lake,
Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave not battle on his cheek,
With war I've nought to do;
I'm none of those that took Maestrick,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no name of planets tell,
Fix'd stars, or constellations;
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine,
Then add two lovely boys,
Their limbs in amorous folds entwine,
The type of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are,
May drink and love still reign!
With wine I wash away my care,
And then to love again.

A Song

Give me but leave to rail at you,
I ask nothing but my due;
To call you false, and then to say
You shall not keep my heart a day:
But, alas! against my will,
I must be your captive still.
Ah! be kinder then; for I
Cannot change, and would not die.

Kindness has restless charms,
 All besides but weakly move,
 Fiercest anger it disarms,
 And clips the wings of flying love.
 Beauty does the heart invade,
 Kindness only can persuade;
 It gilds the lover's servile chain,
 And makes the slave grow pleas'd again.

JOHN EVELYN

(1620–1706)

JOHN EVELYN was born at Wotton, near Dorking, Surrey, on 31st October, 1620. He belonged to an ancient family which, two generations previously, had enriched itself by the manufacture of gunpowder. He was educated at Southover Free School and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he did not graduate, though many years later he received the honorary degree of D.C.L. He was entered at the Middle Temple, travelled a little, and in the Civil War served for three days in the king's army. He thought, probably rightly, that a longer stay would ruin him and not help the king's cause. After spending some time in gardening, he thought it wiser to travel on the Continent; he left in 1643, and did not return until 1647. In 1647 he married the twelve-year-old daughter of the king's ambassador at Paris, Sir Richard Browne. He did not finally settle in England until 1652. After the Restoration he took a leading part in the foundation of the Royal Society, and on two occasions was invited to become its President, but declined on account of ill-health.

He was secretary of the Society in 1672. He took a great interest in gardening and forestry, and was famous among his contemporaries chiefly as the author of *Sylva; or a discourse of Forest Trees and the propagation of timber* (1664), a powerful and well-reasoned plea for the afforestation of England. Evelyn served his generation well, and held many minor official posts. He was a commissioner for the care of the sick, wounded, and prisoners in the Dutch War (1664); he was a member of the Council of Foreign Plantations, and a commissioner for the Privy Seal. He was a supporter of the Revolution, but not an enthusiastic Williamite, and he spent his latter days in retirement, gardening and improving his estate. For eight years he was treasurer to Greenwich Hospital. He died on 27th February, 1706, and was buried in Wotton Church.

Evelyn wrote upon a multiplicity of subjects—on political topics, on the fogs of London (*Fumifugium; or the inconveniences of the aer and smoak of London dissipated*), on sculpture, on gardening, on the

Dutch War, on medals, and on clothes. He is now remembered only by two works, his touching *Memoir of Margaret Blagge* (Mrs. Godolphin), unpublished until 1847, and his famous *Diary*, unpublished until 1818. Evelyn's *Diary* is not to be compared with Pepys's; it is somewhat lacking in individuality, it does not present us with a complete picture of its author, and it deals with public rather than with purely personal matters. It provides, however, a valuable complement to Pepys, and it is interesting to know that the two diarists, so different in birth, breeding, and nature, knew and esteemed each

other. The *Diary* is of the very greatest value, and covers a long period, from 1640 to 1706. Evelyn was a man of most attractive character, grave and dignified, thoroughly conscientious, religious but no precisian, active yet dedicated to a life of gentle melancholy. He was a good observer and a clear writer; he has given us one of the best pictures we possess of a most interesting period of our history—a picture drawn by one who had all the virtues and none of the vices of both parties, and who was neither fanatic nor libertine. A good edition of the *Diary* is that by H. B. Wheatley.

From the "Diary"

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON

2 Sept. [1666]. This fatal night about ten, began that deplorable fire near Fish Street, in London.

3. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and son and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld the dismal spectacle, the whole City in dreadful flames near the water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed: and so returned exceeding astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner) when conspiring with a fierce Eastern wind in a very dry season; I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole South part of the City burned from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward) Tower Street, Fen-Church Street, Gracious Street, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about

like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the Churches, Public Halls, Exchange, Hospitals, Monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances one from another; for the heat with a long set of fair and warm weather had even ignited the air and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and every thing. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other, the carts etc. carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as happily the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration of it. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise and crackling and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of Towers, Houses and Churches, was like an hideous storm, and the air all hot and inflamed that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length, and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismal and reached upon computation near 56 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage—*non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem*—the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus I returned home.

Sept. 4. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple; all Fleet Street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Street, now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes; the stones of Paul's flew like granados, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The Eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward. Nothing but the Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vain was the help of man.

5. It crossed towards Whitehall; but oh, the confusion there was then at that Court! It pleased his Majesty to command me among the rest to look after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve if possible that part of Holburn whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several

posts, some at one part, some at another (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across) and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved nearly the whole City, but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, etc. would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practised, and my concern being particularly for the Hospital of St. Bartholomew near Smithfield, where I had my wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy less. It now pleased God by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, when almost all was lost, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no farther than the Temple Westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield North; but continued all this day and night so impetuous toward Cripple-Gate and the Tower as made us all despair; it also broke out again in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made, as with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing near the burning and glowing ruins by near a furlong's space.

The coal and wood wharves and magazines of oil, resin, etc. did infinite mischief, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Majesty and published, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the city, was locked on as a prophecy.

The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields, and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts, and hovels, many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well furnished houses, were now reduced to extrekest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruin was like Lot, in my little Zoar, were safe and sound.

Sept. 6. Thursday. I presented to his Majesty the case of the French prisoners at war in my custody, and besought him that there might be the same care of watching at all places contiguous to unseized houses. It is not indeed imaginable how extraordinary the vigilance and activity of the King and the Duke was, even labouring in person, and being present to command, order, reward, or encourage workmen, by which

he showed his affection to his people and gained theirs. Having then disposed of some under cure at the Savoy, I returned to Whitehall, where I dined at Mr. Offley's, the groom porter, who was my relation.

7. I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence thro' Cornhill, etc. with extraordinary difficulty clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet was so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime his Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my return I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly Church St. Paul's now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late King) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projectures of massy Portland stone flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than 6 acres by measure) was totally melted; the ruins of the vaulted roof falling broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the Stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the East end was untouched, and among the divers monuments, the body of one Bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable Church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near 100 more. The lead, iron work, bells, plates, etc. melted, the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel, all the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies Halls, splendid buildings, arches, entries, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow. The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather in some great City laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds,

and other combustible goods. Sir Tho. Gresham's statue, tho' fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the Kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces; also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the City streets, hinges, bars and gates of prisons were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrower streets, but kept the widest, the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour, continued so intense that my hair was almost singed, and my feet unsufferably surbated. The by-lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some Church or Hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed and lying about along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In the midst of all this calamity and confusion there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed, but even entering the City. There was in truth, some days before great suspicion of these two nations joining; and now that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive that it made the whole Court amazed, and they did with infinite pains and great difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repair into the suburbs about the City, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Majesty's Proclamation also invited them.

Still the plague continuing in our parish, I could not without danger adventure to our church.

10. I went again to the ruins, for it was now no longer a city.

SAMUEL PEPYS

(1633 - 1703)

SAMUEL PEPYS was born in 1633, probably in London. His surname was, and is, pronounced "Peeps" by its bearers. His father was a tailor, so his unfailing interest in clothes, especially his own, was probably hereditary. He was educated at St. Paul's School and Magdalene College, Cambridge, whither he migrated after a brief sojourn at Trinity Hall. He graduated B.A. in 1653 and M.A. in 1660. His start in life and his early prosperity he owed to the patronage of his cousin, Edward Montagu, first Earl of Sandwich; his later prosperity was due to his own energy and competence. He became clerk of the king's ships and clerk of the Privy Seal in 1660, Surveyor-General of the Victualling Office in 1665, and Secretary of the Admiralty in 1684. He was deprived of his office at the Revolution, and lived in retirement until his death. As a naval official Pepys showed himself both brilliant and reliable. The time was one of great difficulty for the Admiralty officials, and it is not too much to say that Pepys did more than any of his contemporaries to make the navy efficient. Pepys lived a very full life and had many interests. He was devoted to music and the drama. He was elected an F.R.S. in 1665, and was President of the Royal Society from 1684 to 1686. His book, *Memoirs relating to the state of the Royal Navy of England for ten years determined December 1688*, appeared in 1690. It is a competent piece of work,

of prime interest to naval historians.

Pepys left his books, some 3000 in number, as well as manuscripts and papers, to Magdalene College, Cambridge. Among these books was his diary, written in the system of shorthand which had been expounded in Thomas Shelton's *Tachygraphy* (1641). The manuscript was in six quarto volumes, and extended to 3012 pages. It was not deciphered until 1819, when the Hon. George Neville, master of Magdalene, urged on by the success of Evelyn's *Diary* (published 1818), got John Smith, then an undergraduate of St. John's College, to decipher it. It was first published in 1825, under the editorship of Lord Braybrooke. It at once became famous. The *Diary* begins on 1st January, 1660, and ends on 31st May, 1669, when Pepys believed he was going blind. The author was therefore twenty-seven years of age when he began to write his *Diary*, and thirty-six when he ended it. It is a unique work. It is not merely that it gives a graphic picture of social life at the time of the Restoration, that it gives invaluable accounts of men in high places, and important information about the stage and indeed about countless interesting subjects. It is an unequalled piece of self-revelation. Lovers of Pepys may be said to know him better than they know themselves, because he has recorded not only those things which men do not tell to other men,

but also those things which men do not acknowledge even to themselves. It is thus one of the most curious and interesting books in the world. Other diarists we see through a glass, darkly; Pepys we see face to face. He exposes to us his own foibles as frankly as do some of the characters in the Savoy operas. How he came to keep a diary of this kind we do not know; we may hazard the guess that it acted as a kind of safety-valve, or we may think, if we choose, that it was intended to be material for a full-dress autobiography. Its charm is first and foremost due to its frankness, but it is also in no small measure due to the gusto with which Pepys lived. He took pleasure in almost every action and thought of his life, and his pleasure is infectious. An edition of the *Diary*, much more complete than

that of 1825, appeared between 1875 and 1879, Mynors Bright being the editor. An even fuller edition by H. B. Wheatley, containing all of the *Diary* that is fit for publication, appeared between 1893 and 1899. A longhand transcript of the whole *Diary*, including passages in French, Greek, Latin, and Spanish, has been deposited in Magdalene College, Cambridge.

[E. H. Moorhouse, *Samuel Pepys: Administrator, Observer, Gossip*; H. B. Wheatley, *Samuel Pepys and the World he lived in*; R. L. Stevenson, *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*; J. R. Tanner, *Samuel Pepys and the Royal Navy*; Mr. Pepys, *an Introduction to the Diary*; *Samuel Pepys's Naval Minutes*; *Private Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers of Samuel Pepys*; Arthur Ponsonby, *Samuel Pepys* (English Men of Letters Series).]

From the “Diary”, 1666

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON

2nd Sept. (Lord's Day). Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose, and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window; and thought it to be on the back-side of Mark-lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights, after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night, by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower; and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side

the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding-lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnus's Church, and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that, in a very little time, it got as far as the Steel-yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs, by the water-side, to another. And, among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconys, till they burned their wings, and fell down. Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way; and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire; and, having seen it get as far as the Steel-yard, and the wind mighty high, and driving it into the City; and every thing, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things the poor steeple, by which pretty Mrs. —— lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down; I to White Hall, with a gentleman with me, who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat; and there up to the King's Closet in the Chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw; and that, unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor, from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him, that if he would have any more soldiers, he shall: and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's; and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and, here and there, sick people carried away in beds. Extra-ordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message, he cried, like a fainting woman "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than

we can do it!" That he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home; seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Isaac Houlton, the handsome man, prettily dressed, and dirty at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brother's things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, have been removed twice already; and he doubts, as it soon proved, that they must be, in a little time, removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time, it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, who were Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Shelden, and also Mr. Moone: she mighty fine, and her husband for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design and mine which was to look over my closet, and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner, Mrs. Batelier come to enquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes, who, it seems, are related to them, whose houses in Fish Street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright. Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people; and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning Street, which received goods in the morning, into Lombard Street, and further; and, among others, I now saw my little goldsmith Stokes, receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the street, and carried them below and above the Bridge too. And again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no like-lihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side; but this little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttolph's Wharf below the Bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not, by the water-side, what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water; and only I observed

that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of Virginalls in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park; and there met my wife, and Creed, and Wood, and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true: so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside, over almost against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more; and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, and in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin. So home with a sad heart, and there find every body discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods; but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine, it being brave, dry and moonshine and warm weather, carry much of my goods into the garden; and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater, poor man! to bed a little; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house, taking down of goods.

From the "Diary", 1661

3rd (Sept.). Dined at home, and then with my wife to the Wardrobe where my Lady's child was christened, my Lord Crewe, and his lady,

.. Eystemi?

FACSIMILE (slightly reduced) OF A PAGE FROM PEPYS'S DIARY

See pages 211 (near foot) and 212 for this passage

(*Magdalene College, Cambridge*)

and my Lady Montagu, my Lord's mother in law, were the witnesses, and named Catherine, the Queen elect's name, but to my and all our trouble, the Parson of the parish christened her, and did not sign the child with the sign of the cross. After that was done, we had a very fine banquet.

4th. My wife come to me at White Hall, and we went and walked a good while in St. James's Park to see the brave alterations.

5th. Put my mother and Pall into the waggon, and saw them going presently—Pall crying exceedingly. To my uncle Fenner's to dinner, in the way meeting a French footman with feathers, who was in quest of my wife, and spoke with her privately, but I could not tell what it was, only my wife promised to go some place tomorrow morning, which do trouble my mind how to know whither it was. My wife and I to the fair, and I showed her the Italians dancing the ropes, and the women that do strange tumbling tricks.

6th. I went to the Theatre, and saw "Elder Brother" acted; meeting here with Sir J. Askew, Sir Theophilus Jones, and another knight, with Sir W. Pen, we to the Ship Tavern, and there staid, and were merry till late at night.

7th. Having appointed the young ladies at the Wardrobe to go with them to the play today, my wife and I took them to the Theatre, where we seated ourselves close by the King, and Duke of York, and Madame Palmer, which was great content; and, indeed, I can never enough admire her beauty. And here was "Bartholomew Fayre" with the puppet-show, acted today, which had not been these forty years, it being so satyricall against Puritanism, they durst not till now, which is strange they should already dare to do it, and the King to countenance it, but I do never a whit like it the better for the puppets, but rather the worse. Thence home with the ladies, it being by reason of our staying a great while for the King's coming, and the length of the play, near nine o'clock before it was done.

8th (Lord's day). To church, and coming home, found our new maid Doll asleep, that she could not hear to let us in, so that we were fain to send a boy in at a window to open the door to us. Begun to look over my accounts, and, upon the whole, I do find myself, by what I can yet see, worth near £600, for which God be blessed.

9th. To Salisbury Court play-house, where was acted the first time, "'Tis pity shee's a W——e", a simple play, and ill acted, only it was my fortune to sit by a most pretty and most ingenious lady, which pleased me much. To the Dolphin, to drink the 30s. that we got the other day of Sir W. Pen about his tankard. Here was Sir R. Slingsby, Holmes, Captain Allen, and Mr. Turner, his wife and daughter, my Lady Batten, and Mrs. Martha, &c. and an excellent company of fiddlers; so we exceeding merry till late; and then we begun to tell Sir W. Pen the

business, but he had been drinking today, and so is almost gone, that we could not make him understand it, which caused us more sport.

11th. To Dr. Williams, who did carry me into his garden, where he hath abundance of grapes: and he did show me how a dog that he hath do kill the cats that come thither to kill his pigeons, and do afterwards bury them; and do it with so much care that they shall be quite covered; and if the tip of the tail hangs out, he will take the cat up again, and dig the hole deeper, which is very strange; and he tells me, that he do believe he hath killed above 100 cats. Home to my house to dinner, where I found my wife's brother Balty, as fine as hands could make him, and his servant, a Frenchman, to wait on him, and come to have my wife visit a young lady which he is a servant to, and have hope to trepan, and get for his wife. I did give way for my wife to go with him. Walking through Lincoln's Inn Fields, observed at the Opera a new play "Twelfth Night" was acted there, and the King there; so I, against my own mind and resolution, could not forbear to go in, which did make the play seem a burthen to me; and I took no pleasure in it at all: and so after it was done, went home with my mind troubled for my going thither, after my swearing to my wife that I would never go to a play without her. My wife was with her brother to see his mistress today, and says she is young, rich, and handsome, but not likely for him to get.

12th. To my Lady's to dinner at the Wardrobe; and in my way upon the Thames, I saw the King's new pleasure-boats, that is come now for the King to take pleasure in above bridge, and also two Gundaloes, that are lately brought, which are very rich and fine. Called at Sir W. Batten's, and there hear that Sir W. Pen do take our jest of the tankard very ill, which I am sorry for.

13th. I was sent for by my uncle Fenner to come and advise about the burial of my aunt, the butcher, who died yesterday. Thence to the Wardrobe, where I found my wife, and thence she and I to the water to spend the afternoon in pleasure, and so we went to old George's, and there eat as much as we would of a hot shoulder of mutton, and so to boat again and home.

THOMAS TRAHERNE

(? 1634 - 1674)

THOMAS TRAHERNE was the son of a shoemaker, and was born about 1634, probably at Hereford. There is small doubt that he was of Welsh extraction. He was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1656, M.A. in 1661, and B.D. in 1669. He took holy orders, and in 1657 became rector of Credenhill, near Hereford. In 1667 he was appointed domestic chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgman, who in that year became Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. He went to live at Teddington, where he was also vicar, and died there in Bridgman's house in October, 1674, being at most forty, perhaps only thirty-eight years of age.

The works of Traherne which were published in his lifetime and soon after his death (*Roman Forgeries*, 1673, and *Christian Ethics*, 1675) are of no importance, and Traherne's name was utterly forgotten for more than two centuries after his death. In 1888 a country house library was broken up and sold, and three manuscript volumes of Traherne emerged from obscurity. Two of them descended to a street bookstall, whence they were rescued by a Mr. William T. Brooke, who communicated his find to Dr. Grosart. Grosart was preparing to edit Traherne's poems with the idea that they were the work of Henry Vaughan, but death put an end to his project. The manuscripts eventually came into the hands of Bertram Dobell, who

published the *Poems* in 1903 and the prose *Centuries of Meditations* in 1908. Another volume, *Poems of Felicity*, was edited from a British Museum manuscript by H. I. Bell in 1910. It cost Dobell a good deal of trouble to prove that Traherne was the author of the manuscripts in his possession, but he ultimately made out a quite conclusive case. His critical estimate of his foundling is, not unnaturally, excessively high. Traherne is not so good a religious poet as Vaughan or Herbert, let alone Crashaw; he is not a master of poetical technique, admits faulty rhymes, and sometimes employs the same rhyme too frequently. There is, too, a lack of variety in his subjects; his lyre is a monochord. Still, he is an extremely interesting poet, and in some of his thought looks forward to Blake and Wordsworth. As a prose writer he stands higher than as a poet; in the sonorousness of some of his sentences he is within measurable distance of Sir Thomas Browne. Traherne's favourite text was "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein"; and the thought contained in this text permeates all his writings, prose and verse alike. Take him for all in all, Traherne is one of the greatest literary "finds" of the twentieth century.

[Gladys E. Willett, *Traherne: an Essay.*]

Wonder

How like an Angel came I down!
 How bright are all things here!
 When first among His works I did appear
 O how their Glory me did crown!
 The world resembled His Eternity,
 In which my soul did walk;
 And every thing that I did see
 Did with me talk.

The skies in their magnificence,
 The lively, lovely air;
 Oh how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair!
 The stars did entertain my sense,
 And all the works of God, so bright and pure.
 So rich and great did seem,
 As if they ever must endure
 In my esteem.

A native health and innocence
 Within my bones did grow,
 And while my God did all his Glories show,
 I felt a vigour in my sense
 That was all Spirit. I within did flow
 With seas of life, like wine;
 I nothing in the world did know
 But 'twas divine.

Harsh ragged objects were concealed,
 Oppressions, tears and cries,
 Sins, griefs, complaints, dissensions, weeping eyes
 Were hid, and only things revealed
 Which heavenly Spirits and the Angels prize.
 The state of Innocence
 And bliss, not trades and povertyes,
 Did fill my sense.

The streets were paved with golden stones,
 The boys and girls were mine,
 Oh how did all their lovely faces shine!
 The sons of men were holy ones,

In joy and beauty they appeared to me,
 And every thing which here I found,
 While like an angel I did see,
 Adorned the ground.

Rich diamond and pearl and gold
 In every place was seen;
 Rare splendours, yellow, blue, red, white and green,
 Mine eyes did everywhere behold.
 Great Wonders clothed with glory did appear,
 Amazement was my bliss,
 That and my wealth was everywhere;
 No joy to this!

Cursed and devised proprieties,
 With envy, avarice
 And fraud, those fiends that spoil even Paradise,
 Flew from the splendour of mine eyes,
 And so did hedges, ditches, limits, bounds,
 I dreamed not aught of those,
 But wandered over all men's grounds,
 And found repose.

Proprieties themselves were mine
 And hedges ornaments,
 Walls, boxes, coffers, and their rich contents
 Did not divide my joys, but all combine.
 Clothes, ribbons, jewels, laces, I esteemed
 My joys by others worn:
 For me they all to wear them seemed
 When I was born.

The Salutation

These little limbs,
 These eyes and hands which here I find,
 These rosy cheeks wherewith my life begins,
 Where have ye been? behind
 What curtain were ye from me hid so long,
 Where was, in what abyss, my speaking tongue?

When silent I
 So many thousand, thousand years
 Beneath the dust did in a chaos lie,
 How could I smiles or tears,
 Or lips or hands or eyes or ears perceive?
 Welcome ye treasures which I now receive.

I that so long
 Was nothing from eternity,
 Did little think such joys as ear or tongue
 To celebrate or see:
 Such sounds to hear, such hands to feel, such feet,
 Beneath the skies on such a ground to meet.

New burnisht joys!
 Which yellow gold and pearls excel!
 Such sacred treasures are the limbs in boys,
 In which a soul doth dwell;
 Their organized joints and azure veins
 More wealth include than all the world contains.

From dust I rise,
 And out of nothing now awake,
 These brighter regions which salute mine eyes,
 A gift from God I take.
 The earth, the seas, the light, the day, the skies,
 The sun and stars are mine; if those I prize.

Long time before
 I in my mother's womb was born,
 A God preparing did this glorious store,
 The world for me adorn.
 Into this Eden so divine and fair,
 So wide and bright, I come His son and heir.

A stranger here
 Strange things doth meet, strange glories see;
 Strange treasures lodg'd in this fair world appear,
 Strange all and new to me;
 But that they mine should be, who nothing was,
 That strangest is of all, yet brought to pass.

From "Centuries of Meditations"

THE FIRST CENTURY

25

Your enjoyment of the World is never right, till you so esteem it, that everything in it, is more your treasure than a King's exchequer full of Gold and Silver. And that exchequer yours also in its place and service. Can you take too much joy in your Father's works? He is Himself in everything. Some things are little on the outside, and rough and common, but I remember the time when the dust of the streets were as pleasing as Gold to my infant eyes, and now they are more precious to the eye of reason.

26

The services of things and their excellencies are spiritual; being objects not of the eye, but of the mind: and you more spiritual by how much more you esteem them. Pigs eat acorns, but neither consider the sun that gave them life, nor the influences of the heavens by which they were nourished, nor the very root of the tree from whence they came. This being the work of Angels, who in a wide and clear light see even the sea that gave them moisture: And feed upon that acorn spiritually while they know the ends for which it was created, and feast upon all these as upon a World of Joys within it: while to ignorant swine that eat the shell, it is an empty husk of no taste nor delightful savour.

27

You never enjoy the world aright, till you see how a sand exhibiteth the wisdom and power of God: And prize in everything the service which they do you, by manifesting His glory and goodness to your Soul, far more than the visible beauty on their surface, or the material services they can do your body. Wine by its moisture quencheth my thirst, whether I consider it or no: but to see it flowing from His love who gave it unto man, quencheth the thirst even of the Holy Angels. To consider it, is to drink it spiritually. To rejoice in its diffusion is to be of a public mind. And to take pleasure in all the benefits it doth to all is Heavenly, for so they do in Heaven. To do so, is to be divine and good, and to imitate our Infinite and Eternal Father.

28

Your enjoyment of the world is never right, till every morning you awake in Heaven; see yourself in your Father's Palace; and look upon

the skies, the earth, and the air as Celestial Joys: having such a reverend esteem of all, as if you were among the Angels. The bride of a monarch, in her husband's chamber, hath no such causes of delight as you.

29

You never enjoy the world aright, till the Sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars: and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world, and more than so, because men are in it who are every one sole heirs as well as you. Till you can sing and rejoice and delight in God, as misers do in gold, and Kings in sceptres, you never enjoy the world.

30

Till your spirit filleth the whole world, and the stars are your jewels; till you are as familiar with the ways of God in all Ages as with your walk and table: till you are intimately acquainted with that shady nothing out of which the world was made: till you love men so as to desire their happiness, with a thirst equal to the zeal of your own: till you delight in God for being good to all: you never enjoy the world. Till you more feel it than your private estate, and are more present in the hemisphere, considering the glories and the beauties there, than in your own house: Till you remember how lately you were made, and how wonderful it was when you came into it: and more rejoice in the palace of your glory, than if it had been made but to-day morning.

31

Yet further, you never enjoy the world aright, till you so love the beauty of enjoying it, that you are covetous and earnest to persuade others to enjoy it. And so perfectly hate the abominable corruption of men in despising it, that you had rather suffer the flames of Hell than willingly be guilty of their error. There is so much blindness and ingratitude and damned folly in it. The world is a mirror of infinite beauty, yet no man sees it. It is a Temple of Majesty, yet no man regards it. It is a region of Light and Peace, did not men disquiet it. It is the Paradise of God. It is more to man since he is fallen than it was before. It is the place of Angels and the Gate of Heaven. When Jacob waked out of his dream, he said "*God is here, and I wist it not. How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the House of God, and the Gate of Heaven.*"

EDWARD HYDE, FIRST EARL OF CLARENDON

(1609 – 1674)

EDWARD HYDE was the son of Henry Hyde of Dinton, Wiltshire, and was born on 18th February, 1609. He was educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1626. In the previous year he became a member of the Middle Temple, and was called to the Bar in 1633. His rise was rapid, owing in no small part to his ability in forming friendships, a useful quality which, unfortunately for himself, he lost as he grew older. Among his friends he numbered Falkland, Jonson, Selden, and Waller. In 1634 he was made Keeper of Writs and Rolls of the Common Pleas. He commenced his political career in 1640 as member for Wootton-Basset, and was again returned to the Long Parliament (November, 1640) by the borough of Saltash, at first acting with the more moderate of the popular party, but gradually separating himself from the democratic movement, until, by the autumn of 1641, he was recognized as the real leader of the king's party in the House, and successfully obstructed the root-and-branch bill. He was no turncoat, but was a lawyer to the backbone; when the king governed or attempted to govern without a Parliament he was on the side of the people, but when the Parliament began to act dangerously and unconstitutionally, he supported the king as the keystone of the existing constitution. Upon the breaking out of the Civil War he joined the king at York, and

became his chief adviser, but was not always quite fairly treated. In 1643 he was knighted and made a Privy Councillor and Chancellor of the Exchequer. After vainly attempting to bring about a reconciliation between the contending parties, he accompanied Prince Charles to Scilly and Jersey, where he began to write his *History of the Rebellion*, and wrote answers in the king's name to the manifestos of the Parliament. In September, 1649, he rejoined Charles at The Hague, and was sent by him on an embassy to Madrid. Soon after his return he resumed the business of the exiled court, first at Paris, and afterwards at The Hague, where, in 1658, Charles appointed him Lord Chancellor. After Cromwell's death he contributed more than any other man to promote the Restoration, after which he was confirmed in the Lord Chancellorship and was for seven years virtually Prime Minister, though he refused to employ that title, which had been, he said, too recently translated from the French to be adopted as English. In 1660 he was elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and was created Baron Hyde; in 1661 he was created Viscount Cornbury and Earl of Clarendon. The marriage of the Duke of York with his daughter, Anne Hyde, though at first he feared it would ruin him and was prepared violently to repudiate it, actually for a time

confirmed his power, and in 1663 Lord Bristol made an unsuccessful attempt to impeach him. But his influence with the king declined, and his position as chief adviser of the crown made the nation regard him as responsible for the ill-success of the war against Holland, for the sale of Dunkirk, and even for the Great Plague and the Great Fire. He was never a popular man at court, as he was almost the only earnest worker in Charles's frivolous *ménage*, and it was said that he encouraged Charles to marry Catherine knowing that she was barren, in order that his own grandchildren might succeed to the throne, as they eventually did. In the country his severity towards Nonconformists ruined his popularity. He was not by nature a severe man, but whether the law was brutal or not, he wished to see it strictly administered, as he was ever more lawyer than statesman. Moreover, he failed to move with the times, and was too eager, regardless of changed conditions, to restore the *status quo ante bellum*. The king's displeasure deepened when Clarendon frustrated his designs by encouraging "la belle Stuart" to elope with the third Duke of Richmond. The king deprived him of his offices, an impeachment for high treason was commenced against him, and he was compelled to seek refuge in Calais. He lived six years at Montpellier, Moulins, and Rouen, where he died in 1674. His body was afterwards removed to Westminster Abbey.

Clarendon was one of the first Englishmen to rise to the highest office in the state mainly owing to his literary and oratorical abilities. He left behind him a good many

miscellaneous writings, but his most important work is his *History of the Rebellion*, and it alone is still read. It has a curious literary history. It was begun as early as 1646, and was not finished until about 1672. Between 1668 and 1670 Clarendon wrote an autobiography, which he afterwards wove into the substance of his history; the book not only took over twenty-five years of intermittent labour to write, but was produced by a rather unusual method, and is, to some extent, a mongrel species, neither pure history nor pure autobiography. It was not published until 1702, and an edition printed from the author's MS. did not appear until 1826. Clarendon is far from being the unfair historian which his enemies declared he was; he is not knowingly unfair, but in his old age his memory was weak, and in his exile he had not access to documents. The parts of his *History of the Rebellion* which are drawn from his original *History* are more reliable; the parts which are drawn from his autobiography are often more readable. Clarendon is a master of a great though sometimes rather involved style. He writes from a full knowledge of men and affairs, and there is sometimes an unexpected piece of humour lurking in a corner of one of his long sentences. He excels especially as a writer of characters; his work in this line was based on that of Overbury and Earle, but his real characters are far more lively than his predecessors' abstractions. Clarendon can be regarded either as the last of the old school of prose writers or the first of the new. His *History* is one of the best books of its kind, of great historical and of even greater

literary value. Not the least of its charms is that it is not overloaded with learning, like many seventeenth-century histories.

[T. H. Lister, *Life and Ad-*

ministration of Edward Hyde; Sir C. H. Firth, Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon; G. A. Ellis, Historical Enquiry respecting the Character of Edward Hyde.]

From the “History of the Rebellion”

KING CHARLES I

The several unheard of insolences which this excellent prince was forced to submit to, at the other times he was brought before that odious judicatory, his majestic behaviour, and resolute insisting upon his own dignity, and defending it by manifest authorities in the law, as well as by the clearest deductions from reason, the pronouncing that horrible sentence upon the most innocent person in the world, the execution of that sentence by the most execrable murder that was ever committed since that of our blessed Saviour, and the circumstances thereof; the application and interposition that was used by some noble persons to prevent that woeful murder, and the hypocrisy with which that interposition was eluded, the saint-like behaviour of that blessed martyr, and his Christian courage and patience at his death, are all particulars so well known, and have been so much enlarged upon in a treatise peculiarly writ to that purpose, that the farther mentioning it in this place would but afflict and grieve the reader, and make the relation itself odious as well as needless; and therefore no more shall be said here of that deplorable tragedy, so much to the dishonour of the nation, and the religion professed by it, though undeservedly.

But it will not be unnecessary to add a short character of his person, that posterity may know the inestimable loss which the nation then underwent, in being deprived of a prince, whose example would have had a greater influence upon the manners and piety of the nation, than the most strict laws can have. To speak first of his private qualifications as a man, before the mention of his princely and royal virtues; he was, if ever any, the most worthy of the title of an honest man; so great a lover of justice, that no temptation could dispose him to a wrongful action, except it was so disguised to him that he believed it to be just. He had a tenderness and compassion of nature, which restrained him from ever doing a hardhearted thing; and therefore he was so apt to grant pardon to malefactors, that the judges of the land represented to him the damage and insecurity to the public, that flowed from such his indulgence. And then he restrained himself from pardoning either murders or highway robberies, and quickly discerned the fruits of his severity by a wonderful reformation of these enormities. He was very

punctual and regular in his devotions; he was never known to enter upon his recreations or sports, though never so early in the morning, before he had been at public prayers; so that on hunting days, his chaplains were bound to a very early attendance. He was likewise very strict in observing the hours of his private cabinet devotions; and was so severe an exactor of gravity and reverence in all mention of religion, that he could never endure any light or profane word, with what sharpness of wit soever it was covered: and though he was well pleased and delighted with reading verses made upon any occasion, no man durst bring before him any thing that was profane or unclean. That kind of wit had never any countenance then. He was so great an example of conjugal affection, that they who did not imitate him in that particular durst not brag of their liberty: and he did not only permit, but direct his bishops to prosecute those scandalous vices, in the ecclesiastical courts, against persons of eminence, and near relation to his service.

His kingly virtues had some mixture and alloy, that hindered them from shining in full lustre, and from producing those fruits they should have been attended with. He was not in his nature very bountiful, though he gave very much. This appeared more after the duke of Buckingham's death, after which those showers fell very rarely; and he paused too long in giving, which made those, to whom he gave, less sensible of the benefit. He kept state to the full, which made his court very orderly; no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be. He saw and observed men long, before he received them about his person; and did not love strangers; nor very confident men. He was a patient hearer of causes; which he frequently accustomed himself to at the council board; and judged very well, and was dexterous in the mediating part: so that he often put an end to causes by persuasion, which the stubbornness of men's humours made dilatory in courts of justice.

He was very fearless in his person; but, in his riper years, not very enterprising. He had an excellent understanding, but was not confident enough of it; which made him oftentimes change his own opinion for a worse, and follow the advice of men that did not judge so well as himself. This made him more irresolute than the conjuncture of his affairs would admit: if he had been of a rougher and more imperious nature, he would have found more respect and duty. And his not applying some severe cures to approaching evils proceeded from the lenity of his nature, and the tenderness of his conscience, which, in all cases of blood, made him choose the softer way, and not hearken to severe counsels, how reasonably soever urged. This only restrained him from pursuing his advantage in the first Scottish expedition, when, humanly speaking, he might have reduced that nation to the most entire obedience that could have been wished. But no man can say he had then many who advised him to it,

but the contrary, by a wonderful indisposition all his council had to the war, or any other fatigue. He was always a great lover of the Scottish nation, having not only been born there, but educated by that people, and besieged by them always, having few English about him till he was king; and the major number of his servants being still of that nation, who he thought could never fail him. And among these, no man had such an ascendant over him, by the humblest insinuations, as duke Hamilton had.

As he excelled in all other virtues, so in temperance he was so strict, that he abhorred all debauchery to that degree, that, at a great festival solemnity, where he once was, when very many of the nobility of the English and Scots were entertained, being told by one who withdrew from thence, what vast draughts of wine they drank, and "that there was one earl, who had drank most of the rest down, and was not himself moved or altered," the king said, "that he deserved to be hanged;" and that earl coming shortly after into the room where his majesty was, in some gaiety, to show how unhurt he was from that battle, the king sent one to bid him withdraw from his majesty's presence; nor did he in some days after appear before him.

So many miraculous circumstances contributed to his ruin, that men might well think that heaven and earth conspired it. Though he was, from the first declension of his power, so much betrayed by his own servants, that there were very few who remained faithful to him, yet that treachery proceeded not always from any treasonable purpose to do him any harm, but from particular and personal animosities against other men. And, afterwards, the terror all men were under of the parliament, and the guilt they were conscious of themselves, made them watch all opportunities to make themselves gracious to those who could do them good; and so they became spies upon their master, and from one piece of knavery were hardened and confirmed to undertake another; till at last they had no hope of preservation but by the destruction of their master. And after all this, when a man might reasonably believe that less than a universal defection of three nations could not have reduced a great king to so ugly a fate, it is most certain, that, in that very hour when he was thus wickedly murdered in the sight of the sun, he had as great a share in the hearts and affections of his subjects in general, was as much beloved, esteemed, and longed for by the people in general of the three nations, as any of his predecessors had ever been. To conclude, he was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian, that the age in which he lived produced. And if he were not the greatest king, if he were without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments, and so much without any kind of vice.

This unparalleled murder and parricide was committed upon the

thirtieth of January, in the year, according to the account used in England, 1648, in the forty and ninth year of his age, and when he had such excellent health, and so great vigour of body, that when his murderers caused him to be opened, (which they did, and were some of them present at it with great curiosity,) they confessed and declared, “that no man had ever all his vital parts so perfect and unhurt: and that he seemed to be of so admirable a composition and constitution, that he would probably have lived as long as nature could subsist.” His body was immediately carried into a room at Whitehall; where he was exposed for many days to the public view, that all men might know that he was not alive. And he was then embalmed, and put into a coffin, and so carried to St. James’s; where he likewise remained several days. They who were qualified to order his funeral declared, “that he should be buried at Windsor in a decent manner, provided that the whole expense should not exceed five hundred pounds.” The duke of Richmond, the marquis of Hertford, the earls of Southampton and Lindsey, who had been of his bedchamber, and always very faithful to him, desired those who governed, “that they might have leave to perform the last duty to their dead master, and to wait upon him to his grave;” which, after some pauses, they were permitted to do, with this, “that they should not attend the corpse out of the town; since they resolved it should be privately carried to Windsor without pomp or noise, and then they should have timely notice, that, if they pleased, they might be at his interment.” And accordingly it was committed to four of those servants, who had been by them appointed to wait upon him during his imprisonment, that they should convey the body to Windsor; which they did. And it was, that night, placed in that chamber which had usually been his bedchamber: the next morning, it was carried into the great hall; where it remained till the lords came; who arrived there in the afternoon, and immediately went to colonel Whitchcot, the governor of the castle, and shewed the order they had from the parliament to be present at the burial; which he admitted: but when they desired that his majesty might be buried according to the form of the Common Prayer Book, the bishop of London being present with them to officiate, he positively and roughly refused to consent to it; and said, “it was not lawful; that the Common Prayer Book was put down, and he would not suffer it to be used in that garrison where he commanded;” nor could all the reasons, persuasions, and entreaties, prevail with him to suffer it. Then they went into the church, to make choice of a place for burial. But when they entered into it, which they had been so well acquainted with, they found it so altered and transformed, all inscriptions, and those landmarks pulled down, by which all men knew every particular place in that church, and such a dismal mutation over the whole, that they knew not where they were: nor was there one old officer that had belonged to it, or knew where our princes had used to be interred. At last there was a

fellow of the town who undertook to tell them the place, where, he said, “there was a vault, in which king Harry the Eighth and queen Jane Seymour were interred”. As near that place as could conveniently be, they caused the grave to be made. There the king’s body was laid without any words, or other ceremonies than the tears and sighs of the few beholders. Upon the coffin was a plate of silver fixed with these words only, *King Charles, 1648.* When the coffin was put in, the black velvet pall that had covered it was thrown over it, and then the earth thrown in; which the governor stayed to see perfectly done, and then took the keys of the church.

I have been the longer and the more particular in this relation, that I may from thence take occasion to mention what fell out long after, and which administered a subject of much discourse; in which, according to the several humours and fancies of men, they who were in nearest credit and trust about the king underwent many severe censures and reproaches, not without reflection upon the king himself. Upon the return of king Charles the Second with so much congratulation, and universal joy of the people, above ten years after the murder of his father, it was generally expected that the body should be removed from that obscure burial, and, with such ceremony as should be thought fit, should be solemnly deposited with his royal ancestors in king Harry the Seventh’s chapel in the collegiate church of Westminster. And the king himself intended nothing more, and spoke often of it, as if it were only deferred till some circumstances and ceremonies in the doing it might be adjusted. But, by degrees, the discourse of it was diminished, as if it were totally laid aside upon some reasons of state, the ground whereof several men guessed at according to their fancies, and thereupon cast those reproaches upon the statesmen as they thought reasonable, when the reasons which were suggested by their own imaginations did not satisfy their understanding. For the satisfaction and information of all men, I choose in this place to explain that matter; which, it may be, is not known to many; and at that time was not, for many reasons, thought fit to be published. The duke of Richmond was dead before the king returned; the marquis of Hertford died in a short time after, and was seldom out of his lodging after his majesty came to Whitehall: the earl of Southampton and the earl of Lindsey went to Windsor, and took with them such of their own servants as had attended them in that service, and as many others as they remembered had been then present, and were still alive; who all amounted to a small number; there being, at the time of the interment, great strictness used in admitting any to be present whose names were not included in the order which the lords had brought. In a word, the confusion they had at that time observed to be in that church, and the small alterations which were begun to be made towards decency, so totally perplexed their memories that they could not satisfy themselves in what place or part

of the church the royal body was interred; yet, where any concurred upon this or that place, they caused the ground to be opened at a good distance, and, upon such inquiries, found no cause to believe that they were near the place; and, upon their giving this account to the king, the thought of that remove was laid aside; and the reason communicated to very few, for the better discountenancing farther inquiry.

JOHN DRYDEN

(1631–1700)

JOHN DRYDEN was born at Aldwinkle All Saints, Northamptonshire, on 9th August, 1631. His father, Erasmus Dryden, came of a fairly good family of Cumberland origin; there was a baronetcy, to which the poet would have succeeded had he lived long enough, in the family. It is hoped rather than believed that Dryden was at Oundle grammar-school as a small boy; one of the houses at the great public-school of Oundle bears his name. He afterwards proceeded to Westminster, under the redoubtable Busby, and went thence to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1654. He never proceeded M.A. in the ordinary way, but was given a Lambeth degree in 1668. His university career was undistinguished, save by a conflict with the authorities, for which he had to apologize publicly to the vice-master of his college. Dryden's earliest poem was written while he was still at school, its subject being the death of his schoolfellow, Lord Hastings. In it he attempted to outdo Donne; but this poem has perhaps been made by the critics to be of more importance than the effusions of a boy of eighteen can

ever be. In 1654 Dryden's father died and left him a small estate. Soon after leaving Cambridge the poet went to London, and appears for a time to have acted as secretary to his cousin Sir Gilbert Pickering, Cromwell's chamberlain and one of his peers. At any rate Dryden's sympathies were with Cromwell, whose death he celebrated in a fine poem. *Astrea Redux*, in which he celebrated the Restoration, is not so good a poem, but no doubt was equally sincere, as Dryden, though no time-server, moved with the times and as a rule supported the powers which were in authority, irrespective of other considerations. Soon after the Restoration Dryden began to add to his scanty income by literary work of various kinds. His enemies called him a hack-writer, but two facts go to prove that he was not unknown or undistinguished. In 1662 he was elected a fellow of the newly-founded Royal Society, a distinction which in those days was the reward of social at least as much as of intellectual merit; and in 1663 he married an earl's daughter, Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire and sister of his



JOHN DRYDEN

From the painting after Sir G. Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery

friend, Sir Robert Howard. The lady's reputation was, whether justly or unjustly, somewhat tarnished; nor does the marriage appear to have been an unqualified success, though there is no foundation for the stories which would prove it an utter failure. Soon after the opening of the theatres Dryden turned his attention to the composition of plays as an easy way of earning money with his pen. He wrote altogether some twenty-seven pieces, commencing with *The Wild Gallant* in 1663 and ending with *Love Triumphant* in 1694. Dryden was far too competent a writer not to put plenty of good work into this large *corpus dramaticum*, but he was never quite at his best as a playwright, and has left scarcely any plays which are entirely satisfactory. *The Rival Ladies* (1663) was fairly successful; in 1664 Dryden collaborated with his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard, to write *The Indian Queen*; its sequel, *The Indian Emperor* (1665), was his unaided work. Both these plays were magnificently mounted. While the theatres were closed on account of the Great Plague and Great Fire, Dryden retired to his father-in-law's seat and wrote two non-dramatic works of great importance, the *Annus Mirabilis*, a poem in quatrains (not a very happy choice of metre) on the naval war with Holland and the Great Fire, and his *Essay on Dramatic Poesy*, a defence of rhyme in drama, admirable for its critical sagacity, but even more admirable for its easy and delightful style. It is written in the form of a dialogue between Eugenius (Buckhurst), Lisideius (Sedley), Crites (Howard), and Neander (Dryden himself). Dryden wrote prose

with deceptive fluency; he is not easy to imitate, and few critics have possessed a better-stored or a better-balanced mind. A somewhat acrimonious controversy between the brothers-in-law, Howard and Dryden, followed, but did not permanently interrupt their amicable relations. Dryden's next play was *Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen*, in which Nell Gwyn acted; it was closely followed by a gross and foolish perversion of *The Tempest*, in which D'Avenant collaborated, and a successful adaptation of Molière's *L'Etourdi*, *Sir Martin Mar-all*. Dryden then made a contract with the King's Theatre to write for it three plays a year; he never fulfilled his part of the bargain, but derived a considerable profit from his share in the theatre. In 1670 Dryden was appointed Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal, succeeding D'Avenant in the former and Howell in the latter post. The salary for the two offices was £200 and a butt of canary. For many years Dryden's work was almost wholly done in connexion with the theatre. He wrote many plays, many prologues and epilogues, and many admirable critical prefaces for plays which he published. *An Evening's Love, or the Mock Astrologer* appeared in 1668; *Marriage à la Mode* and *The Assignation* in 1672; *The Kind Keeper, or Mr. Limberham* in 1678 (suppressed); other plays were *Amboyna* (1673), written against the Dutch; *The Spanish Friar*, an attack on the Catholic priesthood; and an operatic version of *Paradise Lost*, named *The State of Innocence*, but never performed. Dryden attempted dramatic work of another kind when he wrote his heroic plays

in obedience to a passing fashion. *Tyrannic Love* appeared in 1669, and the two parts of the famous *Conquest of Granada* in 1669 and 1670. *Aurungzebe, or the Great Mogul*, Dryden's masterpiece in this kind, appeared in 1675, thirty-two years before the death of its hero. *All for Love* (1678), a retelling of the story of *Antony and Cleopatra*, is quite easily Dryden's best play, and the only one which he wrote to please himself. It is, of course, a much tamer play than Shakespeare's, but is better constructed, and compares favourably with many if not most non-Shakespearean tragedies. Dryden's version of *Troilus and Cressida* is a not very happy adaptation of a not very happily conceived play. In 1671 Dryden's heroic plays were ridiculed in *The Rehearsal*, a joint-stock production which, like other similar *jeux d'esprit*, had taken several years to prepare. The Duke of Buckingham was the nominal author, and was assisted by Sprat, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, "Hudibras" Butler, and others. The play had been originally directed against D'Avenant, who had died in 1668. Dryden, who had succeeded D'Avenant in the laureateship, was his natural successor as a butt for the noble and talented author of *The Rehearsal*. Dryden, who probably did not value unduly his heroic plays, took the ridicule in good part.

In 1681 Dryden appeared in an entirely new light, as the greatest satirist of his time. *Absalom and Achitophel*, an attack on Shaftesbury and his policy of excluding the Duke of York (afterwards James II) from the succession, appeared in November of that year. Its success was instantaneous. The writing of so many rhymed tragedies had made Dryden

a master of the heroic couplet, which he wrote with unequalled vigour and point. The poem is now appreciated for the graphic portraits of eminent men which it presents, rather than for its general scheme. Dryden followed up his success by writing *The Medal* (March, 1682), another attack on Shaftesbury, in whose honour a medal had been struck after the charge of high treason against him had ended in the grand jury ignoring the bill. These poems involved Dryden in a violent quarrel with Shadwell, a very inferior poet and dramatist, whom he trounced in *Mac Flecknoe*, an admirable satire which forty years later inspired Pope to write the *Dunciad*. The second part of *Absalom and Achitophel* was mainly the work of Nahum Tate, but Dryden contributed at least two hundred lines of his best work. In the same year appeared *Religio Laici*, an able exposition of Dryden's views as a somewhat lukewarm member of the Church of England. Some passages of this poem are as good as anything Dryden wrote; he had, like Lucretius, the power of writing first-rate verse on subjects which, in other hands, refuse to be treated poetically. Two operas, *Albion and Albianus* and *King Arthur*, both appeared in 1685. Soon after the accession of James, Dryden became a Roman Catholic. He was and still is much vituperated for having taken this step, but it is quite permissible to think that he was not actuated by base motives. He was not a hero, and was inclined, like many of "those who live to please", to follow the fashion in opinion and conduct, but he was not pusillanimous or a time-server. It should also be remembered that

even in his Anglican poem he expressed a desire for an infallible guide; that he gained nothing from his conversion, though it prevented him losing anything; that he never recanted, though it would have been greatly to his advantage to do so; and that his three sons, whom he loved dearly, were all brought up as fervent Catholics. Dryden entered into a prose controversy with Stillingfleet, who worsted him; he defended his new religion more successfully in *The Hind and the Panther* (1687), a poem in which the milk-white hind represents the Roman Catholic Church and the panther, a fair beast but spotted, the Anglican. This poem, though admirable in places, was not very happily conceived as a whole, and was ridiculed by Charles Montagu and Matthew Prior in a very well-turned parody.

The Revolution put an end to Dryden's regular or theoretically regular income. He not only lost his posts of Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal, but had the additional mortification of seeing his rival Shadwell, who had nothing to recommend him except his politics, appointed to both vacancies. He resumed or attempted to resume his career as dramatist, though not with his former success. *Don Sebastian*, an excellent play, and *Amphitryon* both were produced in 1690. *Cleomenes* appeared in 1692; his last play, *Love Triumphant*, appeared in 1694. In his last years Dryden increased his precarious income by numerous translations. The old spirit of scholarship was dying and was being replaced by the spirit of *belles-lettres* (a displeasing term which unfortunately has no synonym).

Translations, therefore, were regarded with a veneration scarcely less than that given to original work. Dryden and his sons published a translation of Juvenal and Persius in 1693; the famous translation of Virgil appeared in 1697. It was regarded as a work of national importance, as a credit to English scholarship, and it put a large sum of money, perhaps as much as £1200, into its author's pocket. Dryden was so competent a craftsman that he could not fail in any task which he set himself, but he and Virgil were ill-mated, and his translation is not worthy of the original. Dryden's last book, *Fables Ancient and Modern*, appeared in the year in which he died, and contained some of his best work. It is a curious miscellany, containing a rendering of the first book of the *Iliad*, translations from Ovid, Boccaccio, and Chaucer, and some original poems. *Alexander's Feast*, one of the best of his odes, was written for a musical society in 1697, when it was separately published. His health gradually failed, and gout attacked him early in 1700. He declined to allow a mortified toe to be amputated, and died at his house in Gerrard Street on 1st May, 1700. He was buried in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

There are many more inspired writers than Dryden; there is perhaps no English writer who succeeded so well in so many different branches of writing. As a versatrist, Dryden has no equal in any language. The best passages of *Absalom and Achitophel* are unapproached for the vigour of their satire, a vigour which is more pleasing than Pope's malignity. As

a dramatist, Dryden was never quite at ease, but plays like *All for Love* and *Don Sebastian* have never been equalled since, and make amends for the indecencies of his comedies and the rodomontades of his heroic plays. As a master of metre, Dryden compares favourably with all our poets, except some of the greatest. As a writer of odes, Dryden stands high. As a translator, he is good though by no means perfect. Above all, he is a master-craftsman, and his work makes a special appeal to all fellow-craftsmen, to those who are men of letters rather than creative artists. Dryden has strong claims to rank as the father of modern prose. His prose is almost always a model, easy without being slipshod, dignified without being stiff. As a critic, he is always sound and interesting; it has been objected that he changed

his mind too often on certain points of criticism, but this was because his mind was alive and receptive, not academic and contemptuous of change. There are heights which Dryden cannot reach; but he stands among the very best of those poets whose appeal is to the intellect rather than the heart. He predominated over his age as much as Pope, Johnson, or Tennyson, and held a position as literary dictator which no one had held since Ben Jonson.

[G. Saintsbury, *Dryden* (English Men of Letters Series); R. Garnett, *The Age of Dryden*; A. W. Verrall, *Lectures on Dryden*; Allardyce Nicoll, *Dryden and his Poetry*; B. J. Pendlebury, *Dryden's Heroic Plays*; J. Churton Collins, *Essays and Studies*; J. R. Lowell, *Among my Books*; Mark Van Doren, *The Poetry of John Dryden*.]

From "Annus Mirabilis"

But ah! how unsincere are all our joys,
Which sent from Heaven, like lightning, make no stay!
Their palling taste the journey's length destroys,
Or grief sent post o'ertakes them on the way.

Swelled with our late successes on the foe,
Which France and Holland wanted power to cross,
We urge an unseen fate to lay us low,
And feed their envious eyes with English loss.

Each element His dread command obeys
Who makes or ruins with a smile or frown;
Who as by one He did our nation raise,
So now He with another pulls us down.

Yet, London, empress of the northern clime,
By an high fate thou greatly didst expire;
Great as the world's, which at the death of time,
Must fall and rise a nobler frame by fire.

As when some dire usurper Heaven provides,
To scourge his country with a lawless sway,
His birth perhaps some petty village hides
And sets his cradle out of Fortune's way.

Till, fully ripe, his swelling fate breaks out
And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on;
His Prince, surprised, at first no ill could doubt,
And wants the power to meet it when 'tis known.

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire,
Which, in mean buildings first obscurely bred,
From thence did soon to open streets aspire,
And straight to palaces and temples spread.

The diligence of trades, and noiseful gain,
And luxury, more late, asleep were laid;
All was the Night's, and in her silent reign,
No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose;
And first few scattering sparks about were blown
Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

Then in some close-pent room it crept along,
And, smouldering as it went, in silence fed;
Till the infant monster, with devouring strong,
Walked boldly upright with exalted head.

Now, like some rich or mighty murderer,
Too great for prison which he breaks with gold,
Who fresher from new mischiefs does appear,
And dares the world to tax him with the old.

So 'scapes the insulting fire his narrow jail,
And makes small outlets into open air;
There the fierce winds his tender force assail,
And beat him downward to his first repair.

The winds, like crafty courtesans, withheld
His flames from burning but to blow them more;
And, every fresh attempt, he is repelled,
With faint denials, weaker than before.

JOHN DRYDEN

And now, no longer letted of his prey,
 He leaps up at it with enraged desire,
 O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,
 And nods at every house his threatening fire.

The ghosts of traitors from the Bridge descend,
 With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice,
 About the fire into a dance they bend
 And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice.

Our guardian angel saw them where they sate,
 Above the palace of our slumbering King,
 He sighed, abandoning his charge to Fate,
 And drooping oft looked back upon the wing.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze,
 Called up some waking lover to the sight,
 And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
 Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

The next to danger, hot pursued by fate,
 Half-clothed, half-naked, hastily retire,
 And frightened mothers strike their breasts too late
 For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near;
 Now murmuring noises rise in every street;
 The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
 And in the dark men justle as they meet.

So weary bees in little cells repose;
 But if night-robbers lift the well-stored hive,
 An humming through their waxen city grows,
 And out upon each other's wings they drive.

Now streets grow thronged and busy as by day,
 Some run for buckets to the hallowed quire,
 Some cut the pipes, and some the engines play,
 And some more bold mount ladders to the fire.

In vain; for from the east a Belgian wind,
 His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent;
 The flames impelled soon left their foes behind,
 And forward with a wanton fury went.

A key of fire ran all along the shore
 And lightened all the river with a blaze,
 The wakened tides begin again to roar,
 And wondering fish in shining waters gaze.

Old Father Thames raised up his reverend head,
 But feared the fate of Simois would return,
 Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed
 And shrank his waters back into his urn.

The fire meantime walks in a broader gross;
 To either hand his wings he opens wide,
 He wades the streets, and straight he reaches cross
 And plays his longing flames on the other side.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take;
 Now with long necks from side to side they feed;
 At length, grown strong, their mother-fire forsake,
 And a new colony of flames succeed.

To every nobler portion of the town
 The curling billows roll their restless tide;
 In parties now they straggle up and down,
 As armies unopposed for prey divide.

One mighty squadron, with a sidewind sped,
 Through narrow lanes his cumbered fire does haste,
 By powerful charms of gold and silver led,
 The Lombard bankers and the Change to waste.

Another backward to the Tower would go,
 And slowly eats his way against the wind;
 But the main body of the marching foe
 Against the imperial palace is designed.

(*Stanzas 209 to 237.*)

From “Absalom and Achitophel”

PART I

ACHITOPHEL

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
 A name to all succeeding ages curst,
 For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,

JOHN DRYDEN

Restless, unfixed, in principles and place,
 In power displeased, impatient of disgrace,
 A fiery soul, which working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay;
 And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.

A daring pilot in extremity,
 Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,
 He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
 Else, why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?

Punish a body which he could not please,
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?

And all to leave what with his toil he won,
 To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son.

Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
 And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.

In friendship false, implacable in hate,
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state;
 To compass this the triple bond he broke,
 The pillars of the public safety shook,

And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke,
 Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurped a patriot's all-atonning name,
 So easy still it proves in factious times,

With public zeal to cancel private crimes.

(*Lines 150 to 181.*)

ZIMRI

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
 A man so various that he seemed to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was everything by starts and nothing long;

But in the course of one revolving moon
 Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon,
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.

Blest madman, who could every hour employ
 With something new to wish or to enjoy!
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,

And both, to show his judgment, in extremes,
 So over violent or over civil
 That every man with him was God or Devil,
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art,
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert,
 Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laughed himself from Court; then sought relief,
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
 For spite of him, the weight of business fell
 On Absalom and wise Achitophel;
 Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left no faction, but of that was left.

(*Lines 544 to 568.*)

From "Mac Flecknoe"

All human things are subject to decay,
 And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
 This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
 Was called to empire and had governed long,
 In prose and verse was owned without dispute,
 Through all the realms of Nonsense absolute.
 This aged prince now flourishing in peace,
 And blest with issue of a large increase,
 Worn out with business, did at length debate
 To settle the succession of the state;
 And pondering which of all his sons was fit
 To reign and wage immortal war with wit,
 Cried " 'Tis resolved, for Nature pleads that he
 Should only rule who most resembles me,
 Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dullness from his tender years;
 Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
 Who stands confirmed in full stupidity,
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
 But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through and make a lucid interval;
 But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
 Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
 And seems designed for thoughtless majesty,

Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign,
 Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
 Thou last great prophet of tautology.
 Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
 Was sent before but to prepare thy way,
 And coarsely clad in Norwich drugget came,
 To teach the nations in thy greater name.
 My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
 When to King John of Portugal I sung,
 Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
 When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
 With well-timed oars before the royal barge,
 Swelled with the pride of thy celestial charge,
 And, big with hymn, commander of an host,
 The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tost."

(Lines 1-42.)

From "Absalom and Achitophel"

PART II

Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,
 For here's a tun of midnight work to come,
 Og from a treason-tavern rolling home.
 Round as a globe, and liquored every chink,
 Goodly and great he sails behind his link.
 With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
 For every inch that is not fool is rogue;
 A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
 As all the devils had spewed to make the batter.
 When wine has given him courage to blaspheme,
 He curses God, but God before cursed him;
 And if man could have reason, none has more,
 That made his paunch so rich and him so poor.
 With wealth he was not trusted, for Heaven knew
 What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew,
 To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,
 That even on tripe and carrion could rebel?
 But though Heaven made him poor, with reverence speaking,
 He never was a poet of God's making;
 The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
 With this prophetic blessing—*Be thou dull;*

Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
 Fit for thy bulk, do anything but write.
 Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men,
 A strong nativity—but for the pen;
 Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
 Still thou mayest live, avoiding pen and ink.
 I see, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,
 For treason, botched in rhyme, will be thy bane,
 Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
 'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck.
 Why should thy metre good king David blast?
 A psalm of his will surely be thy last,
 Darest thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,
 Thou whom the penny pamphlet foiled in prose?
 Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
 O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade;
 Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
 A poet is, though he's the poet's horse.
 A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,
 For writing treason and for writing dull;
 To die for faction is a common evil;
 But to be hanged for nonsense is the devil,
 Hadst thou the glories of thy King exprest,
 Thy praises had been satires at the best;
 But thou in clumsy verse, unlicked, unpointed,
 Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed:
 I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
 For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
 But of king David's foes be this the doom,
 May all be like the young man Absalom,
 And for my foes may this their blessing be,
 To talk like Doeg and to write like thee.

(Lines 456–509.)

From "Religio Laici"

What then remains but, waving each extreme,
 The tides of ignorance and pride to stem?
 Neither so rich a treasure to forgo
 Nor proudly seek beyond our power to know?
 Faith is not built on disquisitions vain;
 The things we must believe are few and plain:

But since men will believe more than they need
 And every man will make himself a creed,
 In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
 To learn what unsuspected ancients say;
 For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
 In search of Heaven than all the Church before;
 Nor can we be deceived, unless we see
 The Scripture and the Fathers disagree.
 If after all they stand suspected still,
 (For no man's faith depends upon his will)
 'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known
 Without much hazard may be let alone;
 And after hearing what our Church can say,
 If still our reason runs the other way,
 That private reason 'tis more just to curb,
 Than by disputes the public peace disturb.
 For points obscure are of small use to learn:
 But common quiet is mankind's concern.

(*Lines 427-450.*)

From "The Hind and the Panther"

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
 Fed on the lawns and in the forest ranged;
 Without unspotted, innocent within,
 She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
 Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds
 And Scythian shafts; and many winged wounds
 Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
 And doomed to death, though fated not to die.

Not so her young; for their unequal line
 Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
 Their earthly mould obnoxious was to fate,
 The immortal part assumed immortal state.
 Of these a slaughtered army lay in blood,
 Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
 Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose
 And cried for pardon on their perjured foes,
 Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
 Endued with souls, increased the sacred breed.
 So captive Israel multiplied in chains,
 A numerous exile, and enjoyed her pains.

With grief and gladness mixed, their mother viewed
 Her martyred offspring and their race renewed;
 Their corps to perish, but their kind to last,
 So much the deathless plant the dying fruit surpassed.

Panting and pensive now she ranged alone,
 And wandered in the kingdoms once her own.
 The common hunt, though from their rage restrained,
 By sovereign power, her company disdained,
 Grinned as they passed, and with a glaring eye
 Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
 'Tis true she bounded by and tripped so light,
 They had not time to take a steady sight;
 For truth has such a face and such a mien,
 As to be loved needs only to be seen.

The bloody Bear, an independent beast,
 Unlicked to form, in groans her hate expressed.
 Among the timorous kind the quaking Hare,
 Professed neutrality, but would not swear.
 Next her the buffoon Ape, as atheists use,
 Mimicked all sects and had his own to chuse;
 Still when the Lion looked, his knees he bent,
 And paid at church a courtier's compliment.
 The bristled baptist Boar, impure as he,
 But whitened with the foam of sanctity,
 With fat pollutions filled the sacred place
 And mountains levelled in his furious race;
 So first rebellion founded was in grace.
 But, since the mighty ravage which he made
 In German forests had his guilt betrayed,
 With broken tusks and with a borrowed name,
 He shunned the vengeance and concealed the shame,
 So lurked in sects unseen. With greater guile
 False Reynard fed on consecrated spoil;
 The graceless beast by Athanasius first
 Was chased from Nice, then by Socinus nursed,
 His impious race their blasphemy renewed,
 And Nature's King through Nature's optics viewed;
 Reversed they viewed him lessened to their eye,
 Nor in an infant could a God descry.
 New swarming sects to this obliquely tend,
 Hence they began, and here they all will end.
 What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
 If private reason hold the public scale?
 But, gracious God, how well dost Thou provide

For erring judgments an unerring guide!
 Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
 A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
 O teach me to believe Thee thus concealed,
 And search no farther than Thy self revealed;
 But her alone for my director take,
 Whom thou hast promised never to forsake!
 My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires;
 My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
 Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
 My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
 Such was I, such by nature still I am;
 Be Thine the glory and be mine the shame!
 Good life be now my task; my doubts are done;
 What more could fright my faith than Three in One?
 Can I believe eternal God could lie,
 Disguised in mortal mould and infancy,
 That the great Maker of the World could die?
 And, after that, trust my imperfect sense
 Which calls in question His omnipotence?
 Can I my reason to my faith compel,
 And shall my sight and touch and taste rebel?
 Superior faculties are set aside;
 Shall their subservient organs be my guide?
 Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
 And winking tapers show the sun his way;
 For what my senses can themselves perceive
 I need no revelation to believe.
 Can they, who say the Host should be descried
 By sense, define a body glorified,
 Impassible, and penetrating parts?
 Let them declare by what mysterious arts
 He shot that body through the opposing might
 Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
 And stood before His train confessed in open sight.
 For since thus wondrously He passed, 'tis plain
 One single place two bodies did contain,
 And sure the same omnipotence as well
 Can make one body in more places dwell.
 Let Reason then at her own quarry fly,
 But how can finite grasp infinity?

(*Lines 1-105.*)

Alexander's Feast

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son,
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
(So should desert in arms be crowned)
The lovely Thais by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus placed on high,
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre,
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed:
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravished ears,
The monarch hears,

JOHN DRYDEN

Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS

With ravished ears,
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face;
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain,
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung Darius great and good

By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS

Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures,
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble,
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying;
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again;
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head;
 As awaked from the dead,
 And amazed, he stares around.
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the Furies arise;
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand!
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain:
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
 The princes applaud with a furious joy;
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

CHORUS

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame,
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

CHORUS

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From “An Essay of Dramatic Poesy”

“ But to return whence I have digressed: I dare boldly affirm these two things of the English drama:—First, that we have many plays of ours as regular as any of theirs, and which, besides, have more variety of plot and characters; and secondly, that in most of the irregular plays of Shakespeare or Fletcher (for Ben Jonson's are for the most part regular) there is a more masculine fancy and greater spirit in the writing than there is in any of the French. I could produce even in Shakespeare's and Fletcher's works, some plays which are almost exactly formed; as ‘ The Merry Wives of Windsor ’, and ‘ The Scornful Lady ’: but because (generally speaking) Shakespeare, who writ first, did not perfectly observe the laws of comedy, and Fletcher, who came nearer to perfection yet through

carelessness made many faults; I will take the pattern of a perfect play from Ben Jonson, who was a careful and learned observer of the dramatic laws, and from all his comedies I shall select ‘The Silent Woman’; of which I will make a short examen, according to these rules which the French observe.”

As Neander was beginning to examine “The Silent Woman”, Eugenius, earnestly regarding him; “I beseech you, Neander,” said he, “gratify the company, and me in particular, so far, as before you speak of the play, to give us a character of the author; and tell us frankly your opinion, whether you do not think all writers, both French and English, ought to give place to him.” “I fear,” replied Neander, “that in obeying your commands I shall draw some envy on myself. Besides, in performing them, it will be first necessary to speak somewhat of Shakespeare and Fletcher, his rivals in poesy; and one of them, in my opinion, at least his equal, perhaps his superior.

“To begin, then, with Shakespeare. He was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily; when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eaton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he should produce it much better done in Shakespeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem: and in the last king’s court, when Ben’s reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.

“Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakespeare’s wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study: Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, ’tis thought, used his judgment in correcting

if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him; and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their ‘ Philaster’: for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully, as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ ‘ Every Man in his Humour’. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare’s, especially those which were made before Beaumont’s death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection: what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare’s or Jonson’s: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suit generally with all men’s humours. Shakespeare’s language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson’s wit comes short of theirs.

“ As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages) I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself as well as others. One cannot say that he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit, and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such an height. Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in ‘ Sejanus’ and ‘ Catiline’. But he has done his robberies so openly that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, ’twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially; perhaps too, he did a little too much

JOHN DRYDEN

Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them: wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakespeare. To conclude of him; as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his 'Discoveries', we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any wherewithal the French can furnish us."

From "All for Love"

CLEOPATRA

Why, now, 'tis as it should be. Quick, my friends,
Despatch; ere this, the town's in Cæsar's hands:
My lord looks down concerned, and fears my stay,
Lest I should be surprised;
Keep him not waiting for his love too long.
You, Charmion, bring my crown and richest jewels;
With them, the wreath of victory I made
(Vain augury!) for him, who now lies dead:
You, Iras, bring the cure of all our ills.

IRAS

The aspicks, madam?

CLEOPATRA

Must I bid you twice? [Exeunt CHARMION and IRAS.
'Tis sweet to die, when they would force life on me,
To rush into the dark abode of death,
And seize him first; if he be like my love,
He is not frightful, sure.
We're now alone, in secrecy and silence;
And is not this like lovers? I may kiss
These pale, cold lips; Octavia does not see me:
And, oh! 'tis better far to have him thus,
Than see him in her arms.—O welcome, welcome!

(Enter CHARMION and IRAS.)

CHARMION

What must be done?

CLEOPATRA

Short ceremony, friends;
But yet it must be decent. First, this laurel
Shall crown my hero's head: he fell not basely,
Nor left his shield behind him.—Only thou
Could'st triumph o'er thyself; and thou alone
Wert worthy so to triumph.

CHARMION

To what end
These ensigns of your pomp and royalty?

CLEOPATRA

Dull, that thou art! why, 'tis to meet my love;
As when I saw him first, on Cydnos' bank,
All sparkling, like a goddess: so adorned,
I'll find him once again; my second spousals
Shall match my first in glory. Haste, haste, both,
And dress the bride of Antony.

CHARMION

'Tis done.

CLEOPATRA

Now seat me by my lord. I claim this place;
For I must conquer Cæsar too, like him,
And win my share of the world—Hail, you dear relics,
Of my immortal love!
O let no impious hand remove you hence;
But rest for ever here! Let Egypt give
His death that peace, which it denied his life.—
Reach me the casket.

IRAS

Underneath the fruit the aspick lies.

JOHN DRYDEN

CLEOPATRA

Welcome, thou kind deceiver! [Putting aside the leaves.
 Thou best of thieves; who, with an easy key,
 Dost open life, and, unperceived by us,
 Even steal us from ourselves; discharging so
 Death's dreadful office, better than himself;
 Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,
 That death stands by, deceived by his own image,
 And thinks himself but sleep.

SERAPION (*within*)

The queen, where is she?
 The town is yielded, Cæsar's at the gates.

CLEOPATRA

He comes too late to invade the rights of death.
 Haste, bare my arm, and rouse the serpent's fury.
 [Holds out her arm, and draws it back.]

Coward flesh,
 Would'st thou conspire with Cæsar to betray me,
 As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to it,
 And not be sent by him,
 But bring myself, my soul, to Antony.

[Turns aside, and then shows her arm bloody.
 Take hence; the work is done.

SERAPION (*within*)

Break ope the door,
 And guard the traitor well.

CHARMION

The next is ours.

IRAS

Now, Charmion, to be worthy
 Of our great queen and mistress. [They apply the aspicks.]

CLEOPATRA

Already, death, I feel thee in my veins:
 I go with such a will to find my lord,

That we shall quickly meet.
 A heavy numbness creeps through every limb,
 And now 'tis at my head: My eye-lids fall,
 And my dear love is vanished in a mist.
 Where shall I find him, where?—Cæsar, thy worst;
 Now part us, if thou canst.

[Dies.]

(IRAS sinks down at her feet, and dies; CHARMION stands behind her chair, as dressing her head. Enter SERAPION, two PRIESTS.
 ALEXAS bound, Egyptians.)

PRIEST

Behold, Serapion, what havoc death has made!

SERAPION

'Twas what I feared.—
 Charmion, is this well done?

CHARMION

Yes, 'tis well done, and like a queen, the last
 Of her great race: I follow her. [Sinks down; dies.]

ALEXAS

'Tis true,
 She has done well: Much better thus to die,
 Than live to make a holiday in Rome.

SERAPION

See, how the lovers sit in state together,
 As they were giving laws to half mankind!
 The impression of a smile, left in her face,
 Shows she died pleased with him for whom she lived,
 And went to charm him in another world.
 Cæsar's just entering: grief has now no leisure.
 Secure that villain, as our pledge of safety,
 To grace the imperial triumph.—Sleep, blest pair,
 Secure from human chance, long ages out,
 While all the storms of fate fly o'er your tomb;
 And fame to late posterity shall tell,
 No lovers lived so great, or died so well.

(End of Act V.)

GEORGE FOX

(1624 - 1691)

GEORGE Fox was the son of a prosperous weaver, and was born at Fenny Drayton, Leicestershire, in July, 1624. He does not appear to have had any systematic education, although his parents at one time intended that he should take orders in the Anglican Church. He abandoned this idea, and became an apprentice to a Nottingham shoemaker, who was also a sheep-owner. Fox's duties as shepherd, which occupied much of his time, probably assisted to develop his natural tendencies towards meditation. At the age of nineteen he was converted, and received a divine command to forsake everything else and devote himself wholly to religion. He accordingly forsook his relations, equipped himself in a pair of leather breeches (that his entire suit was leather is probably an embellishment of the truth), and wandered from place to place, supporting himself as he could. During this itinerant life he fasted much, sometimes sitting the whole day in a retired spot reading the Bible. In 1648 he commenced to preach publicly at Manchester, about which time he adopted the peculiar views on politics, grammar, and etiquette which he was able subsequently to impress so deeply upon his followers. These followers styled themselves "Friends of Truth", but were almost immediately nicknamed "Quakers" at Derby (1650), because they bade the magistrates "tremble at the word of the Lord". They grew rapidly in number, and were dis-

liked and persecuted by men who disagreed with each other about almost everything else—by Anglican, Independent, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic alike. Fox was frequently in prison, once for as long as two years, and suffered many persecutions and minor indignities. In 1655 he was sent a prisoner to Cromwell, who, having ascertained the pacific tendency of his doctrines, had him set at liberty. He was, however, treated with great severity by the country magistracy and the sterner Puritans, who disliked the mysticism and want of firm doctrines in his preaching. In 1666 he set about forming the people who had followed his doctrines into a formal and united society. In 1669 he married a prominent follower of his teaching, the widow of Judge Fell of Swarthmoor Hall, Lancashire. In spreading what he believed to be the truth Fox travelled widely. He visited almost every town in England and Wales; in 1657 he went to Scotland, in 1669 to Ireland, in 1671-1672 he visited the West Indies and North America, and he was twice in Holland (1677 and 1684). At the time of his death, which took place on 13th January, 1691, the Society of Friends had acquired considerable importance. Fox was in some respects a fanatic and enthusiast, but he was an absolutely sincere and upright man, and was in some ways amazingly practical. He quietly suppressed some of the eccentricities of his followers, he introduced an admirable system for

the registration of births, marriages, and deaths, and he organized the charitable activities for which the Friends were famous.

Fox wrote innumerable pamphlets, but is remembered in literary as distinguished from religious history only by his *Journal*. The *Journal* first appeared in 1694, after being knocked into shape by a committee; Mr. Norman Penney published it in its original form in 1911. It was dictated by Fox to

several amanuenses. It is a book of great interest to students of religious thought, and its originality and simple and direct style give it an even wider appeal. It is quite one of the best autobiographies in the language.

[T. Hodgkin, *George Fox*; J. S. Rowntree, *The Life and Character of George Fox*; A. C. Bickley, *George Fox and the Early Quakers*; E. Ash, *George Fox: his Character, Doctrine, and Work*.]

From the "Journal"

And at night we came to a little inn, very poor, but very cheap, for we and our two horses cost but 8d.; but the horses would as soon eat the heath on the common as their oats.

And we declared unto them the truth and sounded the day of the Lord through the country. And before that we came to a great town and went to an inn, and Edward Edwards went into the market and declared the truth amongst them, and the people came to the inn and filled the inn yard, and a good service we had for the Lord. But the people were exceeding rude, but there were some reached and convinced. The life of Christianity and the power of it tormented the chaffy natures and exceedingly came over them, and the Lord's power came over all so the magistrates were bound they had no power to meddle with us.

After this we passed away and came to another great town on a market day. And John Apjohn declared the everlasting truth through the streets, and declared the day of the Lord amongst them, and many people in the evening gathered about the inn. And many being drunk would fain have had us forth into the street again, but we saw their design, and I told them if there were any that feared God and desired to hear truth, they might come into our inn or else we might have a meeting with them the next morning. And so some service for the Lord we had with the people both over night and in the morning. Though the people were hard to receive the truth, yet the seed was sown, and that always the Lord has a people turned to himself.

And in that inn also I turned but my back from the man that was giving oats to my horse, and I looked back again and he was filling his pockets with the provender that was given to my horse: a wicked thievish people to rob the poor dumb creature of his food, which I had rather they had robbed me.

Another time as I was riding along there was a great man who overtook us in the way. He thought to have taken us up at the next town for highwaymen, but before we came to the town I was moved of the Lord God to speak to him, and it reached to the witness of God in the man that he was so affected that he had us to his house and entertained us very civilly. He and his wife desired us to give them scriptures both for our principles and for Christ's teaching alone, and against the priests. So we were glad of it and furnished him with scriptures enough, and he laid them down and was convinced of the truth both by the spirit of God in his heart and confirmed by the scriptures, and after set us on in our journey.

And then we came to another town and went to an inn. Coming to the top of a hill which they say was two or three miles high, I could see a great way, and was moved to sound the day of the Lord there, and set my face several ways and told John Apjohn, a faithful Welsh minister, in what places God would raise up a people to set under his teaching. Those places he took notice of, and since there has a great people risen in those places. The same thing I have been moved to do in many other places and countries, which have been rude places and yet I was moved to declare the Lord had a seed in those places.

After these has been a brave people raised up in the covenant of God, and gathered in the name of Jesus, where they have salvation and free teaching.

And from that hill we came down to a place called Dalgelthly and we went to an inn. John Apjohn declared through the streets and the townspeople rose and gathered about him. There were two independent priests in the town and they came out. And so they both of them discoursed with him. I went up to them, and they were speaking in Welsh. I asked them what was the subject they spoke about and why they were not more moderate and speak one by one, for the things of God were weighty, and they should speak them with fear and reverence. Then I bid them speak in English, and they said that the light which John came to bear witness of, which was Christ the true light which enlightens every one that cometh into the world, was a created natural and made light.

So then I took the Bible and let them see that the made and created natural lights were the sun, moon and stars, and the elements, but the true light which John bore witness to, was the life of Christ, the word by which all things were made and created; it was called the light in man and woman which was the true light which had enlightened every man that came into the world; which was a heavenly and divine light which let them see all their evil words and deeds, and their sins. And the same light would let them see Christ their saviour, from whence it came to save them from their sin and to blot it out.

So this light shined in the darkness in their hearts, and the darkness could not comprehend it, but where God had commanded it to shine out of darkness in their hearts. It gave them the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus their Saviour. And so I opened the scripture largely to them, and turned them to the spirit of God in their hearts, which would reveal the scriptures to them and lead them into all the truth of them. I turned them to that which would give every one of them the knowledge of their Saviour who died for them, and was their way to God and made their peace betwixt them and God. The people generally received it, and with hands lifted up, blessed and praised God. The priests were stopped and quiet all the while, so I brought them to be sober that when they spoke of the things of God and Christ their Saviour, they might speak them with reverence and fear.

I was moved to speak to John Apjohn to stand up and speak in Welsh to them and he did. So the meeting broke up in peace in the street, and many people accompanied us to our inn and rejoiced in the truth that had been declared unto them; that they were turned to that light and spirit by which they might see their sin and know salvation from it.

When we went out of the town the people were so affected that they lifted up their hands and blessed the Lord; and the Lord has a great people always. There is a great people gathered to the Lord Jesus Christ's free teaching, and have suffered much for it.

From thence we passed to a City like a castle, and rode into it, and went to an inn. After we had set up our horses at the gates where the stable was that belonged to the inn, and had refreshed ourselves, John Apjohn spoke through the streets, for one might stand in the middle of the town and see both the gates. And a multitude of people was gathered about him, and a priest who was as dark as dark could be, but his mouth was soon stopped. I declared the word of life amongst them and turned them to the light of Christ in their hearts, that by it they might see all their ways, religions, and teachers, and to come to Christ their way, and free teacher. Some of them were rude and some were civil, and told us how they did hear how we had been persecuted in many places, but that they would not do so to us there, and so I commended their moderation and sobriety.

I warned them of the day of the Lord that was coming upon all sin and wickedness, and how Christ was come to teach his people by his power and by his spirit.

So from thence we passed into Beaumaris, and went to an inn. There was a garrison in that town and John Apjohn had been formerly a teacher in that town. He went and spoke through the streets and they cast him into prison. The innkeeper's wife told me that the governor and magis-

trates were sending to me to send me to prison also, and I told her that they had done more than they could answer for already and had acted contrary to Christianity in imprisoning John Apjohn for reproving sin in their gates and for declaring the truth. And there came other friendly people and told me if I went out into the street they would imprison me also, and desired me to keep in the inn; upon which I was moved to go and walk up and down in their streets and told the people what an uncivil and unchristian thing they had done in casting John into prison for they were high professors, and this was the entertainment they had for strangers. Would they be so served themselves had they any example from Christ or the Apostles to do so, who looked upon the scriptures to be their rule?

After a while they set John at liberty again, and the next day being market day, we were to cross over a great water not far off, where we were to take the boat. Many people out of the market drew to us, amongst whom we had good service for the Lord and declared the word of life and everlasting truth to them, and preached the day of the Lord which was coming upon all wickedness and turned them to the light of Christ which the heavenly man had enlightened them withall by which they might see all their sins and false ways, religions, worships, and teachers, that by the same light they might see their saviour Christ Jesus, their way to God. So the Lord's truth was declared amongst them; and Christ their teacher set over all, and his power came over all.

Then I bid John get his horse into the boat, but they had made a plot amongst them, for there came a company of wild gentlemen as they called them, but we found them rude men for they and others kept his horse out of the boat. So I came to them and showed them what an unmanly and unchristian thing it was. I leapt with my horse into the boat amongst them, and it being pretty deep John could not get his horse into the boat, so I told them they showed an unworthy spirit and below Christianity or humanity. So, seeing I could not get John in, I leapt out on horseback again into the water and stayed with John on that side. There we stayed from the 11th hour to the 2nd before the boat-men came back again to fetch us, and then we had forty-two miles to ride that evening, and we had but one groat left both of us of money.

And so we came on about 16 miles, and got a little hay for our horses, and after we came to an alehouse for the night, but we could not have oats or hay there and so we travelled all night. About four o'clock in the morning we got within 6 miles of Wrexham in Wales, where that day we met with many friends and had a glorious meeting and large, and the Lord's everlasting power and truth came over all. Here a meeting continues to this day. But we were very weary with travelling so hard up and down in Wales, and it was hard in some places to get meat for either our horses or ourselves, in many places. And the next day we

passed from thence, through Tenby, into Flintshire, and sounded the day of the Lord through the towns and came into Wrexham at night, where many of Floydes people came to us. They were very rude and wild and airy, and had little sense of truth, yet there were some convinced in the town. Next morning there was a lady sent for me, and she had a teacher at her house. They were both very light, airy people and were too light to receive the weighty things of God. In her lightness she came and asked me whether she should cut my hair, and I was moved to reprove her and bid her cut down the corruptions in her with the sword of the spirit of God. After I had admonished her we passed away, and after she made her boast in her frothy mind that she came behind me and cut off a lock of my hair, which was a lie.

And to that town aforesaid that had imprisoned John as aforesaid, I wrote to the mayor and sheriff to let them see their conditions and the fruits of their Christianity and their teachers. And after I met with some of those Justices near London, and they were ashamed of their actions.

And so from Wrexham we came through the country to West Chester, and stayed there a while, it being their fair time, and visited friends.

JOHN BUNYAN

(1628 – 1688)

JOHN BUNYAN was born at Elstow, a village distant one mile from Bedford, in November, 1628. His father is usually described as a tinker, but may be called with greater accuracy a brazier. He had a small workshop, and was several degrees higher in the social scale than travelling tinkers like Borrow's Flaming Tinman. Scott's suggestion that Bunyan was of gipsy extraction is quite unwarrantable; as a matter of fact the Bunyan family (with thirty-four variant spellings of its name) was an ancient though humble one, and held land near Elstow as early as 1199. Bunyan's characteristic depreciation of his family is an example of

his inverted pride, comparable to the inverted conceit which made him represent himself, to the confusion of several worthy biographers, as the chief of sinners. Bunyan probably received whatever scanty education he acquired at some small school at Elstow. He began at an early age to assist his father; but when his mother died in June, 1644, and his father remarried a few weeks later, Bunyan joined the Parliamentary army in a fit of pique, and served two and a half years as a soldier. His superior officer was Sir Samuel Luke, who is said to have been Butler's model for Hudibras. Some time in 1647 he was disbanded, and returned to

his native village to resume his trade of tinker. Not long after this, perhaps late in 1648, he married a wife who had no dowry except two books of devotion, the *Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven* and the *Practice of Piety*. These two manuals turned her husband's mind to higher things, and he gradually became convinced of his own extreme sinfulness, though indeed his principal vices appear to have been playing tip-cat, bell-ringing, and dancing. He had at one time been an accomplished swearer, but had cured himself of the habit. He passed through an acute spiritual crisis, amply sufficient to derange the wits of a less robustly constituted man. He was tempted to commit all sorts of extraordinary and foolish sins, including, of course, the sin of blasphemy against the Holy Spirit. On one occasion he went so far as to address his prayers to the parish bull. This period of storm, which lasted three or four years, and which is graphically described in *Grace Abounding*, was followed by a profound calm. Bunyan's ultimate assurance of his own salvation did not, as such assurance often does to those who feel it, make him arrogant and insufferable; on the contrary it made him more tender to those who were still in the throes of a spiritual crisis or to those even more unfortunate people who were, as he considered, living in a fool's paradise. In 1653 Bunyan joined a church in Bedford which is often described as a Baptist Church, but which as a matter of fact left the question of infant or adult baptism to be settled by its members as they pleased. In 1655 he began to preach privately, and two years later was formally appointed a

preacher. His earnest eloquence attracted large congregations, and his fame spread abroad, but he still continued his trade as a tinker. In 1656 his earliest publication, *Some Gospel Truths Opened*, appeared, and involved him in a somewhat acrimonious controversy with the Quakers, who, if pacifists as regards actual warfare, were extreme militarists where paper-warfare was concerned. A work more typical of its author's genius, *Sighs from Hell, or the Groans of a Damned Soul*, appeared in 1658.

After the Restoration, Bunyan was one of the first to suffer for his religious opinions. He was, in fact, a marked man. He was arrested at Lower Samsell, Bedfordshire, on 12th November, 1660, and, obstinately refusing to promise that he would refrain from preaching, was committed to Bedford County Gaol. Here he spent twelve years, with one short break; his imprisonment was, however, not very rigorous, at any rate during part of that time. He was able to preach, both inside and outside of the prison, he was allowed to attend church, and he was permitted the use of pen and ink. During this imprisonment he wrote a dozen works, some of which were in verse, and the most famous of which was *Grace Abounding* (1666). In 1672 Bunyan was released from prison, because Charles wished to remove all penalties against Roman Catholics, and had to camouflage his intention by granting equal rights to Nonconformists. Bunyan was licensed to preach and was at once called to the pastorate of the Nonconformist congregation at Bedford. He was active and energetic in his work, and his frequent journeys round



JOHN BUNYAN

From the painting by Thomas Sadler in the National Portrait Gallery

Bedfordshire earned him the affectionate nickname of "Bishop Bunyan". In 1675 Bunyan was again imprisoned, this time for six months, and in the Bedford lock-up which stands on the bridge over the Ouse. Here in all probability he wrote his greatest work, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, which appeared in 1678, revised and enlarged editions following later in 1678 and in 1679. In 1680 Bunyan published *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, and in 1682 his more elaborate but less popular allegory, *The Holy War*. The second part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, slightly disappointing as sequels are wont to be, appeared in 1684, and during his last years Bunyan's pen was seldom idle. He was as a rule not interfered with by the authorities, and attracted by his preaching a congregation larger than his meeting-house could hold. In 1688 he was unofficial chaplain to the Lord Mayor of London. Bunyan owed his death indirectly to a characteristically kind action. He rode from Reading to London in heavy rain in order to bring about a reconciliation between a father and son who had quarrelled. He caught cold, fever followed, and he died on 31st August, 1688. He was buried in Bunhill Fields, Finsbury.

Bunyan was a most prolific writer, and wrote in all some sixty works. He is remembered mainly on account of his masterpiece, but three of his other works are of great merit and some popularity. *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners* is one of the best autobiographies in any language, and is of the very greatest interest to students of religious psychology. *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, which has been loosely described as

a companion-piece to *The Pilgrim's Progress*, although written dialogue-wise, is undoubtedly a forerunner of the modern novel. If it did not directly influence Defoe, it at any rate prepared Defoe's readers to appreciate his work. It gives a most graphic picture of a middle-class rascal in a country town, and, though highly coloured, is not over-coloured. *The Holy War, made by Shaddai upon Diabolus, for the regaining of the metropolis of the world, or, the losing and taking again of the town of Mansoul* is the second best allegory in the language, and, though never so popular as *The Pilgrim's Progress*, has always had many warm admirers.

To most of us, however, Bunyan is essentially the author of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. This wonderful book became popular in the truest sense of that word immediately after it was published. It is thought that 100,000 copies were sold in the ten years which elapsed between the publication of the first part and the death of the author. It has been translated into more than a hundred languages. Imitations of it—the sincerest form of flattery—have been as numerous as they have been worthless. It has been appreciated by men whose religious views differed from Bunyan's as far as the east is from the west. Roman Catholics have enjoyed it, after removing one or two passages, such as that about Giant Pope; agnostics have been among its most fervent admirers, as the earnestness and manliness of Bunyan compensate a thousand-fold for the crudity of some of his doctrines. It appeals alike to children, to young men, and to old men; it has charmed great scholars as well as those whose

powers of reading barely enabled them to spell out its words. It is, or at any rate it was, a nursery-classic; it is a curious fact that two of the principal books of this kind, *The Pilgrim's Progress* and *Gulliver's Travels*, were written the one to convert and the other to vex mankind, with no thought whatever of attracting young readers. Samuel Butler, author of *Erewhon*, had, as has been said, a simian propensity for throwing stones at men of genius, yet he could write thus about Bunyan. "Anything worse than *The Pilgrim's Progress* in the matter of defiance of literary canons can hardly be conceived. The allegory halts continually; it professes to be spiritual, but nothing can be more carnal than the golden splendour of the eternal city; the view of life and the world generally is flat blasphemy against the order of things with which we are surrounded. Yet, like the *Odyssey*, which flatly defies sense and criticism (no, it doesn't; still, it defies them a good deal), no one can doubt that it must rank among the very greatest books that have ever been written. How Odyssean it is in its sincerity and downrightness, as well as in the marvellous beauty of its language, its freedom from all taint of the schools and, not least, in complete victory of genuine internal zeal over a scheme initially so faulty as to appear hopeless."

Bunyan, though so voluminous a writer, was as a reader *homo unius libri*. He carried the Authorized Version of the Bible in solution in his brain; scriptural phrases flowed easily and appositely from his pen. His other books were Foxe's *Book*

of *Martyrs* and a few devotional manuals, so that *Quellenstudien* in Bunyan, are, if possible, vainer than such studies are wont to be. The charm of Bunyan's style is due to his knowledge of the Bible and to his complete freedom from the academic taint. Macaulay has well said of it: "The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed."

[J. Brown, *John Bunyan, his Life, Times and Work*; J. A. Froude, *Bunyan* (English Men of Letters Series); E. Venables, *Life of John Bunyan*; C. K. Wright, *Bunyan as a Man of Letters*; R. H. Coats, *John Bunyan*; G. O. Griffith, *John Bunyan*; G. B. Harrison, *John Bunyan: a Study in Personality*.]

From "The Pilgrim's Progress"

CHRISTIAN AND APOLLYON

But now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way, before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armour for his back; and, therefore, thought that to turn the back to him might give him the greater advantage, with ease to pierce him with his darts. Therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground; for, thought he, had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, it would be the best way to stand.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold; he was clothed with scales like a fish (and they are his pride), he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance and thus began to question with him.

Apollyon.—Whence come you? and whither are you bound?

Christian.—I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of Zion.

Apollyon.—By this I perceive thou art one of my subjects, for all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it, then, that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now, at one blow, to the ground.

Christian.—I was born, indeed, in your dominions, but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on, "for the wages of sin is death", therefore, when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do, look out, if, perhaps, I might mend myself.

Apollyon.—There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects; neither will I as yet lose thee; but since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back; what our country will afford, I do here promise to give thee.

Christian.—But I have let myself to another, even to the King of princes; and how can I, with fairness, go back with thee?

Apollyon.—Thou hast done in this according to the proverb "Changed a bad for a worse"; but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his servants, after a while to give him the slip, and return again to me. Do thou so too, and all shall be well.

Christian.—I have given him my faith, and sworn my allegiance to him; how, then, can I go back from this, and not be hanged as a traitor?

Apollyon.—Thou didst the same to me, and yet I am willing to pass by all, if now thou wilt yet turn again and go back.

Christian.—What I promised thee was in my nonage; and, besides, I count the Prince under whose banner now I stand is able to absolve me; yea, and to pardon also what I did as to my compliance with thee; and besides, O thou destroying Apollyon! to speak truth, I like his service, his wages, his servants, his government, his company, and country, better than thine; and, therefore, leave off to persuade me further; I am his servant and I will follow him.

Apollyon.—Consider again, when thou art in cool blood, what thou art like to meet with in the way that thou goest. Thou knowest that, for the most part, his servants come to an ill end, because they are transgressors against me and my ways. How many of them have been put to shameful deaths! and, besides, thou countest his service better than mine, whereas he never came yet from the place where he is to deliver any that served him out of their hands; but as for me, how many times, as all the world very well knows, have I delivered, either by power or fraud, those that have faithfully served me, from him and his, though taken by them; and so I will deliver thee.

Christian.—His forbearing at present to deliver them is on purpose, to try their love, whether they will cleave to him to the end; and as for the ill end thou sayest they come to, that is most glorious in their account; for, for present deliverance, they do not much expect it, for they stay for their glory, and then they shall have it, when their Prince comes in his and the glory of the angels.

Apollyon.—Thou hast already been unfaithful in thy service to him; and how dost thou think to receive wages of him?

Christian.—Wherein, O Apollyon! have I been unfaithful to him?

Apollyon.—Thou didst faint at first setting out, when thou wast almost choked in the Gulf of Despond; thou didst attempt wrong ways to be rid of thy burden, whereas thou shouldest have stayed till thy Prince had taken it off; thou didst sinfully sleep, and lose thy choice thing; thou wast, also, almost persuaded to go back, at the sight of the lions; and when thou talkest of thy journey, and of what thou hast heard and seen, thou art inwardly desirous of vain-glory in all that thou sayest or doest.

Christian.—All this is true, and much more which thou has left out; but the Prince, whom I serve and honour, is merciful, and ready to forgive; but, besides, these infirmities possessed me in thy country, for there I sucked them in; and I have groaned under them, been sorry for them, and have obtained pardon of my Prince.

Apollyon.—Then Apollyon broke out into a grievous rage, saying, I am an enemy to this Prince; I hate his person, his laws, and people; I am come out on purpose to withstand thee.

Christian.—Apollyon, beware what you do; for I am in the king's highway, the way of holiness; therefore take heed to yourself.

Apollyon.—Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, I am void of fear in this matter: prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den, that thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul.

And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast, but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw; for he saw it was time to bestir him: and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back. Apollyon therefore, followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent; for you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that, Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, I am sure of thee now. And with that he had almost pressed him to death; so that Christian began to despair of life; but as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly stretched out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying “Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise,” and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying “Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us.” And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian for a season saw him no more.

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he has seen and heard as I did, what a yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight—he spake like a dragon; and on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart, I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived that he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then, indeed, he did smile, and look upward, but it was the dreadfulest sight that ever I saw.

So when the battle was over, Christian said “I will here give thanks to him that delivered me out of the mouth of the lion, to him that did help me against Apollyon.” And so he did, saying:—

Great Beelzebub, the captain of this fiend,
Design'd my ruin, therefore to this end

He sent him harness'd out; and he with rage,
 That hellish was, did fiercely me engage,
 But blessed Michael helped me, and I,
 By dint of sword, did quickly make him fly,
 Therefore to him let me give lasting praise,
 And thank and bless his holy name always.

Then there came to him a hand, with some of the leaves of the tree of life, the which Christian took, and applied to the wounds that he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat bread, and to drink of the bottle that was given him a little before; so being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey, with his sword drawn in his hand; for he said, I know not but that some other enemy may be at hand. But he met with no other affront from Apollyon quite through this valley.

From "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman"

CHAP. XIII. HE GETS DRUNK AND BREAKS HIS LEG— GOD'S JUDGMENTS UPON DRUNKARDS

Wiseman.—Remorse, I cannot say he ever had, if by remorse you mean repentance for his evils. Yet twice I remember he was under some trouble of mind about his condition. Once when he broke his leg as he came home drunk from the ale-house; and another time when he fell sick, and thought he should die. Besides these two times, I do not remember any more.

Attentive.—Did he break his leg then?

Wiseman.—Yes; once as he came home drunk from the ale-house.

Attentive.—Pray how did he break it?

Wiseman.—Why upon a time he was at an ale-house, that wicked house about two or three miles from home, and having there drank hard the greatest part of the day, when night was come, he would stay no longer, but calls for his horse, gets up and like a madman as drunken persons usually ride, away he goes, as hard as his horse could lay legs to the ground. Thus he rid, till coming to a dirty place, where his horse flouncing in, fell, threw his master, and with his fall broke his leg. So there he lay. But you would not think how he swore at first. But after a while, he coming to himself, and feeling by his pain, and the uselessness of his leg, what case he was in, and also fearing that this bout might be his death; he began to cry out after a manner of such, Lord help me, Lord have mercy upon me, good God deliver me, and the like. So there he lay, until some came by, who took him up, carried him home, where he lay for some time, before he could go abroad again.

Attentive.—And then you say he called upon God.

Wiseman.—He cried out in his pain, and would say, O God, and O Lord help me. But whether it was that his sin might be pardoned, and his soul saved, or whether to be rid of his pain, I will not positively determine; though I fear it was but for the last; because when his pain was gone, and he had got hopes of mending, even before he could go abroad, he cast off prayer, and began his old game; to wit, to be as bad as ever he was before. He then would send for his old companions; his sluts also would come to his house to see him, and with them he would be, as well as he could for his lame leg, as vicious as they could be for their hearts.

Attentive.—It was a wonder that he did not break his neck.

Wiseman.—His neck had gone instead of his leg, but that God was long-suffering towards him; he had deserved it ten thousand times over. There have been many as I have heard, and as I have hinted to you before, that have taken their horses when drunk as he; but they have gone from the pot to the grave; for they have broken their necks betwixt the ale-house and home. One hard by us also drunk himself dead; he drank, and died in his drink.

Attentive.—It is a sad thing to die drunk.

Wiseman.—So it is; but yet I wonder that no more do so. For considering the heinousness of that sin, and with how many other sins it is accompanied, as with oaths, blasphemies, lies, revellings, whorings, brawlings, etc. it is a wonder to me that any that live in that sin should escape such a blow from Heaven, that should tumble them into their graves. Besides, when I consider also, how when they are drunk as beasts, they, without all fear of danger will ride like bedlams and madmen, even as if they did dare God to meddle with them if he durst, for their being drunk. I say, I wonder that he doth not withdraw his protecting providences from them, and leave them to those dangers and destructions that by their sin they have deserved, and that by their bedlam madness they would rush themselves into. Only I consider again, that he has appointed a day wherein he will reckon with them, and doth also commonly make examples of some, to show that he takes notice of their sin, abhors their way, and will count with them for it at the set time.

Attentive.—It is worthy of our remark, to take notice how God, to show his dislike of the sins of men, strikes some of them down with a blow; as the breaking of Mr. Badman's leg, for doubtless that was a stroke from Heaven.

Wiseman.—It is worth our remark indeed It was an open stroke, it fell upon him while he was in the height of his sin; and it looks much like to that in Job:—"Therefore he knoweth their works, and overturneth them in the night, so that they are destroyed. He striketh them as wicked

men in the open sight of others." Or, as the margin reads it, "In the place of beholders". He lays them, with his stroke, in the place of beholders. There was Mr. Badman laid; his stroke was taken notice of by every one, his broken leg was at this time the town talk. Mr. Badman has a broken leg, says one. How did he break it? says another. As he came home drunk from such an ale-house, said a third. A judgment of God upon him, said a fourth. This his sin, his shame and punishment, are all made conspicuous to all that are about him. I will tell you another story or two.

I have read in Mr. Clark's "Looking Glass for Sinners" that upon a time a certain drunken fellow boasted in his cups that there was neither heaven nor hell; also he said that he believed that man had no soul, and that, for his own part, he would sell his soul to any that would buy it. Then did one of his companions buy it of him for a cup of wine, and presently the devil, in man's shape, bought it of that man again at the same price; and so, in the presence of them all, laid hold on the soul-seller, and carried him away through the air, so that he was never more heard of.

He tells us also, that there was one at Salisbury, in the midst of his health, drinking and carousing in a tavern; and he drank a health to the devil, saying that if the devil would not come and pledge him, he would not believe that there was either God or Devil. Whereupon, his companions, stricken with fear, hastened out of the room; and presently after, hearing a hideous noise, and smelling a stinking savour, the vintner ran up into the chamber, and found the window broken, the iron bar in it bowed, and all bloody. But the man was never heard of afterwards.

Again, he tells us of a bailiff of Hedley, who, upon a Lord's day, being drunk at Melford, got upon his horse, to ride through the streets, saying that his horse would carry him to the devil. And presently his horse threw him, and broke his neck. These things are worse than the breaking of Mr. Badman's leg; and should be a caution to all of his friends that are living, lest they also fall by their sin into these sad judgments of God.

But, as I said, Mr. Badman quickly forgot all; his conscience was choked before his leg was healed. And, therefore, before he was well of the fruit of his sin, he tempts God to send another judgment to seize him. And so he did quickly after. For not many months after his leg was well, he had a very dangerous fit of sickness, insomuch that now he began to think he must die in very deed.

JOHN OLDHAM

(1653 - 1683)

JOHN OLDHAM was born near Tetbury, in Gloucestershire, on 9th August, 1653. His father was a Nonconformist minister, who survived his distinguished son by more than forty years. Oldham was educated at Tetbury grammar-school and at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1674. After spending a few months in idleness at home, he accepted the post of usher at Whitgift's school at Croydon, where he remained three years, 1675 to 1678. Some of his verses began to circulate in manuscript, his poetical reputation began to grow, and he is said to have been visited at Croydon by the Earls of Rochester and Dorset and by Sir Charles Sedley and other wits. In 1678 he became tutor to the grandsons of Sir Edward Thurland, near Reigate; in 1681 he became tutor to the son of Sir William Hickes, near London. He was patronized by the Earl of Kingston, but with sturdy independence refused to become his chaplain. He commenced to study medicine, as he did not wish to rely for a livelihood upon literature and patronage, but he was attacked by smallpox and died at Lord Kingston's seat, Holme-Pierrepont, near Nottingham, on 9th December, 1683, in the thirty-first year of his age.

Oldham, whom Dryden called "the young Marcellus of our tongue", is perhaps better known on account of the elder poet's fine and generous eulogy than on account of his own writings. It is as a satirist that Oldham shines,

though he wrote a good enough ode on the death of a college friend, and some good enough translations from the Latin poets and from Boileau. The best, or at any rate the best-known, of his satires are the *Satires upon the Jesuits*, four in number. Their *Prologue* is based upon Persius, *Garnet's Ghost* is based on Jonson's *Catiline*, *Loyola's Will* is based upon Buchanan, and *St. Ignatius his Image* is based upon Horace. Behind all these various literary influences lies the master-influence of Juvenal, whose indignation Oldham managed to echo, though he failed to reproduce his incisiveness of phrase. Another of Oldham's poems, *A Satire against Virtue*, caused something of a scandal because its rather clumsy sarcasm was stupidly misunderstood. *To a Friend about to leave the University* is one of the best of the satires; his *Satire upon a Woman, who by her Falsehood and Scorn was the Death of my Friend* is a very bitter production. Oldham's satires are marred by exaggeration, by numerous bad rhymes, and by occasionally faulty grammar. His roughness is, however, partly atoned for by his vigour. He had considerable influence upon Dryden and Pope, and upon eighteenth-century writers of the couplet. His fame, no doubt, was due in part to his early death, to Dryden's eulogy, and to the fact that he launched his satires at the Jesuits during the "Popish Plot", when public opinion was ready to accept as true the most fantastic allegations. Oldham's Poetical Works have been edited by R. Bell.

Satires upon the Jesuits

Prologue

For who can longer hold? when every Press,
 The Bar and Pulpit too has broke the Peace?
 When every scribbling Fool at the alarms
 Has drawn his Pen, and rises up in Arms?
 And not a dull Pretender of the Town,
 But vents his gall in Pamphlet up and down?
 When all with licence rail, and who will not,
 Must be almost suspected of the PLOT,
 And bring his Zeal or else his Parts in doubt?

In vain our Preaching Tribe attack the Foes,
 In vain their weak Artillery oppose;
 Mistaken Honest men, who gravely blame,
 And hope that gentle Doctrine should reclaim.
 Are Texts, and such exploded trifles fit
 T' impose, and sham upon a Jesuit?
 Would they the dull old Fisher-men compare
 With mighty Suarez, and great Escobar?
 Such threadbare proofs, and stale Authorities
 May Us poor simple Heretics suffice:
 But to a sear'd Ignatian's Conscience
 Harden'd, as his own Face, with Impudence,
 Whose Faith in contradiction bore, whom Lies
 Nor Nonsense, nor Impossibilities,
 Nor shame, nor death, nor damning can assail:
 Not these mild fruitless methods will avail.

'Tis pointed Satire, and the sharps of Wit
 For such a prize are th' only Weapons fit:
 Nor needs there Art, or Genius here to use,
 Where Indignation can create a muse:
 Should Parts and Nature fail, yet very spite
 Would make the arrantest Wild, or Withers write.

It is resolv'd: henceforth an endless War,
 I and my Muse with them, and theirs declare;
 Whom neither open Malice of the Foes,
 Nor private Daggers, nor St. Omer's Dose,
 Nor all, that Godfrey felt, or Monarchs fear,
 Shall from my vow'd and sworn revenge deter.

Sooner shall false Court Favourites prove just,
 And faithful to their Kings' and Country's trust:
 Sooner shall they detect the tricks of State,

And knav'ry, suits, and bribes, and flatt'ry hate:
 Bawds shall turn Nuns, Salt D—s grow chaste,
 And Paint, and Pride, and Lechery detest:
 Popes shall for Kings Supremacy decide,
 And Cardinals for Huguenots be try'd:
 Sooner (which is the great'st impossible)
 Shall the vile Brood of Loyola, and Hell
 Give o'er to Plot, be Villains, and Rebel;
 Than I with utmost spite, and vengeance cease
 To prosecute, and plague their cursed race.

The rage of Poets damn'd, of Women's Pride
 Contemn'd, and scorn'd, or proffer'd lust denied:
 The malice of Religious angry Zeal,
 And all, cashier'd resenting Statesmen feel:
 What prompts dire Hags in their own blood to write
 And sell their very souls to Hell for spite:
 All this urge on my rank envenom'd spleen,
 And with keen Satire edge my stabbing pen:
 That its each home-set thrust their blood may draw,
 Each drop of Ink like Aquafortis gnaw.

Red hot with vengeance thus, I'll brand disgrace
 So deep, no time shall e'er the marks deface:
 Till my severe and exemplary doom
 Spread wider than their guilt, till it become
 More dreaded than the Bor, and frighten worse
 Than damning Pope's Anathemas, and curse.

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY

(? 1640 – 1716)

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY, the son of a Shropshire squire, was born about 1640. He was educated in France, in order to avoid the Puritan influences which dominated English education during his youth, and at Queen's College, Oxford, where he did not matriculate, much less graduate. He was admitted a member of the Inner Temple in 1659, but only acquired sufficient

law to enable him to depict the litigious Widow Blackacre in *The Plain Dealer*. There is some doubt as to when he wrote his four comedies. He told Pope "over and over" that he wrote *Love in a Wood* when he was but nineteen, *The Gentleman Dancing - Master* at twenty-one, *The Plain Dealer* at twenty-five, and *The Country Wife* at one or two and thirty. It is

almost certain that he antedated the composition of all these plays in order to boast of his own precocity. The dates of the production of the comedies appear to have been: *Love in a Wood*, 1671 (published the same year); *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, 1671 (published 1673); *The Country Wife*, 1672 (published 1675); and *The Plain Dealer*, 1674 (published 1677). Wycherley's first comedy secured for him an intimacy with the notorious Duchess of Cleveland, an intimacy which did not prevent the king from being on friendly terms with him. He would have been appointed tutor to Charles's natural son, the Duke of Richmond, had he not with great imprudence secretly married the Countess of Drogheda, a young widow, who, after making him thoroughly unhappy for about two years, died and bequeathed to her husband a lawsuit instead of a fortune. Wycherley spent seven years in a debtors' prison, and was only released by James II, who pensioned him. His old age was not a happy one. His health was poor, his memory weak, and he was constantly in debt. When he was sixty-four he struck up a friendship with Pope, then a lad of sixteen. Pope was asked to correct some of Wycherley's poems, and did so with so much thoroughness that his friendship with the aged comedy-writer was more than once broken off. Long afterwards Pope published his correspondence with Wycherley, after editing it so as to make his own conduct appear in a favourable light. Ten days before he died Wycherley married a young girl in order to spite the nephew who was his heir.

Wycherley's *Miscellany Poems*

(1704) and *senilia* may be left entirely out of account when estimating his work. He owes his fame to his four comedies. *Love in a Wood* is, as is natural, the least mature of his plays, but it is a sufficiently lively and witty comedy. It is usually said to be modelled on Sir Charles Sedley's *The Mulberry Garden*, but the resemblance is slight, nor is it certain that Sedley's play is the earlier of the two. *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* was a better, though a less successful play. It borrowed its central incident from Calderon's *El Maestro de Danzar*, a comedy of minor importance. *The Country Wife* is a splendid comedy, marred only by the obscenity which is in grain in it. Garrick, who produced an emasculated version of it known as *The Country Girl* (1766), merely made it insipid. It owes one or two incidents to Molière's *L'École des Femmes* and *L'École des Maris*. *The Plain Dealer*, based on Molière's *Le Misanthrope*, is its author's masterpiece. As Voltaire said, "All Wycherley's strokes are stronger and bolder than those of our *Misanthrope*, but then they are less delicate, and the rules of decorum are not so well observed in this play". Manly is a vigorously drawn character, and Fidelia,

Who went to sea for love of he
In masculine array,

though far below Viola in *Twelfth Night*, is not without a certain pathos. Wycherley was second only to Congreve among the fine gentlemen who wrote comedies of repartee in the last thirty years of the seventeenth century. He owes his bad reputation to certain qualities which he shares with Juvenal. When

he castigates vice he depicts it too realistically.

[Montague Summers, *The Com-*

plete Works of William Wycherley;
Charles Perromat, *William Wycherley: sa vie, son œuvre.]*

The Plain Dealer

(*Act III, Scene 1*)

(Enter WIDOW BLACKACRE, *in the middle of half a dozen lawyers, whispered to by a fellow in black, JERRY BLACKACRE following the crowd.*)

Widow.—Offer me a reference, you saucy, companion you! d'ye know who you speak to? Art thou a solicitor in chancery, and offer a reference? A pretty fellow! Mr. Serjeant Ploddon, here's a fellow has the impudence to offer me a reference!

Serj. Ploddon.—Who's that has the impudence to offer a reference within these walls?

Widow.—Nay, for a splitter of causes to do 't!

Serj. Ploddon.—No, madam; to a lady learned in the law, as you are, the offer of a reference were to impose upon you.

Widow.—No, no, never fear me for a reference, Mr. Serjeant. But come, have you not forgot your brief? Are you sure you shan't make the mistake of—hark you (*whispers*)—Go then, go to your court of Common-pleas, and say one thing over and over again; and you do it so naturally, you'll never be suspected for protracting time.

Serj. Ploddon.—Come, I know the course of the court, and your business. [Exit.

Widow.—Let's see, Jerry, where are my minutes? Come, Mr. Quaint, pray go talk a great deal for me in chancery, let your words be easy, and your sense hard; my cause requires it: branch it bravely, and deck my cause with flowers, that the snake may lie hidden. Go, go, and be sure you remember the decree of my Lord Chancellor, *Tricesimo quart'* of the queen.

Quaint.—I will, as I see cause, extenuate or exemplify matter of fact; baffle truth with impudence; answer exceptions with questions, though never so impertinent; for reasons give 'em words; for law and equity, tropes and figures; and so relax and enervate the sinews of their argument with the oil of my eloquence. But when my lungs can reason no longer, and not being able to say anything more for our cause, say everything of our adversary; whose reputation, though never so clear and evident in the eye of the world, yet with sharp invectives—

Widow.—Alias, Billingsgate.

Quaint.—With poignant and sour invectives, I say, I will deface,

wipe out, and obliterate his fair reputation, even as a record with the juice of lemons; and tell such a story (for the truth on 't is, all that we can do for our client in chancery, is telling a story) a fine story, a long story, such a story—

Widow.—Go, save thy breath for the cause; talk at the bar, Mr. Quaint; you are so copiously fluent, you can weary any one's ears sooner than your own tongue. Go, weary our adversaries' counsel, and the court; go, thou art a fine-spoken person: adad, I shall make thy wife jealous of me, if you can but court the court into a decree for us. Go, get you gone, and remember—(*Exit QUAINT*)—Come, Mr. Blunder, pray, bawl soundly for me, at the King's Bench, bluster, sputter, question, cavil; but be sure your argument be intricate enough to confound the court; and then you do my business. Talk what you will, but be sure your tongue never stand still; for your own noise will secure your sense from censure; 'tis like coughing or hemming when one has got the belly-ache, which stifles the unmannerly noise. Go, dear rogue, and succeed; and I'll invite thee, ere it be long, to more soured venison.

Blunder.—I'll warrant you, after your verdict, your judgment shall not be arrested upon if's and and's. [Exit.]

Widow.—Come, Mr. Petulant, let me give you some new instructions for our cause in the Exchequer. Are the barons sat?

Petulant.—Yes, no; may be they are, may be they are not; what know I? what care I?

Widow.—Heyday! I wish you would but snap up the counsel on t' other side anon at the bar as much; and have a little more patience with me, but that I might instruct you a little better.

Petulant.—You instruct me! what is my brief for, mistress?

Widow.—Ay, but you seldom read your brief but at the bar, if you do it then.

Petulant.—Perhaps I do, perhaps I don't, and perhaps 'tis time enough: pray hold yourself contented, mistress.

Widow.—Nay, if you go there too, I will not be contented, sir; though you, I see, will lose my cause for want of speaking, I wo' not: you shall hear me, and shall be instructed. Let's see your brief.

Petulant.—Send your solicitor to me. Instructed by a woman! I'd have you to know, I do not wear a bar-gown—

Widow.—By a woman! and I'd have you to know, I am no common woman; but a woman conversant in the laws of the land, as well as yourself, though I have no bar-gown.

Petulant.—Go to, go to, mistress, you are impertinent, and there's your brief for you: instruct me! [Flings her breviate at her.]

Widow.—Impertinent to me, you saucy Jack, you! you return my breviate, but where's my fee? you'll be sure to keep that, and scan that so well, that if there chance to be but a brass half-crown in 't, one's sure

to hear on 't again: would you would but look on your breviate half so narrowly! But pray give me my fee too, as well as my brief.

Petulant.—Mistress, that's without precedent. When did a counsel ever return his fee, pray? and you are impertinent and ignorant to demand it.

Widow.—Impertinent again, and ignorant, to me! Gadsbodikins, you puny upstart in the law, to use me so! you green-bag carrier, you murderer of unfortunate causes, the clerk's ink is scarce off your fingers, —you that newly come from lamp-blacking the judges' shoes, and are not fit to wipe mine; you call me impertinent and ignorant! I would give thee a cuff on the ear, sitting the courts, if I were ignorant. Marry-gep, if it had not been for me, thou hadst been yet but a hearing counsel at the bar.

[*Exit PETULANT.*]

(Enter MR. BUTTONGOWN, crossing the stage in haste.)

Mr. Buttongown, Mr. Buttongown, whither so fast? what, won't you stay till we are heard?

Buttongown.—I cannot, Mrs. Blackacre, I must be at the council, my lord's cause stays there for me.

Widow.—And mine suffers here.

Buttongown.—I cannot help it.

Widow.—I'm undone.

Buttongown.—What's that to me?

Widow.—Consider the five-pound fee, if not my cause: that was something to you.

Buttongown.—Away, away! pray be not so troublesome, mistress: I must be gone.

Widow.—Nay, but consider a little: I am your old client, my lord but a new one; or let him be what he will, he will hardly be a better client to you than myself; I hope you believe I shall be in law as long as I live; therefore am no despicable client. Well, but go to your lord; I know you expect he should make you a judge one day; but I hope his promise to you will prove a true lord's promise. But that he might be sure to fail you, I wish you had his bond for 't.

Buttongown.—But what, will you yet be thus impertinent, mistress?

Widow.—Nay, I beseech you, sir, nay; if it be but to tell me my lord's case; come, in short—

Buttongown.—Nay, then—

[*Exit.*]

Widow.—Well, Jerry, observe child, and lay it up for hereafter. These are those lawyers who, by being in all causes, are in none: therefore if you would have 'em for you, let your adversary fee 'em; for he may chance to depend upon 'em; and so, in being against thee, they'll be for thee.

Jerry.—Ay, mother; they put me in mind of the unconscionable

wooers of widows, who undertake briskly their matrimonial business for their money; but when they have got it once, let who will drudge for them. Therefore have a care of 'em, forsooth. There's advice for your advice.

Widow.—Well said, boy—Come, Mr. Splitcause, pray go see when my cause in Chancery comes on; and go speak with Mr. Quillit in the King's Bench, and Mr. Quirk in the Common-Pleas, and see how matters go there.

(Enter MAJOR OLDFOX.)

Oldfox.—Lady, a good and propitious morning to you; and may all your causes go as well as if I myself were judge of 'em!

Widow.—Sir, excuse me; I am busy, and cannot answer compliments in Westminster Hall.—Go, Mr. Splitcause, and come to me again to that bookseller's; there I'll stay for you, that you may be sure to find me.

Oldfox.—No, sir, come to the other bookseller's. I'll attend your ladyship thither. [Exit SPLITCAUSE.]

Widow.—Why to the other?

Oldfox.—Because he is my bookseller, lady.

Widow.—What, to sell you lozenges for your catarrh? or medicines for your corns? What else can a major deal with a bookseller for?

Oldfox.—Lady, he prints for me.

Widow.—Why, are you an author?

Oldfox.—Of some few essays; deign you, lady, to peruse 'em. (Aside) She is a woman of parts; and I must win her by showing mine.

Bookseller's Boy.—Will you see Culpepper, mistress? “Aristotle's Problems”? “The Complete Midwife”?

Widow.—No; let's see Dalton, Hughs, Shepherd, Wingate.

Bookseller's Boy.—We have no law books.

Widow.—No! you are a pretty bookseller then.

Oldfox.—Come, have you e'er a one of my essays left?

Bookseller's Boy.—Yes, sir, we have enough, and shall always have 'em.

Oldfox.—How so?

Bookseller's Boy.—Why, they are good, steady, lasting ware.

Oldfox.—Nay, I hope they will live; let's see;—Be pleased, madam, to peruse the poor endeavours of my pen; for I have a pen, though I say it, that— [Gives her a book.]

Jerry.—Pray, let me see “St. George for Christendom” or “The Seven Champions of England”.

Widow.—No, no; give him “The Young Clerk's Guide”—What, we shall have you read yourself into a humour of rambling and fighting, and studying military discipline, and wearing red breeches.

Oldfox.—Nay, if you talk of military discipline, show him my “Treatise of the Art Military”.

Widow.—Hold; I would as willingly he should read a play.

Jerry.—O, pray forsooth, mother, let me have a play.

Widow.—No, sirrah; there are young students of the law enough spoiled already by plays. They would make you in love with your laundress or, what's worse, some queen of the stage that was a laundress; and so turn keeper before you are of age. But stay, Jerry, is that not Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, that goes there, he that offered to sell me a suit in chancery for five hundred pounds, for a hundred down, and only paying the clerk's fees?

Jerry.—Ay, forsooth, 'tis he.

Widow.—Then stay here, and have a care of the bags, whilst I follow him—Have a care of the bags, I say.

Jerry.—And do you have a care, forsooth, of the statute against champ-

[*Exit WIDOW BLACKACRE.*

NATHANIEL LEE

(c. 1653–1692)

NATHANIEL LEE was born about 1653. He is believed to have been the son of the Reverend Richard Lee, D.D., a Hertfordshire minister who was a Presbyterian before and an Anglican after the Restoration. Lee, like his collaborator Dryden, was educated at Westminster, under Busby, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1668. He afterwards went to London, where he was patronized by Buckingham and Rochester, and endeavoured to become an actor. His highly-strung temperament rendered him quite unfit to succeed in this profession, though he was an admirable reader. He soon became a successful playwright, instead of an unsuccessful play-actor. His plays are: *Nero* (1675); *Gloriana* (1676); *Sophonisba* (1676);

The Rival Queens (often called *Alexander*, 1677); *Mithridates* (1678); *Oedipus*, with Dryden, who wrote Acts I and III (1679); *Theodosius* (1680); *Caesar Borgia* (1680); *Lucius Junius Brutus* (1681); *The Princess of Cleve*, a comedy (1681); *The Duke of Guise*, with Dryden, who wrote the first scene of Act I, all Act IV, and part of Act V (1682); and *Constantine the Great* (1684). Lee was always of an unbalanced and excitable nature; his friendship with Rochester and his circle did him no good; and he soon became a victim to drink, his feeble constitution being singularly unfitted to withstand the attacks of alcoholic poisoning. In 1684 his excitability developed into acute mania, and in November of that year he was sent to Bedlam, where

he remained for five years. In 1689 he was released as cured, but it is to be feared the cure was only partial. *The Massacre of Paris*, a play written before his collapse, was produced in 1690, but he wrote nothing more. He was unable to refrain from drinking, and "returning one night from the Bear and Harrow, in Butcher - Row, through Clare Market, to his lodgings in Duke Street, overladen with wine, he fell down on the ground as some say, according to others on a bulk, and was killed or stifled in the snow" in the spring of 1692. He was buried in the parish church of St. Clement Danes.

Lee's plays were for the most part highly successful when they were produced, and one of them, *The Rival Queens* (*Alexander the Great*), became a stock piece and was acted for over a century and a

half. Although this was his most popular play, *Mithridates* is at least as good, and *Oedipus* does not by any means owe its good qualities entirely to Dryden. These three plays contain Lee's best work, though most of his tragedies have good passages. These ranting, heroic-tragedies were exactly what Lee's audiences wished for; they do not attract in the cold light of print, and after the lapse of two hundred and fifty-odd years. Their extravagance moves us to laughter rather than to tears. But Lee, with all his faults of rant and superficiality, was a poet, and occasionally lets us see that he was by a skilful use of metre, by a felicitously-turned phrase, or by finding the inevitable word or epithet. His works have generated three or four German theses.

From "The Rival Queens"

(Enter ROXANA, with Slaves and a Dagger.)

ROXANA

At length we've conquer'd this stupendous Height,
These flying Groves, whose wonderful Ascent
Leads to the Clouds.

STATIRA

Then all the Vision's true,
And I must die, lose my dear Lord for ever:
That, that's the Murderer.

[Retires]

ROXANA

Shut the brazen Gate,
And make it fast with all the massy Bars.
I know the King will fly to her Relief,
But we have time enough—Where is my Rival?

Appear Statira, now no more a Queen;
Roxana calls, where is your Majesty?

STATIRA

And what is she, who with such tow'ring Pride,
Wou'd awe a Princess that is born above her?

ROXANA

I like the Port Imperial Beauty bears,
It shows thou hast a Spirit fit to fall
A Sacrifice to fierce Roxana's Wrongs.
Be sudden then, put forth these royal Breasts,
Where our false Master has so often languish'd,
That I may change their milky Innocence
To Blood, and dye me in a deep Revenge.

STATIRA

No, barb'rous Woman, tho' I durst meet Death
As boldly as our Lord, with a Resolve
At which thy coward Heart would tremble;
Yet I disdain to stand the Fate you offer,
And therefore, fearless of thy dreadful Threats,
Walk thus regardless by thee.

ROXANA

Ha! so stately!
'This sure will sink you.

STATIRA

No, Roxana, No:
The Blow you give will strike me to the Stars,
But sink my Murdress in eternal Ruin.

ROXANA

Who told you this?

STATIRA

A thousand Spirits tell me:
There's not a God but whispers in my Ear,
This Death will crown me with immortal Glory:
To die so fair, so innocent, so young,
Will make me Company for Queens above.

ROXANA

Preach on.

STATIRA

While you, the Burden of the Earth,
 Fall to the Deep, so heavy with thy Guilt,
 That Hell itself must groan at thy Reception;
 While foulest Fiends shun thy Society,
 And thou shalt walk alone, forsaken Fury.

ROXANA

Heaven Witness for me, I would spare thy Life,
 If any thing but Alexander's Love
 Were in debate; come, give me back his Heart,
 And thou shalt live Empress of all the World.

STATIRA

The World is less than Alexander's Love,
 Yet cou'd I give it, 'tis not in my power;
 This I dare promise if you spare my Life,
 Which I disdain to beg, he shall speak kindly.

ROXANA

Speak! is that all?

STATIRA

Perhaps at my request,
 And for a Gift so noble as my Life,
 Bestow a Kiss.

ROXANA

A Kiss! no more?

STATIRA

O Gods!
 What shall I say to work her to my End?
 Fain I would see him—Yes, a little more
 Embrace you, and for ever be your Friend.

ROXANA

O the provoking word? Your Friend! thou dy'st:
 Your Friend! What, must I bring you then together?
 Adore your Bed, and see you softly laid?
 By all my Pangs, and Labours of my Love,

This has thrown off all that was sweet and gentle.
Therefore—

STATIRA

Yet hold thy Hand advanc'd in air;
I see my death is written in thy Eyes,
Therefore wreak all the Lust of Vengeance on me,
Wash in my Blood, and steep thee in my gore;
Feed like a Vulture, tear my bleeding heart.
But O Roxana! that there may appear
A Glimpse of Justice for thy Cruelty,
A grain of Goodness for a mass of Evil,
Give me my death in Alexander's Presence.

ROXANA

Not for the Rule of Heaven—Are you so cunning?
What, you wou'd have him mourn you as you fall;
Take your Farewell, and taste such healing Kisses,
As might call back your Soul. No, thou shalt fall
Now, and when Death has seiz'd thy beauteous Limbs,
I'll have thy Body thrown into a Well,
Buried beneath a heap of Stones for ever.

(*Enter a SLAVE.*)

SLAVE

Madam, the King with all his Captains and his Guards
Are forcing ope the Doors, he threatens thousand Deaths
To all that stop his Entrance, and I believe
Your Eunuchs will obey him.

ROXANA

Then I must haste.

[*Stabs her.*

STATIRA

What, is the King so near?
And shall I die so tamely, thus defenceless?
O ye Gods, will you not help my Weakness?

ROXANA

They are afar off.

[*Stabbing her.*

STATIRA

Alas! they are indeed.

NATHANIEL LEE

(Enter ALEXANDER, CASSANDER, POLYPERCHON,
Guards and Attendants.)

ALEXANDER

Oh Happy! thou shalt reign the Queen of Devils.

ROXANA

Do, strike, behold my Bosom swells to meet thee;
 'Tis full of thine, of Veins that run Ambition,
 And I can brave whatever Fate you bring.

ALEXANDER

Call our Physicians, haste, I'll give an Empire
 To save her—Oh my Soul, alas Statira!
 These Wounds,—Oh Gods, are these my promis'd Joys.

(*Act V, Sc. i.*)

JOHN TILLOTSON

(1630–1694)

JOHN TILLOTSON was born at Sowerby, Yorkshire, in the autumn of 1630. His father was a prosperous cloth-worker of puritanical views. Tillotson was educated at Colne, Lancashire, at Heath Grammar School, Halifax, and at Clare Hall, Cambridge. He graduated B.A. in 1650, M.A. in 1654, and D.D. in 1666. In 1651 he was elected fellow of his college, and for a time acted as private tutor to the son of Cromwell's attorney-general, Prideaux. He was not ordained until 1661, or thereabouts, and was at first a Nonconformist, but submitted to the act of uniformity in 1662. In 1663 he was appointed rector of Kedington, Suffolk, preacher to the society of Lincoln's Inn, and lecturer at St. Lawrence Jewry. His

subsequent fame and promotion he owed almost entirely to his gifts as a preacher; he introduced a new manner of preaching, and was simple and logical, earnest though not enthusiastic. In 1670 he was appointed chaplain to the king, and two years later became Dean of Canterbury. In the same year he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society. William of Orange had a high opinion of Tillotson, who, according to one story, had entertained him at Canterbury in 1677. Tillotson played a prominent part in the events of November, 1688, and early in the following year was made clerk of the closet to the king, becoming Dean of St. Paul's later in the same year. He very reluctantly, with no merely formal

nolo episcopari, consented to become Archbishop of Canterbury after the suspension of the non-juror Sancroft. His consecration, postponed for as long as might be, took place on 31st May, 1691. His three and a half years' tenure of the archiepiscopate was uneventful. He was reviled and abused by the Jacobites, but took no notice of their attacks, though probably he felt them keenly. He died of paralysis on 22nd November, 1694, and was buried in St. Lawrence Jewry.

Tillotson bequeathed to his wife little save his sermons, which a bookseller bought for two thousand five hundred guineas, a large sum to pay for any manuscript works, but exceptionally large for that kind of literary commodity. The bookseller, however, probably drove a shrewd enough bargain, for the sermons were widely popular and

had a large circulation for many years. The reasons for their popularity are not plainly evident to modern readers. One reason was that Tillotson was an innovator in pulpit eloquence, establishing therein a modification of that new style which began to appear in other branches of literature about the time of the Restoration. Dryden, who was so generous that he sometimes acknowledged debts which did not exist, said that he owed much to Tillotson, and Dryden's praise was weighty enough to erect Tillotson's prose into a pattern of a plain and perspicuous style. In truth, his prose is simple and easy, but quite undistinguished, and not to be compared with Dryden's. As a man, Tillotson was kindly and moderate, a latitudinarian of the best kind, and therefore disliked by extremists of all parties and sects.

From "Sermon XXVI"

A Discourse against Transubstantiation

Concerning the sacrament of the Lord's supper, one of the two great positive institutions of the Christian religion, there are two main points of difference between us and the church of Rome. One about the doctrine of transubstantiation; in which they think, but are not certain, that they have the scripture, and the words of our Saviour on their side: the other about the administration of this sacrament to the people in both kinds; in which we are sure that we have the scripture, and our Saviour's institution on our side; and that so plainly, that our adversaries themselves do not deny it.

Of the first of these I shall now treat, and endeavour to show, against the church of Rome, that in this sacrament there is no substantial change made of the elements of bread and wine into the natural body and blood of Christ; that body which was born of the virgin Mary, and suffered upon the cross; for so they explain that hard word *transubstantiation*.

Before I engage in this argument, I cannot but observe what an unreasonable task we are put upon, by the bold confidence of our adversaries, to dispute a matter of sense; which is one of those things about

which Aristotle hath long since pronounced that there ought to be no dispute.

It might well seem strange, if any man should write a book, to prove, that an egg is not an elephant, and that a musket bullet is not a pike: it is every whit as hard a case, to be put to maintain, by a long discourse, that what we see, and handle, and taste to be bread, is bread, and not the body of a man; and what we see and taste to be wine, is wine, and not blood: and if this evidence may not pass for sufficient, without any farther proof, I do not see why any man, that hath confidence enough to do so, may not deny any thing to be what all the world sees it is; or affirm any thing to be what all the world sees it is not: and this without all possibility of being farther confuted. So that the business of transubstantiation is not a controversy of scripture against scripture, or of reason against reason, but of downright impudence against the plain meaning of scripture, and all the sense and reason of mankind.

It is a most self-evident falsehood; and there is no doctrine or proposition in the world that is of itself more evidently true, than transubstantiation is evidently false: and yet if it were possible to be true, it would be the most ill-natured and pernicious truth in the world, because it would suffer nothing else to be true. It is like the Roman Catholic church, which will needs be the whole Christian church, which will allow no other society of Christians to be any part of it: so transubstantiation, if it be true at all, it is all truth, and nothing else is true; for it cannot be true, unless our senses, and the senses of all mankind, be deceived about their proper objects; and if this be true and certain, then nothing else can be so: for if we be not certain of what we see, we can be certain of nothing.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, there are a company of men in the world so abandoned, and given up by God to the efficacy of delusion, as in good earnest to believe this gross and palpable error, and to impose the belief of it upon the Christian world, under no less penalties than of temporal death and eternal damnation. And therefore, to undeceive, if possible, these deluded souls, it will be necessary to examine the pretended grounds of so false a doctrine, and to lay open the monstrous absurdity of it.

And in the handling of this argument, I shall proceed in this plain method.

1. I shall consider the pretended grounds and reasons of the church of Rome for this doctrine.

2. I shall produce our objections against it. And if I can show that there is no tolerable ground for it, and that there are invincible objections against it, then every man is not only in reason excluded from believing this doctrine, but hath great cause to believe the contrary.

First, I will consider the pretended grounds and reasons of the church

of Rome for this doctrine. Which must be one or more of these five. Either, 1. The authority of scripture. Or, 2. The perpetual belief of this doctrine in the Christian church, as an evidence that they always understood and interpreted our Saviour's words, *This is my body*, in this sense. Or, 3. The authority of the present church to make and declare new articles of faith. Or, 4. The absolute necessity of such a change as this in the sacrament, to the comfort and benefit of those who receive this sacrament. Or, 5. To magnify the power of the priest in being able to work so great a miracle.

i. They pretend for this doctrine the authority of scripture in those words of our Saviour, *This is my body*. Now, to show the insufficiency of this pretence, I shall endeavour to make good these two things.

i. That there is no necessity of understanding those words of our Saviour in the sense of transubstantiation.

ii. That there is a great deal of reason, nay that it is very absurd and unreasonable not to understand them otherwise.

i. That there is no necessity to understand those words of our Saviour in the sense of transubstantiation. If there be any, it must be from one of these two reasons. Either, because there are no figurative expressions in scripture, which I think no man ever yet said: or else, because a sacrament admits of no figures; which would be very absurd for any man to say, since it is of the very nature of a sacrament to represent and exhibit some invisible grace and benefit by an outward sign and figure; and especially since it cannot be denied, but that in the institution of this very sacrament our Saviour useth figurative expressions, and several words which cannot be taken strictly and literally. When he gave the cup, he said, *This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins*. Where, first, the cup is put for the wine contained in the cup; or else if the words be literally taken, so as to signify a substantial change, it is not of the wine, but of the cup; and that, not into the blood of Christ, but into the new testament or new covenant in his blood. Besides, that his blood is said then to be shed, and his body to be broken; which was not till his passion, which followed the institution and first celebration of this sacrament.

ROBERT SOUTH

(1634 - 1716)

ROBERT SOUTH was the son of a London merchant, and was born at Hackney on 4th September, 1634. He was educated at West-

minster, under Busby, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1655 and M.A. (not without difficulty owing to his liturgical

views) in 1657. He was ordained in 1658, probably by the deprived Scottish bishop who ordained Tillotson. The Restoration enabled him to give free rein in the pulpit to his powers of invective and sarcasm. He was appointed Public Orator at Oxford in 1660, and he also became chaplain to the Earl of Clarendon, a prebendary of Westminster and a doctor of divinity. In 1676 he went to Poland as chaplain to the ambassador, Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, and wrote a lively account of his journey in the form of a letter to the professor of Hebrew at Oxford. In 1678 he was presented to the rectory of Islip, near Oxford. He just missed an Irish archbishopric in the reign of James II. Though an extreme Tory, he did not find any difficulty in taking the necessary oaths after the Revolution, though he refused to accept a bishopric which had been vacated by a non-juror. In 1693 a great theological war broke out between South and Sherlock. The Socinian controversy was the original subject of the dispute;

South, who was strictly orthodox, accused Sherlock of tritheism, but the issue was not strictly confined to theological matters. Sherlock's scholarship, his orthography, and even his matrimonial difficulties were introduced into the discussion. South lived to a great old age, and when in his eightieth year refused the bishopric of Rochester and the deanery of Westminster. He died on 8th July, 1716, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

South's sermons enjoyed a great reputation, both during his long life and for many years after his death. Their reputation was well earned, for South was original, humorous, and lively; while his common sense prevented his vivacity from degenerating into buffoonery. His chief weapons were sarcasm and epigram, but his armoury contained almost every weapon of the humorist. His masculine but slightly scholastic style is still attractive, though to modern taste much of his humour appears vulgar and heavy handed.

A Discourse against long and extempore Prayers:

*in behalf of the
Liturgy of the Church of England*

ECCLES. V, 2

Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter any thing before God: for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few.

I formerly began a discourse upon these words, and observed in them these three things:

First, That whosoever appears in the house of God, and particularly

in the way of prayer, ought to reckon himself, in a more especial manner, placed in the sight and presence of God: and,

Secondly, That the vast and infinite distance between God and him, ought to create in him all imaginable awe and reverence in such his addresses to God.

Thirdly and lastly, That this reverence required of him, is to consist in a serious preparation of his thoughts, and a sober government of his expressions: neither is his mouth to be rash, nor his heart to be hasty in uttering any thing before God.

These three things I showed, were evidently contained in the words, and did as evidently contain the whole sense of them. But I gathered them all into this one proposition; namely,

That premeditation of thought, and brevity of expression, are the great ingredients of that reverence that is required to a pious, acceptable, and devout prayer.

The first of these, which is premeditation of thought, I then fully treated of, and dispatched; and shall now proceed to the other, which is a pertinent brevity of expression; *therefore let thy words be few.*

Concerning which we shall observe, first, in general, that to be able to express our minds briefly, and fully too, is absolutely the greatest perfection and commendation that speech is capable of; such a mutual communication of our thoughts being (as I may so speak) the next approach to intuition, and the nearest imitation of the converse of blessed spirits made perfect, that our condition in this world can possibly raise us to. Certainly the greatest and the wisest conceptions that ever issued from the mind of man, have been couched under, and delivered in, a few, close, home, and significant words.

But, to derive the credit of this way of speaking much higher, and from an example infinitely greater, than the greatest human wisdom, was it not authorized and ennobled by God himself in his making of the world? Was not the work of all the six days transacted in so many words? There was no circumlocution or amplification in the case; which makes the rhetorician Longinus, in his book of the Loftiness of Speech, so much admire the height and grandeur of Moses's style in his first chapter of Genesis: ὁ τῶν Ἰουδαίων θεσμοθέτης, οὐχ ὁ τυχῶν ἀνήρ. "The lawgiver of the Jews," says he, (meaning Moses,) "was no ordinary man," ἐπειδὴ τὴν τοῦ Θεοῦ δύναμιν κατὰ τὴν ἀξίαν ἐγνώρισε καξέφηνεν. "because," says he, "he set forth the divine power suitably to the majesty and greatness of it." But how did he this? Why, ἐνθὺς ἐν τῇ εἰσβολῇ γράψας τῶν νόμων, Εἶπεν ὁ Θεός, φησὶ, τί; Γενέσθω φῶς, καὶ ἐγένετο· γενέσθω γῆ, καὶ ἐγένετο, etc., "for that," says he, "in the very entrance of his laws he gives us this short and pleasant account of the whole creation: God said, *Let there be light, and there was light: Let there be an earth, a sea, and a firmament; and there was so.*" So that all this high elogy and encomium, given by

this heathen of Moses, sprang only from the majestic brevity of this one expression; an expression so suited to the greatness of a creator, and so expressive of his boundless, creative power, as a power infinitely above all control or possibility of finding the least obstacle or delay in achieving its mightiest and most stupendous works. Heaven and earth, and all the host of both, as it were, dropped from his mouth, and nature itself was but the product of a word; a word, not designed to express, but to constitute and give a being; and not so much the representation, as the cause, of what it signified.

This was God's way of speaking in his first forming of the universe: and was it not so in the next grand instance of his power, his governing of it too? For are not the great instruments of government, his laws, drawn up and digested into a few sentences; the whole body of them containing but ten commandments, and some of those commandments not so many words? Nay, and have we not these also brought into yet a narrower compass by Him who best understood them? *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and thy neighbour as thyself:* precepts nothing like the tedious, endless, confused trash of human laws; laws so numerous, that they not only exceed men's practice, but also surpass their arithmetic; and so voluminous, that no mortal head, nor shoulders neither, must ever pretend themselves able to bear them. In God's laws, the words are few, the sense vast and infinite. In human laws, you shall be sure to have words enough; but, for the most part, to discern the sense and reason of them, you had need read them with a microscope.

And thus having shown how the Almighty utters himself when he speaks, and that upon the greatest occasions; let us now descend from heaven to earth, from God to man, and show, that it is no presumption for us to conform our words, as well as our actions, to the supreme pattern, and, according to our poor measures, to imitate the wisdom that we adore. And for this, has it not been noted by the best observers and the ablest judges both of things and persons, that the wisdom of any people or nation has been most seen in the proverbs and short sayings commonly received amongst them? And what is a proverb, but the experience and observation of several ages, gathered and summed up into one expression? The scripture vouches Solomon for the wisest of men: and they are his Proverbs that prove him so. The seven wise men of Greece, so famous for their wisdom all the world over, acquired all that fame each of them by a single sentence, consisting of two or three words: and *γνῶθι σεαυτὸν* still lives and flourishes in the mouths of all, while many vast volumes are extinct and sunk into dust and utter oblivion. And then, for books; we shall generally find, that the most excellent, in any art or science, have been still the smallest and most compendious: and this not without ground; for it is an argument that

the author was a master of what he wrote, and had a clear notion and a full comprehension of the subject before him. For the reason of things lies in a little compass, if the mind could at any time be so happy as to light upon it. Most of the writings and discourses in the world are but illustration and rhetoric, which signifies as much as nothing to a mind eager in pursuit after the causes and philosophical truth of things. It is the work of fancy to enlarge, but of judgment to shorten and contract; and therefore this must needs be as far above the other, as judgment is a greater and nobler faculty than fancy or imagination. All philosophy is reduced to a few principles, and those principles comprised to a few propositions. And as the whole structure of speculation rests upon three or four axioms or maxims; so that of practice also bears upon a very small number of rules. And surely there was never yet any rule or maxim that filled a volume, or took up a week's time to be got by heart. No, these are the *apices rerum*, the tops and sums, the very spirit and life of things extracted and abridged; just as all the lines drawn from the vastest circumference do at length meet and unite in the smallest of things, a point: and it is but a very little piece of wood, with which a true artist will measure all the timber in the world. The truth is, there could be no such thing as art or science, could not the mind of man gather the general natures of things out of the numberless heap of particulars, and then bind them up into such short aphorisms or propositions; that so they may be made portable to the memory, and thereby become ready and at hand for the judgment to apply and make use of, as there shall be occasion.

In fine, brevity and succinctness of speech is that, which, in philosophy or speculation, we call *maxim*, and first principle; in the counsels and resolves of practical wisdom, and the deep mysteries of religion, *oracle*; and lastly, in matters of wit, and the finesses of imagination, *epigram*. All of them, severally and in their kinds, the greatest and the noblest things that the mind of man can show the force and dexterity of its faculties in.

And now, if this be the highest excellency and perfection of speech in all other things, can we assign any true, solid reason why it should not be so likewise in prayer? Nay, is there not rather the clearest reason imaginable why it should be much more so; since most of the forementioned things are but addresses to an human understanding, which may need as many words as may fill a volume, to make it understand the truth of one line? whereas prayer is an address to that eternal mind, which, as we have shown before, such as rationally invocate pretend not to inform.

THOMAS SPRAT

(1635-1713)

THOMAS SPRAT was born in 1635 at Beaminster, in Dorsetshire, where his father was parish minister. He was educated "at a little school by the churchyard side" and at Wadham College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1654, M.A. in 1657, and D.D. in 1669. He was for many years a fellow of his college, and interested himself in scientific investigation, being one of the founders of the Royal Society, of which he became a fellow in 1663, and its historian and apologist. His *History of the Royal Society*, with its well-known eulogy of a plain and unadorned prose style, appeared in 1667. In 1661 he was ordained priest, and was soon appointed chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham, whom he is said to have assisted in writing *The Rehearsal*. He was a friend and admirer of Cowley, whose life he wrote and whose Pindaric style he imitated in his few poems. In 1669 he was made a canon of Westminster, in 1681 a canon of Windsor, in 1683 he became Dean of Westminster, and in 1684 he was consecrated Bishop of Rochester. He wrote a history of the Rye-House plot, which he afterwards regretted, and was appointed clerk of the closet in 1685. He retained his see after the Revolution, but in 1692 nearly fell a victim to a dastardly plot, two rascals having concealed in his

palace some forged documents which, if genuine, would have proved that he was conspiring to bring about the restoration of James II. Sprat, fortunately, was able to clear himself completely, and afterwards wrote a history of the plot. He died of apoplexy on 20th May, 1713. Sprat was a man of some wit and humour, an easy-going prelate who loved the pomp and circumstance of his high office, and who spent more money than was prudent upon lavish hospitality and upon restoring his palace.

Sprat was enough of a poet to be included in Johnson's collection, but his poetry is now deservedly forgotten. He is remembered mainly by his *History of the Royal Society*, a book of which Johnson says: "This is one of the few books which selection of sentiment and elegance of diction have been able to preserve, though written upon a subject flux and transitory. The *History of the Royal Society* is now read, not with the wish to know what they were then doing, but how their transactions are exhibited by Sprat." Nowadays the book is saved from oblivion by the clearness with which it sets down certain principles of the new style of prose writing, principles which were tacitly accepted by many more eminent and more interesting writers than Sprat.

From the “History of the Royal Society”

PLAINNESS OF STYLE

Thus they have directed, judged, conjectured upon, and improved *Experiments*. But lastly, in these, and all other businesses, that have come under their care; there is one thing more, about which the Society has been most solicitous; and that is, the manner of their Discourse: which, unless they had been very watchful to keep in due temper, the whole spirit and vigour of their Design, had been soon eaten out, by the luxury and redundancy of speech. The ill effects of this superfluity of talking, have already overwhelmed most other Arts and Professions; insomuch, that when I consider the means of happy living, and the causes of their corruption, I can hardly forbear recanting what I said before; and concluding, that eloquence ought to be banished out of all civil Societies, as a thing fatal to Peace and good Manners. To this opinion I should wholly incline; if I did not find, that it is a Weapon, which may be as easily procured by bad men, as good: and that, if these should only cast it away, and those retain it; the naked Innocence of virtue, would be upon all occasions exposed to the armed Malice of the wicked. This is the chief reason, that should now keep up the Ornaments of speaking, in any request: since they are so much degenerated from their original usefulness. They were at first, no doubt, an admirable instrument in the hands of Wise Men: when they were only employed to describe Goodness, Honesty, Obedience; in larger, fairer, and more moving Images: to represent Truth, clothed with Bodies; and to bring Knowledge back again to our very senses, from whence it was at first derived to our understandings. But now they are generally changed to worse uses: They make the Fancy disgust the best things, if they come sound and unadorned: they are in open defiance against Reason; professing, not to hold much correspondence with that; but with its Slaves, the Passions: they give the mind a motion too changeable, and bewitching, to consist with right practice. Who can behold, without indignation, how many mists and uncertainties, these specious Tropes and Figures have brought on our Knowledge? How many rewards, which are due to more profitable, and difficult Arts, have been still snatched away by the easy vanity of fine speaking? For now I am warmed with this just Anger, I cannot withhold myself, from betraying the shallowness of all these seeming Mysteries; upon which, we Writers, and Speakers, look so big. And, in few words, I dare say; that of all the Studies of men, nothing may be sooner obtained, than this vicious abundance of Phrase, this trick of Metaphors, this volubility of Tongue, which makes so great a noise in the World. But I spend words in vain; for the evil

is now so inveterate, that it is hard to know whom to blame, or where to begin to reform. We all value one another so much, upon this beautiful deceit; and labour so long after it, in the years of our education; that we cannot but ever after think kinder of it, than it deserves. And indeed, in most other parts of Learning, I look on it to be a thing almost utterly desperate in its cure: and I think, it may be placed amongst those general mischiefs; such, as the dissension of Christian Princes, the want of practice in Religion, and the like; which have been so long spoken against, that men are become insensible about them; every one shifting off the fault from himself to others; and so they are only made bare common places of complaint. It will suffice my present purpose, to point out, what has been done by the Royal Society, towards the correcting of its excesses in Natural Philosophy; to which it is, of all others, a most professed enemy.

They have therefore been most rigorous in putting into execution, the only Remedy, that can be found for this extravagance: and that has been, a constant Resolution, to reject all the amplifications, digressions, and swellings of style: to return back to the primitive purity, and shortness, when men delivered so many things, almost in an equal number of words. They have exacted from all their members, a close, naked, natural way of speaking; positive expressions; clear senses; a native easiness; bringing all things as near the Mathematical plainness, as they can: and preferring the language of Artisans, Countrymen, and Merchants, before that of Wits, or Scholars.

(*2nd Part, Section XX.*)

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE

(1628 – 1699)

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE was born at Blackfriars, in London, in 1628. He was a member of an English family, his branch of which had been for two generations connected with Ireland. His grandfather was provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and his father was Master of the Rolls in Ireland. He was educated at Bishop Stortford school and at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, the Puritan college, where he did not graduate, but, with the intention of

adopting a public career, spent most of his time in studying modern languages. In 1648 he went on his travels, and met his future wife, Dorothy Osborne, whose letters to him, written between 1652 and 1654, and edited by Judge Parry in 1888, are amongst the most charming letters in the language. The course of true love, however, ran with its proverbial lack of smoothness; the two families were ambitious and politically opposed to

each other; but the wedding at last took place in 1655. Temple lived in Ireland for a while, and had a seat in the Irish Parliament. In 1663 he settled at Sheen, and began to indulge his lifelong hobby of cultivating his garden. In 1665 he went to Münster on his first diplomatic mission, but was outwitted by the prince-bishop, though his efforts gained him a baronetcy. He was then appointed envoy to the vice-regal court at Brussels. In 1668 he enjoyed the greatest diplomatic success of his life when in an incredibly short time he effected the Triple Alliance between England, Holland, and Sweden, and checked the aggrandizement of Louis XIV. He was appointed ambassador at The Hague, but Charles's subterranean negotiations undermined all his plans, and he was forced to return home in 1670. He withdrew to Sheen, looked after his fruit trees, and amused himself by writing an *Essay upon the Present State and Settlement of Ireland*, a somewhat truculent pamphlet, and a not very profound *Essay upon the Original and Nature of Government*. He returned to The Hague in 1674, and was largely instrumental in bringing about the marriage between William of Orange and Princess Mary in 1677. He shrank from the responsibility of high office in those troubled times, and several times refused a secretaryship of state. In 1679 he made a well-meant but useless attempt at improving the bad state of public affairs by resuscitating the privy council; his scheme failed, his own name was eventually struck off the list of privy councillors, and he retired once more to his house and garden at Sheen. In 1680 he bought

an estate near Farnham, in Surrey, which he named Moor Park. There he settled down to a life of lettered and horticultural ease. He took no part in the Revolution, but after it again refused a secretaryship, and was often consulted by William III about state matters. In 1689 he engaged a young amanuensis, named Jonathan Swift, to help him with his literary work. With one break Swift remained at Moor Park until Temple's death, and it was there that he met Stella, a poor relation of the family. Temple published one series of essays in 1680 and another in 1692; the second series contained the essay on *Ancient and Modern Learning*, a slight performance intended to be a piece of *belles-lettres*, not of scholarship. This essay was the little spark which kindled the great fire of the Bentley-Boyle controversy. Temple did not live to see the utter defeat of his side and the triumph of Bentley in his *Dissertation on the Letters of Phalaris*; nor is it certain that he had sufficient scholarship to recognize how great that triumph was, or even that it was a triumph at all. His *History of England* and his poems are quite worthless. His old age was a sad one; his only surviving son committed suicide in sensational circumstances in 1689, and his beloved wife died in 1695. Temple himself died on the 27th January, 1699. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, but his heart was interred under a sundial at Moor Park. Swift was his literary executor.

Temple's political and historical writings are of small value; his Essays give him most of his claim to remembrance. They are charming; he writes in a style that is not

ornate but polished. He is always the fine gentleman, but his slight air of condescension does not misbecome him. Much of his prose is musical and well wrought; he was not given to using extremely long sentences, and his style is very much more modern than that of most of his contemporaries. He was a man of considerable vanity, and would probably be astounded if he knew that posterity concerns

itself less with his works than with the love-letters of his wife and the life of his humble amanuensis. As a statesman, Temple was upright and honourable, but too frightened of responsibility to rank among our greatest diplomatists.

[T. P. Courtenay, *Memoirs of the Life, Works, and Correspondence of Sir William Temple*; M. L. R. Beavan, *Sir William Temple*; E. S. Lyttel, *Sir William Temple*.]

From “Upon the Gardens of Epicurus”

The next care to that of suiting the Trees with the Soyl, is that of suiting Fruits to the Position of Walls. Grapes, Peaches, and Winter Pears to be good, must be planted upon full South or South-East; Figs are best upon South-East, but will do well upon East, and south-west; The West are proper for Cherries, Plums, or Apricocks, but all of them are improved by a South Wall both as to early and tast: North, North-West, or North-East deserve nothing but Greens; these should be divided by Woodbines or Jessemains between every Green, and the other Walls, by a Vine between every Fruit-Tree; the best sorts upon the South-Walls, the common White and Black upon East and West, because the other Trees being many of them, (especially Peaches) very transitory, some apt to die with hard Winters, others to be cut down and make room for new Fruits: Without this Method, the Walls are left for several Years unfurnished whereas the Vines on each side cover the void space in one Summer and when the other Trees are grown, make only a Pillar between them of two or three Foot broad.

Whoever would have the best Fruits in the most perfection our Climat will allow, should not only take care of giving them as much Sun, but also as much Air as He can; No Tree, unless Dwarf, should be suffered to grow within Forty Foot of your best Walls, but the farther they lie open, is still the better. Of all others this Care is most necessary in Vines, which are observed abroad to make the best Wines, where they lie upon sides of Hills, and so most exposed to the Air and the Winds. The way of pruning them too, is best learnt from the Vineyards, where you see nothing in Winter, but what looks like a dead stump; and upon our Walls, they should be left but like a ragged Staff, not above two or three Eyes at most upon the Bearing Branches; and the lower the Vine, and fewer the Branches, the Grapes will be still the better.

The best Figure of a Garden is either a Square or an Oblong, and either upon a Flat or a Descent; they have all their Beauties, but the best I esteem an Oblong upon a Descent. The Beauty, the Air, the View make amends for the expense, which is very great in finishing and supporting the Terras-walks, in levelling the Parterres, and in the stone stairs that are necessary from one to the other.

The perfectest Figure of a Garden I ever saw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor-Park in Hartfordshire when I knew it about thirty years ago. It was made by the Countess of Bedford, esteemed among the greatest Wits of Her time, and celebrated by Dr. Donne; and with very great Care, Excellent Contrivance, and much Cost; but greater Sums may be thrown away without effect or Honour, if there want Sense in proportion to Money, or if Nature be not followed, which I take to be the great Rule in this, and perhaps in every thing else, as far as the Conduct not only of our Lives, but our Governments. And whether the greatest of mortal Men should attempt by forcing of Nature, may best be judged, by observing how seldom God Almighty does it Himself, by so few true and undisputed Miracles, as we see or hear of in the World. For my part, I know not three wiser Precepts, for the Conduct either of Princes or private Men, than . . . Servare Modum, Finemque Tueri, Naturamque sequi.

Because I take the Garden I have named, to have been in all kinds the most beautiful and perfect, at least in the Figure and Disposition, that I have ever seen, I will describe it for a Model to those that meet with such a Situation, and are above the regards of common Expense. It lies on the side of a Hill, (upon which the House stands) but not very steep. The length of the House, where the best Rooms, and of most use and pleasure are, lies upon the breadth of the Garden, and the great Parlour opens into the middle of a Terras Gravel-walk that lies even with it, and which may be as I remember about three hundred paces long, and broad in Proportion, the Border set with Standard Lawrels, and at large distances, which have the Beauty of Orange-Trees out of Flower and Fruit; from this Walk are three Descents by many stone Steps, in the middle and at each end, into a very large Parterre. This is divided into Quarters by Gravel Walks, and adorned with two Fountains and eight Statues in the several Quarters; and at the end of the Terras Walk are two Summerhouses, and the sides of the Parterre are ranged with two large Cloysters open to the Garden, upon Arches of Stone, and ending with two other Summer-Houses even with the Cloysters, which are paved with Stone, and designed for Walks of Shade, there being none other in the whole Parterre. Over these two Cloysters are two Terrasses covered with Lead, and fenced with Balusters, and the Passage into these airy Walks, is out of the two Summer Houses at the end of the first Terras Walk. The Cloyster facing the South is covered

with Vines, and would have been proper for an Orange-House, and the other for Myrtles, or other more common Greens, and had, I doubt not, been cast for that purpose, if this piece of Gardning had been then in as much Vogue as it is now.

From the middle of this Parterre is a descent by many steps flying on each side of a Grotto that lies between them (covered with Lead and Flat) into the Lower Garden, which is all Fruit-Trees ranged about the several Quarters of a Wilderness which is very shady; the Walks here are all green, the Grotto imbelish'd with Figures of Shell Rock-work, Fountains, and Water-Works. If the Hill had not ended with the lower Garden, and the Wall were not bounded by a common way that goes through the Park they might have added a third Quarter of all Greens; but this want is supplied by a Garden on the other side of the House, which is all of that sort, very wild, shady, and adorned with rough Rock-work and Fountains.

This was Moor-Park, when I was acquainted with it, and the sweetest place, I think, that I have seen in my Life, either before or since, at home or abroad; what it is now I can give little account, having passed through several hands that have made great Changes in Gardens as well as House; but the remembrance of what it was, is too pleasant ever to forget, and therefore I do not believe to have mistaken the Figure of it, which may serve for a Pattern to the best Gardens of our manner, and that are most proper for our Country and Climat.

THOMAS OTWAY

(1652 - 1685)

THOMAS OTWAY was born near Midhurst, Sussex, on 3rd March, 1652. His father, then a curate, was afterwards rector of Woolbeding. He was educated at Winchester and Christ Church, but left Oxford without a degree. He was always interested in the stage, and after a highly unsuccessful appearance as an actor in Mrs. Behn's *Forc'd Marriage*, he began to write plays. His earliest play, a feeble rhymed tragedy, *Alcibiades*, was produced in 1675, and saved from complete failure by the acting of Betterton

and Mrs. Barry, who acted in all Otway's plays. His next play, *Don Carlos* (1676), was a better play, and won great popularity in spite of the wholesale slaughter at the end of it. Otway's position as a playwright was now established, and in 1677 he adapted Racine's *Bérénice* and Molière's *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, the latter retaining the stage until last century. His original comedies, *Friendship in Fashion* (1678), *The Soldier's Fortune* (1681) and its sequel *The Atheist* (1684), are undistinguished by any merit.

Otway had none of the gifts of a comedy-writer, and endeavoured to atone for his deficiencies by a superfluity of grossness. Nor can much be said in favour of *The History and Fall of Caius Marius*, a curious hybrid in which parts of *Romeo and Juliet* are grafted on to Plutarch's *Life of Marius*. In 1678 Otway obtained a commission as ensign in the Duke of Monmouth's regiment of foot, and served for a year in the campaign in Holland. His military experiences enfeebled his health, but perhaps improved his dramatic talent, for soon after his return he wrote the first of the two works which keep his fame alive. *The Orphan* (1680), a most pathetic blank-verse play, is admirable of its kind, and would probably have been revived were it not rendered unsuitable for the modern stage by its sordid plot. It is a domestic, not an heroic play; its heroine, Monimia, was at one time as well known as any Shakespearean heroine. Otway's masterpiece, however, was *Venice Preserv'd or a Plot Discover'd*

(1682). This is easily the greatest of all Restoration tragedies, in spite of its witless comic scenes which satirize the first Earl of Shaftesbury under the name of Antonio. This play puts its author on terms of temporary equality, not indeed with Shakespeare, as has been foolishly claimed, but with Ford and Massinger. Otway's stagecraft was good, but he was more dramatist than poet, and his verse is often weak. He lived in extreme poverty, and the usually accepted story of his death is that he choked when ravenously eating some bread after a long period of starvation. He was madly in love with Mrs. Barry, the principal actress in his plays, and though this unrequited affection made his life unhappy, it probably made him a better tragic poet. *The Orphan* and *Venice Preserv'd* tower high above the bombast and the banalities of the Restoration stage.

[Sir E. Gosse, *Seventeenth Century Studies*; R. A. de Grisy, *Etude sur T. Otway*; E. Schumacher, *Thomas Otway*.]

From "Venice Preserv'd"

(*Act i, Scene i*)

(*Enter PRIULI and JAFFIER.*)

PRIULI

No more! I'll hear no more; begone and leave me.

JAFFIER

Not hear me! by my suffering but you shall!
 My lord, my lord! I'm not that abject wretch
 You think me: patience! where's the distance throws
 Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
 In right, though proud oppression will not hear me?

THOMAS OTWAY

PRIULI

Have you not wronged me?

JAFFIER

Could my nature e'er
 Have brooked injustice, or the doing wrongs,
 I need not now thus low have bent myself,
 To gain a hearing from a cruel father!
 Wronged you?

PRIULI

Yes, wronged me: in the nicest point,
 The honour of my house, you've done me wrong,
 You may remember,—for I now will speak,
 And urge its baseness,—when you first came home
 From travel, with such hopes as made you looked on
 By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation,
 Pleased with your growing virtue, I received you,
 Courted, and sought to raise you to your merits:
 My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
 My very self was yours; you might have used me
 To your best service; like an open friend,
 I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;
 When, in requital of my best endeavours,
 You treacherously practised to undo me,
 Seduced the weakness of my age's darling,
 My only child, and stole her from my bosom—
 O Belvidera!

JAFFIER

'Tis to me you owe her;
 Childless you had been else, and in the grave
 Your name extinct, no more Priuli heard of.
 You may remember, scarce five years are past
 Since in your brigantine you sailed to see
 The Adriatic wedded by our Duke,
 And I was with you; your unskilful pilot
 Dashed us upon a rock, when to your boat
 You made for safety; entered first yourself:
 The affrighted Belvidera, following next,
 As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
 Was by a wave washed off into the deep;

When instantly I plunged into the sea,
 And, buffeting the billows to her rescue,
 Redeemed her life with half the loss of mine.
 Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
 And with the other dashed the saucy waves,
 That thronged and pressed to rob me of my prize:
 I brought her, gave her to your despairing arms.
 Indeed you thanked me; but a nobler gratitude
 Rose in her soul; for from that hour she loved me,
 Till for her life she paid me with herself.

PRIULI

You stole her from me; like a thief you stole her
 At dead of night, that cursèd hour you chose
 To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
 May all your joys in her prove false like mine!
 A sterile fortune, and a barren bed,
 Attend you both! continual discord make
 Your days and nights bitter and grievous! still
 May the hard hand of a vexatious need
 Oppress and grind you, till at last you find
 The curse of disobedience all your portion!

JAFFIER

Half of your curse you have bestowed in vain;
 Heaven has already crowned our faithful loves
 With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty:
 May he live to prove more gentle than his grandsire,
 And happier than his father!

PRIULI

Rather live
 To bait thee for his bread, and din your ears
 With hungry cries; whilst his unhappy mother
 Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.

JAFFIER

You talk as if 't would please you.

PRIULI

'T would, by Heaven!
 Once she was dear indeed; the drops that fell

THOMAS OTWAY

From my sad heart when she forgot her duty,
 The fountain of my life, were not so precious!
 But she is gone, and if I am a man
 I will forget her.

JAFFIER

Would I were in my grave.

PRIULI

And she too with thee;
 For, living here, you're but my curst remembrancers
 I once was happy.

JAFFIER

You use me thus, because you know my soul
 Is fond of Belvidera: you perceive
 My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me.
 Oh! could my soul ever have known satiety,
 Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
 As you upbraid me with, what hinders me,
 But I might send her back to you with contumely,
 And court my fortune where she would be kinder?

PRIULI

You dare not do 't.

JAFFIER

Indeed, my lord, I dare not,
 My heart, that awes me, is too much my master:
 Three years are past since first our vows were plighted,
 During which time, the world must bear me witness,
 I've treated Belvidera like your daughter,
 The daughter of a senator of Venice:
 Distinction, place, attendance, and observance,
 Due to her birth, she always has commanded;
 Out of my little fortune I have done this,
 Because (though hopeless e'er to win your nature)
 The world might see I loved her for herself,
 Not as the heiress of the great Priuli—

PRIULI

No more!

JAFFIER

Yes, all! and then adieu for ever.
 There's not a wretch that lives on common charity
 But's happier than me: for I have known
 The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
 Have slept with soft content about my head,
 And never waked but to a joyful morning;
 Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
 Whose blossom 'scaped, yet's withered in the ripening.

PRIULI

Home, and be humble, study to retrench;
 Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
 Those pageants of thy folly;
 Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
 To humble weeds, fit for thy little state;
 Then to some suburb-cottage both retire;
 Drudge, to feed loathsome life; get brats, and starve.
 Home, home, I say.

[Exit.]

JAFFIER

Yes, if my heart would let me—
 This proud, this swelling heart: home I would go,
 But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
 Filled and dammed up with gaping creditors,
 Watchful as fowlers when their game will spring;
 I have now not fifty ducats in the world,
 Yet still I am in love, and pleased with ruin.
 O, Belvidera! oh! she is my wife—
 And we will bear our wayward fate together,
 But ne'er know comfort more.

(Enter PIERRE.)

PIERRE

My friend, good Morrow!
 How fares the honest partner of my heart?
 What, melancholy! not a word to spare me?

JAFFIER

I'm thinking, Pierre, how that damned starving quality
 Called honesty got footing in the world.

PIERRE

Why, powerful villainy first set it up,
 For its own ease and safety; honest men
 Are the soft easy cushions on which knaves
 Repose and fatten. Were all mankind villains,
 They'd starve each other; lawyers would want practice;
 Cut-throats rewards; each man would kill his brother
 Himself, none would be paid or hanged for murder.
 Honesty was a cheat invented first
 To bind the hands of bold deserving rogues,
 That fools and cowards might sit safe in power,
 And lord it uncontrolled above their betters.

JAFFIER

Then honesty's but a notion?

PIERRE

Nothing else,
 Like wit, much talked of, not to be defined,
 He that pretends to most, too, has least share in 't;
 'Tis a ragged virtue: honesty! no more on 't.

JAFFIER

Sure thou art honest?

PIERRE

So indeed men think me:
 But they're mistaken, Jaffier: I am a rogue
 As well as they;
 A fine, gay, bold-faced villain, as thou seest me:
 'Tis true, I pay my debts when they're contracted;
 I steal from no man; would not cut a throat
 To gain admission to a great man's purse
 Or a whore's bed; I'd not betray my friend,
 To get his place or fortune; I scorn to flatter
 A blown-up fool above, or crush the wretch
 Beneath me.—
 Yet, Jaffier, for all this, I am a villain.

JAFFIER

A villain!

PIERRE

Yes, a most notorious villain,
To see the sufferings of my fellow-creatures,
And own myself a man; to see our senators
Cheat the deluded people with a show
Of liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste of.
They say, by them our hands are free from fetters,
Yet whom they please they lay in basest bonds;
Bring whom they please to infamy and sorrow;
Drive us like wrecks down the rough tide of power,
Whilst no hold's left to save us from destruction.
All that bear this are villains, and I one,
Not to rouse up at the great call of nature,
And check the growth of these domestic spoilers,
That make us slaves, and tell us 'tis our charter.

JAFFIER

O Aquilina! friend, to lose such beauty,
The dearest purchase of thy noble labours!
She was thy right by conquest, as by love.

PIERRE

O Jaffier! I'd so fixed my heart upon her,
That wheresoe'er I framed a scheme of life
For time to come, she was my only joy,
With which I wished to sweeten future cares;
I fancied pleasures, none but one that loves
And dotes as I did can imagine like them:
When in the extremity of all these hopes,
In the most charming hour of expectation,
Then when our eager wishes soar the highest,
Ready to stoop and grasp the lovely game,
A haggard owl, a worthless kite of prey,
With his foul wings sailed in, and spoiled my quarry.

JAFFIER

I knew the wretch, and scorn him as thou hat'st him.

PIERRE

Curse on the common good that's so protected.
Where every slave that heaps up wealth enough

THOMAS OTWAY

To do much wrong becomes a lord of right!
 I, who believed no ill could e'er come near me,
 Found in the embraces of my Aquilina
 A wretched, old, but itching senator;
 A wealthy fool, that had bought out my title;
 A rogue, that uses beauty like a lamb-skin,
 Barely to keep him warm: that filthy cuckoo, too,
 Was in my absence crept into my nest,
 And spoiling all my brood of noble pleasure.

JAFFIER

Didst thou not chase him thence?

PIERRE

I did; and drove
 The rank, old, bearded Hirco stinking home:
 The matter was complained of in the senate,
 I summoned to appear, and censured basely,
 For violating something they call privilege,
 This was the recompense of all my service;
 Would I'd been rather beaten by a coward!
 A soldier's mistress, Jaffier, 's his religion;
 When that's profaned, all other ties are broken;
 That even dissolves all former bonds of service;
 And from that hour I think myself as free
 To be the foe as e'er the friend of Venice—
 Nay, dear Revenge! whene'er thou call'st I'm ready.

JAFFIER

I think no safety can be here for virtue,
 And grieve, my friend, as much as thou, to live
 In such a wretched state as this of Venice,
 Where all agree to spoil the public good,
 And villains fatten with the brave man's labours.

PIERRE

We've neither safety, unity, nor peace;
 For the foundation's lost of common good;
 Justice is lame as well as blind amongst us;
 The laws (corrupted to their ends that make them)
 Serve but for the instruments of some new tyranny,
 That every day starts up to enslave us deeper;
 Now could this glorious cause but find out friends,

To do it right—O Jaffier! then mightst thou
 Not wear these seals of woe upon thy face.
 The proud Priuli should be taught humanity,
 And learn to value such a son as thou art.
 I dare not speak; but my heart bleeds this moment!

JAFFIER

Curst be the cause, though I thy friend be part on 't.
 Let me partake the troubles of thy bosom,
 For I am used to misery, and perhaps
 May find a way to sweeten it to thy spirit.

PIERRE

Too soon it will reach thy knowledge.—

JAFFIER

Then from thee
 Let it proceed. There's virtue in thy friendship
 Would make the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
 Strengthen my constancy, and welcome ruin.

PIERRE

Then thou art ruined!

JAFFIER

That I long since knew;
 I and ill fortune have been long acquainted.

PIERRE

I passed this very moment by thy doors,
 And found them guarded by a troop of villains,
 The sons of public rapine were destroying;
 They told me, by the sentence of the law
 They had commission to seize all thy fortune;
 Nay, more; Priuli's cruel hand hath signed it.
 Here stood a ruffian, with a horrid face,
 Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
 Tumbled into a heap for public sale:
 There was another making villainous jests
 At thy undoing; he had taken possession
 Of all thy ancient most domestic ornaments,
 Rich hangings, intermixed and wrought with gold;

THOMAS OTWAY

The very bed which on thy wedding night
Received thee to the arms of Belvidera,
The scene of all thy joys, was violated,
By the coarse hands of filthy dungeon-villains.
And thrown amongst the common lumber.

JAFFIER

Now, thank Heaven—

PIERRE

Thank Heaven! for what?

JAFFIER

That I'm not worth a ducat.

PIERRE

Curse thy dull stars, and the worse fate of Venice.
Where brothers, friends, and fathers are all false;
Where there's no trust, no truth; where innocence
Stoops under vile oppression, and vice lords it.
Hadst thou but seen, as I did, how at last
Thy beauteous Belvidera, like a wretch
That's doomed to banishment, came weeping forth
Shining through tears, like April-suns in showers,
That labour to o'ercome the cloud that loads 'em,
Whilst two young virgins, on whose arms she leaned,
Kindly looked up, and at her grief grew sad,
As if they catched the sorrows that fell from her!
Even the lewd rabble that were gathered round
To see the sight, stood mute when they beheld her;
Governed their roaring throats, and grumbled pity;
I could have hugged the greasy rogues; they pleased me.

JAFFIER

I thank thee for this story, from my soul,
Since now I know the worst that can befall me.
Ah, Pierre! I have a heart that could have borne
The roughest wrong my fortune could have done me;
But when I think what Belvidera feels,
The bitterness her tender spirit tastes of,
I own myself a coward: bear my weakness,
If, throwing thus my arms about thy neck,

I play the boy, and blubber in thy bosom.
Oh, I shall drown thee with my sorrows!

PIERRE

Burn!

First burn, and level Venice to thy ruin.
What, starve like beggars' brats in frosty weather,
Under a hedge, and whine ourselves to death!
Thou, or thy cause, shall never want assistance,
Whilst I have blood or fortune fit to serve thee.
Command my heart: thou 'rt every way its master.

JAFFIER

No; there's a secret pride in bravely dying.

PIERRE

Rats die in holes and corners, dogs run mad;
Man knows a braver remedy for sorrow,
Revenge! the attribute of gods; they stamped it
With their great image on our natures. Die!
Consider well the cause that calls upon thee,
And, if thou 'rt base enough, die then. Remember
Thy Belvidera suffers; Belvidera!
Die!—damn first—what! be decently interred
In a churchyard, and mingle thy brave dust
With stinking rogues that rot in dirty winding-sheets,
Surfeit-slain fools, the common dung of the soil?

JAFFIER

Oh!

PIERRE

Well said, out with it, swear a little—

JAFFIER

Swear!

By sea and air, by earth, by Heaven and hell,
I will revenge my Belvidera's tears!
Hark thee, my friend: Priuli—is—a senator!

PIERRE

A dog!

JAFFIER

Agreed.

PIERRE

Shoot him.

JAFFIER

With all my heart.

No more. Where shall we meet at night?

PIERRE

I'll tell thee;

On the Rialto every night at twelve

I take my evening's walk of meditation;

There we will meet, and talk of precious mischief.

JAFFIER

Farewell.

PIERRE

At twelve.

JAFFIER

At any hour; my plagues

Will keep me waking.—

[Exit PIERRE.]

Tell me why, good Heaven

Thou madest me what I am, with all the spirit,

Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,

That fill the happiest man? Ah! rather why

Didst thou not form me sordid as my fate,

Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens?

Why have I sense to know the curse that's on me?

Is this just dealing, Nature?—Belvidera!

(Enter BELVIDERA, attended.)

Poor Belvidera!

BELVIDERA

Lead me, lead me, my virgins,

To that kind voice. My lord, my love, my refuge!

Happy my eyes, when they behold thy face:

My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating,

At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys,

Oh, smile, as when our loves were in their spring,

And cheer my fainting soul.

JAFFIER

As when our loves

Were in their spring? has then my fortune changed?

Art thou not Belvidera, still the same,
 Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found thee?
 If thou art altered, where shall I have harbour?
 Where ease my loaded heart? Oh! where complain?

BELVIDERA

Does this appear like change, or love decaying
 When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
 With all the resolution of strong truth?
 Beats not my heart, as 't would alarum thine
 To a new charge of bliss? I joy more in thee
 Than did thy mother when she hugged thee first
 And blessed the gods for all her travail past.

JAFFIER

Can there in woman be such glorious faith?
 Sure all ill stories of thy sex are false.
 O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
 To temper man: we had been brutes without you;
 Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
 There's in you all that we believe of Heaven,
 Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
 Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

BELVIDERA

If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous rich,
 I have so much, my heart will surely break with 't;
 Vows can't express it: when I would declare
 How great's my joy, I'm dumb with the big thought,
 I swell, and sigh, and labour with my longing,
 Oh, lead me to some desert wide and wild,
 Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
 May have its vent: where I may tell aloud
 To the high Heavens, and every listening planet,
 With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught;
 Where I may throw my eager arms about thee,
 Give loose to love, with kisses kindling joy,
 And let off all the fire that's in my heart!

JAFFIER

O Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar,—
 Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee;

THOMAS OTWAY

Want! worldly want! that hungry meagre fiend,
 Is at my heels, and chases me in view.
 Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can these limbs,
 Framed for the tender offices of love,
 Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
 When banished by our miseries abroad,
 (As suddenly we shall be) to seek out,
 In some far climate where our names are strangers,
 For charitable succour; wilt thou then,
 When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
 And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads;
 Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
 Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?

BELVIDERA

Oh, I will love thee, even in madness love thee:
 Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
 I'd find some intervals, when my poor heart
 Should 'suage itself, and be let loose to thine,
 Though the bare earth be all our resting-place,
 Its roots our food, some clift our habitation,
 I'll make this arm a pillow for thy head;
 And as thou sighing liest, and swelled with sorrow,
 Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
 Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;
 Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morning.

JAFFIER

Hear this, you Heavens, and wonder how you have made her!
 Reign, reign, ye monarchs, that divide the world,
 Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know,
 Tranquillity and happiness like mine;
 Like gaudy ships the obsequious billows fall
 And rise again, to lift you in your pride;
 They wait but for a storm, and then devour you:
 I, in my private bark, already wrecked,
 Like a poor merchant driven on unknown land,
 That had by chance packed up his choicest treasure
 In one dear casket, and saved only that,
 Since I must wander further on the shore,
 Thus hug, my little, but my precious store;
 Resolved to scorn, and trust my fate no more.

[*Exeunt.*

WENTWORTH DILLON, FOURTH EARL OF ROSCOMMON

(? 1633 – 1685)

WENTWORTH DILLON, nephew and godson of the famous Earl of Strafford, was born in Ireland about 1633. He was educated privately at his uncle's Yorkshire seat and at Caen, in Normandy. He succeeded to the title in 1649, when his father was killed by falling downstairs. For some years he travelled on the Continent, and became a dilettante of the better kind. He had a considerable knowledge of numismatics; and was for that time a man of unusually upright life, his one foible being a passion for gambling. He returned to England after the Restoration, and, as befitted an earl and an accomplished gentleman, was well received at court. His lands were restored to him, and he was appointed captain of the band of gentlemen pensioners. He played a certain part in Irish affairs, and showed himself a capable but not an energetic man of business. On his return to London he was appointed master of the horse to the Duchess of York. He entertained the idea of establishing an English academy of letters, to stabilize the language and set up canons of correct taste. His scheme interested Lord Halifax, Lord Dorset, and Dryden, amongst others, but never came to anything. Roscommon intended to escape the political storms in England by flight to Italy, but was prevented by his death, which took place early in January, 1685.

Roscommon wrote the usual

translations from Virgil and other classical poets, paraphrased a psalm, and penned an epicedium on a lady's lap-dog. His principal works —they can only be called so because his other writings are even slighter —are a blank-verse translation of Horace's *Ars Poetica* (1680) and *An Essay on Translated Verse* (1684). The translation of Horace is meritorious but undistinguished, save in its choice of metre. Roscommon had the good taste to be one of the earliest critical admirers of *Paradise Lost*, and, as far as his poetical abilities allowed him, he adopted Milton's metre for his translation. The *Essay on Translated Verse* was a much belauded poem in its day; Aristotle and Horace were compared with its author to their disadvantage; but in truth it is a tame and frigid production, as useless as a didactic poem as it is uninteresting as a piece of literature. It contains an occasional neatly turned aphorism. Roscommon owed some of his subsequent fame to his freedom from obscenity, though, curiously enough, his poems, too small to form an independent volume, were frequently bound up with those of Rochester; but his subject-matter did not invite obscene treatment. Johnson sums up by no means unfavourably when he says of him, "He is elegant, but not great; he never labours after exquisite beauties, and he seldom falls into gross faults. His versification is

smooth, but rarely vigorous, and his rhymes are remarkably exact. He improved taste, if he did not enlarge knowledge, and may be numbered among the benefactors to English literature."

From the "Essay on Translated Verse"

Happy that Author, whose correct Essay
 Repairs so well our Old Horatian way
 And happy you, who (by propitious fate)
 On great Apollo's sacred Standard wait,
 And with strict discipline instructed right,
 Have learned to use your arms before you fight.
 But since the Press, the Pulpit, and the Stage,
 Conspire to censure and expose our Age,
 Provok'd, too far, we resolutely must
 To the few Virtues that we have, be just.
 For who have long'd, or who have labour'd more
 To search the Treasures of the Roman store;
 Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore;
 The noblest fruits transplanted in our isle
 With early hope, and fragrant blossoms smile.
 Familiar Ovid tender thoughts inspires,
 And Nature seconds all his soft desires:
 Theocritus does now to us belong;
 And Albion's rocks repeat his rural song.
 Who has not heard how Italy was blest,
 Above the Medes, above the wealthy East?
 Or Gallus song, so tender, and so true,
 As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view!
 When Mourning Nymphs attend their Daphne's hearse
 Who does not weep, that reads the moving verse!
 But hear, oh hear, in what exalted strains
 Sicilian Muses through these happy plains,
 Proclaim Saturnian Times, our own Apollo reigns.

When France had breathed, after intestine broils,
 And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils,
 There (cultivated by a royal hand)
 Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest the Land;
 The choicest books, that Rome, or Greece have known,
 Her excellent translators made her own:
 And Europe still considerably gains,
 Both by their good Example and their Pains.

From hence our gen'rous emulation came,
 We undertook, and we perform'd the same.
 But now, we show the world a nobler way,
 And in Translated Verse, do more than they.
 Serene, and clear, harmonious Horace flows,
 With sweetness not to be expressed in prose.
 Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,
 And shows the stuff, but not the Workman's skill.
 I (who have serv'd him more than twenty years)
 Scarce know my Master as he there appears.
 Vain are our neighbours' hopes, and vain their cares,
 The fault is more their language's, than theirs.
 'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words;
 Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords.
 But who did ever in French authors see
 The comprehensive, English energy?
 The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
 Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages shine.
 I speak my private, but impartial sense,
 With freedom, and (I hope) without offence:
 For I'll recant, when France can show me wit,
 As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.

'Tis true, composing is the nobler part,
 But good translation is no easy art:
 For though materials have long since been found,
 Yet both your fancy, and your hands are bound;
 And by improving what was writ before;
 Invention labours less, but judgment more.

The soil intended for Pierian seeds;
 Must be well purged from rank pedantic weeds.
 Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes,
 At the rude rumbling Baralipton makes.
 For none have been with admiration read,
 But who (beside their learning) were well-bred.

The first great work, (a task performed by few)
 Is, that yourself may to yourself be true:
 No masque, no tricks, no favour, no reserve;
 Dissect your mind, examine ev'ry nerve.
 Whoever vainly on his strength depends,
 Begins like Virgil, but like Maevius ends.
 That wretch (in spite of his forgotten rhymes)

LORD ROSCOMMON

Condemned to live to all succeeding times,
 With pompous Nonsense and a bellowing sound
 Sung lofty Ilium, tumbling to the ground.
 And (if my Muse can through past ages see)
 That noisy, nauseous, gaping fool was he;
 Exploded, when with universal scorn,
 The mountains labour'd and a mouse was born.

Learn, learn, Crotona's brawny wrestler cries,
 Audacious mortals, and be timely wise!
 'Tis I that call, remember Milo's end,
 Wedged in that timber which he strove to rend.

Each poet with a different talent writes,
 One praises, one instructs, another bites.
 Horace did ne'er aspire to epic bays,
 Nor lofty Maro stoop to lyric lays.
 Examine how your humour is inclined,
 And which the ruling passion of your mind;
 Then, seek a poet who your way does bend,
 And choose an author as you choose a friend.
 United by this sympathetic bond,
 You grow familiar, intimate and fond;
 Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls agree,
 No longer his interpreter, but he.

With how much ease is a young Muse betray'd,
 How nice the reputation of the maid!
 Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
 By chaste instruction of her tender years.
 The first impression in her infant breast
 Will be the deepest, and should be the best,
 Let no austerity breed servile fear,
 No wanton sound offend her virgin ear.
 Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
 And specious flattery's more pernicious bait,
 Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts
 But your neglect must answer for her faults.

Immodest words admit of no defence;
 For want of Decency, is want of sense.
 What mod'rate fop would rake the park, or stews,
 Who among troops of faultless nymphs may choose?
 Variety of such is to be found;

Take then a subject, proper to expound:
 But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice,
 For men of sense despise a trivial choice:
 And such applause it must expect to meet,
 As would some painter, busy in a street,
 To copy Bulls and Bears, and ev'ry sign
 That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.

GEORGE SAVILE, MARQUESS OF HALIFAX

(1633–1695)

GEORGE SAVILE, the eldest son of Sir William Savile, Bart., of Thornhill, Yorkshire, was born on 11th November, 1633. He succeeded to the baronetcy when only ten years old. He was educated at home and, possibly, on the Continent. His mother carefully nursed his estates during his minority, and he was eventually a man of considerable wealth. In 1656 he married a daughter of Waller's "Sacharissa". In 1660 he represented Pontefract in the Convention, but did not sit in the subsequent Parliament. In 1668 he was raised to the peerage as a viscount, and in the following year he was appointed a commissioner of trade. His subsequent career belongs mainly to political rather than to literary history; and a brief outline of it must suffice. He opposed the Test Acts; was promoted to an earldom in 1679; and was chiefly responsible for the throwing out of the Exclusion Bill, opposing Shaftesbury in sixteen speeches. He became a marquess and Lord Privy Seal in 1682; but opposed the repeal of the Test and

Habeas Corpus Acts, and so lost James's favour. He was chosen Speaker of the House of Lords in the Convention Parliament, and though he was not one of those who invited William of Orange to come over, he did more than anyone else to establish William and Mary as joint sovereigns; and it was he who requested them to accept the crown. He was Lord Privy Seal again from 1689 to 1690, when he resigned. He spent his last years in retirement, and died on 5th April, 1695. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Halifax was far too busy, and it may be added far too witty a man to be a voluminous writer, but the half-dozen small tracts which he wrote entitle him to rank as second only to Swift among English pamphleteers. Indeed if persuasion be the true aim of eloquence, he might be bracketed equal with his more savage successor, for two at least of his pamphlets profoundly influenced public opinion, and consequently the political situation at the time of their appearance. His writings

include *Advice to a Daughter*, a witty and brilliant little book, addressed to his own daughter, the mother of the celebrated fourth Earl of Chesterfield; *The Character of a Trimmer*; *The Anatomy of an Equivalent*; *A Letter to a Dissenter*; *Cautions for Choice of Parliament Men*; *New Model at Sea*; and *Maxims of State*. He also wrote an able and sympathetic *Character of King Charles II*, which was not published until 1750. The most celebrated of his works, *The Character of a Trimmer*, was published as being by Sir William Coventry, but no one seriously doubts Halifax's authorship, and its publication in 1700 as his work was unchallenged.

It is an epigrammatic and witty defence of the moderation in politics which had characterized its author's career. Halifax, though always an advocate of compromise, was a man of the greatest courage, never hesitating to put himself on the unpopular side. His style is elegant, terse, and modern; his foresight in political matters is sometimes almost uncanny. There is often more sense in one of his crisp, pregnant sentences than in many a tome on statesmanship.

[H. C. Foxcroft, *Sir George Savile, Marquis of Halifax*; H. Paul, *Men and Letters*. Halifax's works have been edited by Sir Walter Raleigh.]

From "The Character of a Trimmer"

Our Trimmer is far from Idolatry in other things, and in one thing only he cometh somewhat near it; his Country is in some degree his Idol! He doth not worship the Sun, because it is not peculiar to us, it rambleth about the world, and is less kind to us than it is to other countries; but for the earth of England, though perhaps inferior to many places abroad, to him there is divinity in it, and he had rather die than see a spire of English grass trampled upon by a foreign grasshopper. He thinketh that there are a great many of his mind, for all plants are not to taste of the soil in which they grow and we that grow here have a root that produceth in us a stock of English juice, which is not to be changed by grafting or foreign infusion, and I do not know whether anything less will prevail than the modern experiment, by which the blood of one creature is transmitted into another; according to which, before the French blood can be let into our bodies, every drop of our own must be drawn out of them. Our Trimmer cannot but lament that, by a sacrifice too great for one nation to make to another, we should live like a rich mine made useless for want only of being wrought, and that the life and vigour which should move us against our enemies is miserably applied to tear our own bowels. That being made by our happy situation not only safer, but if we please greater too, than countries which far exceed us in extent; that having courage by nature, learning by industry, riches by trade, we should corrupt all those advantages, so as to make them insignificant, and by a fatality

which seemeth peculiar to us, misplace our active rage one against another, whilst we are turned into statues on that side where lieth our greatest danger to be unconcerned, not only at our neighbour's ruin but our own, and let our island lie like a great bulk in the sea, without rudder or sails, all the men cast away in her, or as if we were all children rocked to sleep to a foreign tune, I say when our Trimmer representeth to his mind, our roses blasted and discoloured, whilst the lilies triumph and grow insolent upon the comparison; when he considereth our once flourishing laurels now withered and dying, and nothing left us but the remembrance of a better part in History, than we shall make for the next Age, which will now be no more to us than a scutcheon hung upon our doors when we are dead; when he foreseeth from hence growing, infamy from abroad, confusion at home, and all this without the possibility of a cure, in respect of the voluntary fitters good men put upon themselves by their allegiance, without a great measure of preventing grace, he would be tempted to go out of the world like a Roman philosopher, rather than endure the burden of life under such a discouraging prospect. But mistakes as all other have their periods, and many times the way to cure is not to oppose them, but stay till they are crushed with their own weight: For Nature will not allow anything to continue long that is violent; violence is a wound, and a wound must be curable in a little time, or else it is mortal. But a nation cometh near being immortal, therefore the wound will one time or another be cured, though perhaps by such rough methods, if too long foreborne, as may make even the best remedies we can propose, to be at the same time a melancholy contemplation to us. There is but one thing (God's Providence excepted) to support a man from sinking under these afflicting thoughts, and that is the hopes we draw singly from the King himself, without the mixture of any other consideration. Though the nation was lavish of their kindness to him at his first coming, yet there remaineth still a stock of warmth in men's hearts for him, besides the good influences of his happy planet are not yet all spent: and though the stars of men past their youth are generally declining, and have less force, like eyes of decaying beauties; yet, by a blessing peculiar to himself, we may yet hope to be saved even by his Autumnal Fortune. He hath something about him that will draw down a healing miracle for his and our deliverance. A Prince that seemeth fitted for such an offending age, in which men's crimes have been so general, that the not forgiving his people had been destroying them! Whose gentleness giveth him a natural dominion that hath no bounds, with such a noble mixture of greatness and condescension, an engaging look that disarmeth men of their ill humour, and their resentments, something in him that wanteth a name, and can no more be defined than it can be resisted, a gift of Heaven of its last finishing, where it will be peculiarly kind! The only Prince in

the world that dares be familiar, or that hath right to triumph over those forms which were first invented to give awe to those that could not judge, and to hide defects from those that could: A Prince that hath exhausted himself by his liberality, and endangered himself by his mercy, who only shineth by his own light, and by his natural virtues excelleth all the varnish of studied acquisitions; his faults are like shades to a good picture, or like alloy to gold to make it more useful; he may have some, but for any man to see them through so many reconciling virtues, is a sacrilegious piece of ill nature, of which no generous mind can be guilty. A Prince that deserveth to be loved for his own sake, even without the helps of a comparison; our love, our duty, and our danger, all join to cement our obedience to him: In short whatever he can do, it is no more possible for us to be angry with him, than with the bank that secureth us from the raging sea, the kind shade that hideth us from the scorching sun, the welcome hand that reacheth us a reprieve, or with the Guardian Angel that rescueth our soul from the devouring jaws of wretched Eternity.

THE CONCLUSION

To conclude, our Trimmer is so fully satisfied of the truth of those principles by which he is directed in reference to the public, that he will neither be bawled, threatened, laughed, nor drunk out of them; and instead of being convicted by the arguments of his adversaries to their opinion he is very much confirmed in his own by them. He professeth solemnly that were it in his power to choose, he would rather have his ambition bounded by the commandments of a wise and great master, than let it range with a popular licence, though crowned with success. Yet he cannot commit such a sin against the glorious thing called liberty, or let his soul stoop so much below itself, as to be content without repining to have his reason entirely subdued, or the privilege of acting like a sensible creature torn from him by the imperious dictates of unlimited authority, in what hand soever it happeneth to be placed. What is there in this, that is so criminal as to deserve the penalty of that most singular apothegm, "A Trimmer is worse than a Rebel"? What do angry men ail to rail so against moderation? Doth it not look as if they were going to some scurvy extreme, that is too strong to be digested by the more considering part of Mankind? These arbitrary methods, besides the injustice of them are, God be thanked, very unskilful too, for they fright the birds by talking so loud from coming into the net that is laid for them. When men agree to rifle a house, they seldom give warning, or blow a trumpet; but there are some small statesmen who are so full charged with their own expectations, that they cannot contain; and kind Heaven by sending such a seasonable curse upon their understandings, hath made their ignorance an antidote

against their malice; some of these cannot treat peaceably, yielding will not satisfy them, they will have men by storm. There are others who must have plots to make their service necessary, and have an interest to keep them alive since they are to live upon them; these men would persuade the King to retrench his own greatness, so as to shrink into the Head of a party, which is a betraying him into such an un-Princely mistake, and into such a wilful diminution of himself, that they are the last enemies he ought to allow himself to forgive. Such men, if they could, would prevail with the sun to shine only upon them and their friends, and to have all the rest of the world in the dark. This is a very unusual monopoly, and may come within the equity of the law, which maketh it treason to imprison the King; when such unfitting bounds are put to his favour, and he confined to the narrow circle of a particular set of men, that would enclose him. These honest and only loyal gentlemen, if they may be allowed to bear witness for themselves, make a King their engine, and degrade him into a property, at the very time that their flattery would make him believe that they paid Divine Worship to him. Besides these there is a flying squadron on both sides, that are afraid the world should agree; small dabblers in conjuring, that raise angry apparitions to keep men from being reconciled; like wasps they fly up and down, buzz and sting to keep men unquiet; But those insects are commonly short-lived creatures, and no doubt in a little time mankind will be rid of them; they were giants at least who once fought against Heaven, but for such Pigmies as these to contend against it, it is such a provoking folly, that the insolent bunglers ought to be laughed and hissed out of the world for it. They should consider, there is a soul in that great body the people, which may for a time be drowsy and inactive; but when the Leviathan is roused, it moveth like an angry creature, and will neither be convinced nor resisted. The people can never agree to show their united power, till they are extremely tempted and provoked to it. So that to apply cupping-glasses to a great beast naturally disposed to sleep, and to force the tame thing whether it will or no to be valiant, must be learned out of some other book than Machiavel, who would never have prescribed such a preposterous method. It is to be remembered, that if princes have law and authority on their side, the people on theirs may have Nature, which is a formidable adversary. Duty, Justice, Religion, nay even Human Prudence too biddeth the people suffer every thing rather than resist. But uncorrected Nature wherever it feeleth a smart will run to the nearest remedy. Men's passions are in this case to be considered as much as their duty, let it be never so strongly enforced; for if their passions are provoked, they being as much a part of us as any of our limbs, they lead men into a short way of arguing that admitteth no distinctions, and from the foundations of self defence they will draw inferences that will have miserable effects upon the quiet

of a government. Our Trimmer therefore dreadeth a general discontent because he thinketh it differeth from a rebellion, only as a spotted fever doth from the plague, the same species under a lower degree of malignity. It worketh several ways, sometimes like a slow poison that hath its effects a great distance from the time that it is given, sometimes like dry flax prepared to catch at the first fire, or like seed in the ground ready to sprout upon the first shower, in every shape it is fatal. And our Trimmer thinketh no pains or caution can be too great to prevent it. In short, he thinketh himself in the right, grounding his opinions upon that truth, which equally hateth to be under the oppression of wrangling sophistry on one side or the short dictates of mistaken authority on the other. Our Trimmer adoreth the goddess Truth, though in all ages she hath been scurvily used as well as those that worshipped her. It is of late become such a ruining virtue that mankind seemeth to be agreed, to commend and avoid it, yet the want of practice which repealeth all other laws hath no influence upon the law of truth, because it hath a root in Heaven and an intrinsic value in itself that can never be impaired. She showeth her greatness in this, that her enemies even when they are successful are ashamed to own it. Nothing but powerful truth hath the prerogative of triumphing not only over victory but in spite of it, and to put conquest itself out of countenance: she may be kept under and suppressed, but her dignity still remaineth with her even when she is enchain'd. Falsehood with all its impudence hath not enough to speak ill of her before her face; such majesty she carrieth about her that her most prosperous enemies are fain to whisper their treason; all the power on earth can never extinguish her, she hath lived in all ages, and let the mistakes of prevailing authority christen any opposition to it with what name they please, she makes it not only an ugly and unmannerly thing to persist, she hath lived so still, very retiredly indeed; nay, sometimes so buried, that only some few of the more discerning part of mankind could have a glimpse of her: withal she hath eternity in her, she knoweth not how to die, and from the darkest clouds that can shade or cover her, she breaketh out from time to time with triumph for her friends and terror to her enemies. Our Trimmer therefore inspired by this divine virtue, thinketh fit to conclude with these assertions, that our climate is a trimmer between that part of the world where men are roasted, and the other where they are frozen: that our church is a trimmer between the frenzy of fanatic visions and the lethargic ignorance of Popish dreams, that our laws are trimmers between the excesses of unbounded power, and the extravagance of liberty not enough restrained. That true virtue hath ever been thought a trimmer, and to have its dwelling in the middle between the two extremes: that even God Almighty Himself is divided between his two great attributes, His mercy and His Justice.

In such company our Trimmer is not ashamed of his name, and willingly leaveth to the bold champions of either extreme, the honour of contending with no less adversaries than Nature, Religion, Liberty, Prudence, Humanity and Common Sense.

WILLIAM CONGREVE

(1670 – 1729)

WILLIAM CONGREVE was born at Bardsey, near Leeds, early in 1670. He was a member of an old Staffordshire family; his father was an officer in the army, who was appointed to command the garrison at Youghal, and became agent for the estates of the Earl of Cork. Congreve, accordingly, was educated in Ireland, at Kilkenny School and at Trinity College, Dublin. At both these seats of learning Swift, who was his senior by two years, was his companion and friend. History is silent about Congreve's college career; but his works make it quite clear that he was no inconsiderable scholar. After leaving Dublin, Congreve entered the Middle Temple, but in all probability did not woo the tenth muse, that of Law (who has been named "Fleta"), with great assiduity, but at a very early age adopted a career of elegance and literature. In 1691 he published, under the pseudonym of Cleophil, a novel entitled *Incognita, or Love and Duty reconciled*. This novel was for long not easy to procure; but it has fairly recently been made available in a good edition. It may be doubted whether it is worthy of the attention it has received. Congreve's first play, *The Old Bachelor*, was brought out in January, 1693. Congreve was then

only twenty-three years of age, and, according to his own account, had written the play four years previously, when recovering from an illness. It is a remarkable first play, and a remarkable piece of work for so young an author, but its plot is poor, and it imitates Jonson at times with no great competence. It was highly successful, and its reception encouraged Congreve to write *The Double-Dealer*, which first appeared in the autumn of the same year, 1693. It is a better play than its predecessor, but was less well received. Maskwell and Lady Touchwood are indeed somewhat out of place in a comedy; the former is the conventional stage villain, complete with all his appurtenances—asides and soliloquies. The patronage of the queen and Dryden's generous praises saved this comedy from failure, and after a time, when audiences had got used to the novelties of Congreve's methods, it became fairly popular. Its characters are well drawn, and it observes the unities with a severity which is unusual in a comedy. Congreve's next play, *Love for Love*, appeared in 1695 at the new theatre in Portugal Row, Lincoln's Inn Fields. It marks a still further advance, and is in many respects Congreve's masterpiece. The characters are

more natural and more interesting than those of the other comedies; the plot is better, and the dialogue more sparkling than ever. The play was a brilliant success, and won for Congreve a share in the theatre, though he never carried out his promise of writing a play every year. In this same year Congreve was appointed commissioner for licensing hackney coaches. Congreve's next play was his tragedy, *The Mourning Bride* (1697), which was immoderately praised when it appeared and during the eighteenth century; it is now, perhaps, undervalued. It is a play of gloom and fustian, and though it ranks below the work of the lesser Elizabethans, it stands near Otway's two best plays among the best half-dozen of post-Restoration tragedies. Tragedy, however, was not Congreve's forte; that he wrote so passable a one must be considered as a tribute to his craftsmanship rather than to his natural gifts. A passage in *The Mourning Bride* has suffered from Johnson's extravagant eulogy; it is a piece of good rhetoric, not poetry. In 1697 Congreve crossed swords with a formidable opponent, Jeremy Collier, who attacked him in his *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*. Congreve's reply was not happy, and much less witty than might have been anticipated; he would have been better advised to allow Collier's book to die of its own absurdities, which were numerous. Collier's attack was not so important, either in itself or its results, as has often been represented. Congreve's last play, *The Way of the World*, was produced in 1700. It was written to please the author rather than the public. Congreve

put his best work into it, but it was a comparative failure, and he vowed to write no more for the stage, and religiously kept his vow. Many critics consider this play Congreve's best work and the best comedy of repartee in English, but it is marred by its imperfect plot and its somewhat inhuman atmosphere. The coquette Millamant, however, is easily the most life-like figure in Congreve's gallery; a woman of flesh and blood, unlike most of his two-dimensional puppets. Congreve lived twenty-nine years longer, but, practically speaking, wrote no more. He was appointed commissioner of wine-licences (1705-1714) and secretary for Jamaica; he also held a place in the pipe-office and a patent place in the customs at various times. He enjoyed considerable affluence, and was so well liked that, even in those days of acrimonious party strife, he was permitted to enjoy his sinecures irrespective of the vicissitudes of his party. He was considered as the *doyen* of English men of letters; his position as such was strengthened by his early retirement. Pope did him the signal honour of dedicating his translation of the *Iliad* to him. In his later years he was a martyr to gout, and became almost totally blind, a severe trial to a man of letters. His urbanity and gaiety were, apparently, undiminished. He died on 19th January, 1729, from the after-effects of a carriage accident which had taken place some months previously. He was patronized in his last years by the eccentric Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, who, it is said, had a wax or ivory figure made of the dramatist after his death. This figure was made to nod assent by



WILLIAM CONGREVE

From the painting by Sir G. Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery

clockwork, and, like its prototype, had its feet medically treated for gout. Congreve was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Congreve's *vis comica* lies almost entirely in his dialogue. It is beautifully polished and dazzling; its one weakness is that even his fools are masters of brilliant repartee. As a writer of good nervous English, Congreve has few equals. Meredith says of him: "Where Congreve excels all his English rivals is in his literary force, and a succinctness of style peculiar to him. He had correct judgment, a correct ear, readiness of illustration within a narrow range, in snapshots of the obvious at the obvious, and copious language. He hits the mean of a fine style and a natural in dialogue. He is at once precise and voluble. If you have ever thought upon style you will acknowledge it to be a signal accomplishment. In this he is a classic, and is worthy of

treading a measure with Molière." From the purely dramatic point of view Congreve's comedies do not rank so high. His plots are at once elaborate and careless, his characters are not interesting, and there is something of an inhuman air about them. As a master of the comic spirit, Congreve is not to be compared with Molière. The difference between them is that which Aristotle sets down as the difference between poetry and history; Molière tends to express the universal, Congreve the particular. Molière, therefore, is a more philosophical and a higher thing than Congreve.

[J. Isaacs, *The Life of William Congreve*; Sir E. Gosse, *William Congreve*; D. Protopopesco, *Un classique moderne, William Congreve*; G. Meredith, *An Essay on Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit*; editions by A. C. Ewald, B. Dobree, and M. Summers.]

"From The Way of the World"

(*Act IV, Scene I*)

(*A room in Lady Wishfort's House.*)

Lady Wishfort.—Is Sir Rowland coming, sayest thou, Foible? and are things in order?

Foible (Lady Wishfort's woman).—Yes, madam. I have put wax lights in the sconces, and placed the footmen in a row in the hall, in their best liveries, with the coachman and postilion to fill up the equipage.

Lady Wishfort.—Have you pulvilled the coachman and postilion, that they may not stink of the stable when Sir Rowland comes by?

Foible.—Yes, madam.

Lady Wishfort.—And are the dancers and the music ready, that he may be entertained in all points with correspondence to his passion?

Foible.—All is ready, madam.

Lady Wishfort.—And—well—and how do I look, Foible?

Foible.—Most killing well, madam.

Lady Wishfort.—Well, and how shall I receive him? in what figure shall I give his heart the first impression? there is a great deal in the first impression. Shall I sit?—no, I won't sit—I'll walk, ay, I'll walk from the door upon his entrance; and then turn round full upon him—no that will be too sudden. I'll lie—ay, I'll lie down—I'll receive him in my little dressing-room, there's a couch—yes, yes, I'll give the first impression on a couch—I won't lie neither, but loll and lean upon one elbow; with one foot a little dangling off, jogging in a thoughtful way—yes—and then as soon as he appears, start, ay, start and be surprised, and rise to meet him in a pretty disorder—yes—O, nothing is more alluring than a levee from a couch, in some confusion;—it shows the foot to advantage, and furnishes with blushes, and recomposing airs beyond comparison. Hark! there's a coach.

Foible.—'Tis he, madam.

Lady Wishfort.—O dear! Has my nephew made his addresses to Millamant? I ordered him.

Foible.—Sir Wilfull is set in to drinking, madam, in the parlour.

Lady Wishfort.—Odds my life, I'll send him to her. Call her down, Foible; bring her hither. I'll send him as I go—when they are together, then come to me, Foible, that I may not be too long alone with Sir Rowland.

[Exit.]

(Enter MRS. MILLAMANT and MRS. FAINALL.)

Foible.—Madam, I stayed here, to tell your ladyship that Mr. Mirabell has waited this half-hour for an opportunity to talk with you; though my lady's orders were to leave you and Sir Wilfull together. Shall I tell Mr. Mirabell that you are at leisure?

Mrs. Millamant.—No,—what would the dear man have? I am thoughtful, and would amuse myself—bid him come another time.

“ There never yet was woman made
Nor shall but to be cursed.”

[Repeating, and walking about.]

That's hard.

Mrs. Fainall.—You are very fond of Sir John Suckling to-day, Millamant, and the poets.

Mrs. Millamant.—He? Ay, and filthy verses—so I am.

Foible.—Sir Wilfull is coming, madam. Shall I send Mr. Mirabell away.

Mrs. Millamant.—Ay, if you please, Foible, send him away—or send him hither—just as you will, dear Foible—I think I'll see him—shall I? ay, let the wretch come.

[Exit FOIBLE.]

“ Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train.”

Dear Fainall, entertain Sir Wilfull—thou hast philosophy to undergo a fool, thou art married and hast patience—I would confer with my own thoughts.

Mrs. Fainall.—I am obliged to you, that you would make me your proxy in this affair; but I have business of my own.

(Enter SIR WILFULL.)

Mrs. Fainall.—O Sir Wilfull, you are come at the critical instant. There's your mistress up to the ears in love and contemplation; pursue your point now or never.

Sir Wilfull.—Yes; my aunt will have it so—I would gladly have been encouraged with a bottle or two, because I'm somewhat wary at first before I am acquainted—(*This while Millamant walks about repeating to herself*). But I hope, after a time, I shall break my mind—that is, upon further acquaintance—so for the present, cousin, I'll take my leave—if so you'll be so kind to make my excuse, I'll return to my company.—

Mrs. Fainall.—O fy, Sir Wilfull! what, you must not be daunted.

Sir Wilfull.—Daunted! no, that's not it, it is not so much for that—for if so be that I set on 't, I'll do it. But only for the present, 'tis sufficient till further acquaintance, that's all—your servant.

Mrs. Fainall.—Nay, I'll swear you shall never lose so favourable an opportunity, if I can help it. I'll leave you together, and lock the door.

[Exit.]

Sir Wilfull.—Nay, nay, cousin—I have forgot my gloves—what d'ye do?—S' heart, a' has locked the door indeed, I think—nay, Cousin Fainall, open the door—pshaw, what a vixen trick is this?—Nay, now a' has seen me too—Cousin, I made bold to pass through as it were—I think this door's enchanted!

Mrs. Millamant (repeating).—

“ I prithee spare me, gentle boy,
Press me no more for that slight toy.”

Sir Wilfull.—Anan? Cousin, your servant.

Mrs. Millamant (repeating).—

“ That foolish trifle of a heart.”

Sir Wilfull!

Sir Wilfull.—Yes—your servant. No offence, I hope, cousin.

Mrs. Millamant (repeating).—

“ I swear it will not do its part,
Though thou dost thine, employest thy power and art.”

Natural, easy Suckling!

Sir Wilfull.—Anan? Suckling! no such suckling neither, cousin, nor stripling; I thank Heaven, I'm no minor.

Mrs. Millamant.—Ah, rustic, ruder than Gothic!

Sir Wilfull.—Well, well, I shall understand your lingo one of these days, cousin; in the meanwhile I must answer in plain English.

Mrs. Millamant.—Have you any business with me, Sir Wilfull?

Sir Wilfull.—Not at present, cousin—yes I make bold to see, to come and know if that how you were disposed to fetch a walk this evening, if so be that I might not be troublesome, I would have sought a walk with you.

Mrs. Millamant.—A walk! what then?

Sir Wilfull.—Nay, nothing, only for the walk's sake, that's all.

Mrs. Millamant.—I nauseate walking; 'tis a country diversion; I loathe the country, and everything that relates to it.

Sir Wilfull.—Indeed, ha! look ye, look ye, you do? Nay, 'tis like you may—here are choice of pastimes here in town, as plays and the like; that must be confessed indeed.

Mrs. Millamant.—Ah *l'étourdi!* I hate the town too.

Sir Wilfull.—Dear heart, that's much—ha! that you should hate them both! ha! 'tis like you may; there are some can't relish the town, and others can't away with the country—'tis like you may be one of those, cousin.

Mrs. Millamant.—Ha! ha! ha! yes, 'tis like I may.—You have nothing further to say to me?

Sir Wilfull.—Not at present, cousin—'Tis like when I have an opportunity to be more private—I may break my mind in some measure—I conjecture you partly guess—however, that's as time shall try,—but spare to speak and spare to speed, as they say.

Mrs. Millamant.—If it is of no great importance, Sir Wilfull, you will oblige me to leave me; I have just now a little business—

Sir Wilfull.—Enough, enough, cousin: yes, yes, all a case—when you're disposed: now's as well as another time; and another time as well as now. All's one for that—yes, yes, if your concerns call you, there's no haste; it will keep cold, as they say.—Cousin, your servant—I think this door's locked.

Mrs. Millamant.—You may go this way, sir.

Sir Wilfull.—Your servant; then with your leave I'll return to my company. [Exit.]

Mrs. Millamant.—Ay, ay; ha! ha! ha!

“ Like Phoebus sung the no less amorous boy.”

(Enter MIRABELL.)

Mirabell.—

“ Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.”

Do you lock yourself up from me, to make my search more curious?

or is this pretty artifice contrived to signify that here the chase must end, and my pursuits be crowned? For you can fly no further.

Mrs. Millamant.—Vanity! no—I'll fly, and be followed to the last moment. Though I am upon the very verge of matrimony, I expect you should solicit me as much as if I were wavering at the grate of a monastery, with one foot over the threshold. I'll be solicited to the very last, nay, and afterwards.

Mirabell.—What, after the last?

Mrs. Millamant.—Oh, I should think I was poor and had nothing to bestow, if I were reduced to an inglorious ease, and freed from the agreeable fatigues of solicitation.

Mirabell.—But do not you know, that when favours are conferred upon instant and tedious solicitation, that they diminish in their value, and that both the giver loses the grace, and the receiver lessens his pleasure?

Mrs. Millamant.—It may be in things of common application; but never sure in love. Oh, I hate a lover that can dare to think he draws a moment's air independent of the bounty of his mistress. There is not so impudent a thing in nature, as the saucy look of an assured man, confident of success. The pedantic arrogance of a very husband has not so pragmatical an air. Ah! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure.

Mirabell.—Would you have 'em both before marriage? or will you be contented with the first now, and stay for the other till after grace?

Mrs. Millamant.—Ah! don't be impertinent.—My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? my faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you then adieu? Ay-h adieu—my morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, all ye *douceurs*, ye *sommeils du matin*, adieu? I can't do 't, 'tis more than impossible—positively, Mirabell, I'll lie abed in a morning as long as I please.

Mirabell.—Then I'll get up in a morning, as early as I please.

Mrs. Millamant.—Ah! idle creature, get up when you will—and d'ye hear, I won't be called names after I'm married; positively I won't be called names.

Mirabell.—Names!

Mrs. Millamant.—Ay, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweetheart, and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar—I shall never bear that—good Mirabell, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my Lady Fadler and Sir Francis; nor go to Hyde Park together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers, and then never to be seen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together; but let us be very strange and well-bred; let us be

as strange as if we had been married a great while; and as well-bred as if we were not married at all.

Mirabell.—Have you any more conditions to offer? Hitherto your demands are pretty reasonable.

Mrs. Millamant.—Trifles!—As liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I please; and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligations upon me to converse with wits that I don't like, because they are your acquaintance; or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please; dine in my dressing-room when I'm out of humour, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you will always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

Mirabell.—Your bill of fare is something advanced in this latter account. Well, have I liberty to offer conditions—that when you are dwindled into a wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarged into a husband?

Mrs. Millamant.—You have free leave; propose your utmost, speak and spare not.

Mirabell.—I thank you—*Imprimis*, then, I covenant, that your acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn confidant, or intimate of your own sex; no she friend to screen her affairs under your countenance, and tempt you to make trial of a mutual secrecy. No decoy duck to wheedle you a fop-scrambling to the play in a mask—then bring you home in a pretended fright, when you think you shall be found out—and rail at me for missing the play, and disappointing the frolic which you had to pick me up, and prove my constancy.

Mrs. Millamant.—Detestable *imprimis*! I go to the play in a mask!

Mirabell.—*Item*, I article, that you continue to like your own face, as long as I shall: and while it passes current with me, that you endeavour not to new-coin it. To which end, together with all vizards for the day, I prohibit all masks for the night, made of oiled-skins, and I know not what—hogs' bones, hares' gall, pig water, and the marrow of a roasted cat. In short, I forbid all commerce with the gentlewoman in what d'ye call it court. *Item*, I shut my doors against all bawds with baskets, and pennyworths of muslin, china, fans, atlasses, etc.—*Item*, when you shall be breeding—

Mrs. Millamant.—Ah! name it not.

Mirabell.—Which may be presumed with a blessing on our endeavours.

Mrs. Millamant.—Odious endeavours!

Mirabell.—I denounce against all strait lacing, squeezing for a shape,

till you mould my boy's head like a sugar loaf, and instead of a man child, make me father to a crooked billet. Lastly, to the dominion of the tea-table I submit—but with proviso, that you exceed not in your province; but restrain yourself to native and simple tea-table drinks as tea, chocolate, and coffee; as likewise to genuine and authorized tea-table talk:—such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth—but that on no account you encroach upon the men's prerogative, and presume to drink healths, or toast fellows; for prevention of which I shall banish all foreign forces, all auxiliaries to the tea-table, as orange-brandy, all aniseed, cinnamon, citron, and Barbadoes waters, together with ratafia, and the most noble spirit of clary—but for cowslip wine, poppy water, and all dormitives, those I allow—These provisos admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband.

Mrs. Millamant.—O horrid provisos! filthy strong-waters! I toast fellows! odious men! I hate your odious provisos.

Mirabell.—Then we are agreed! Shall I kiss your hand upon the contract?

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH (1664–1726)

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH was born in January, 1664, in the parish of St. Nicolas Acons. His father, a member of a family which came from Ghent, was a prosperous sugar-baker who had made a good marriage. Vanbrugh was educated at the King's School, Chester, and in France, where he was trained as an architect. He obtained a commission in the infantry, and, prior to his knighthood, he was known as "Captain Vanbrugh". In 1690, while travelling in France, he was arrested on a charge of espionage, and spent some time in the Bastille as a prisoner. He was released in November, 1692, and returned to his military duties. His earliest comedy, *The Relapse: or, Virtue in Danger*, was produced at the Theatre Royal in 1696. It was a

sequel to Cibber's *Love's Last Shift: or, The Fool in Fashion*, but it at once surpassed its forerunner in popularity. Lord Foppington was a famous character; scarcely less so were Miss Hoyden and her father, Sir Tunbelly Clumsey. The play was frequently acted, and was recast by Sheridan as *A Trip to Scarborough*. *Aesop* (1697), a dramatic sermon, was a failure because the sermonizing element outweighed the dramatic. *The Provok'd Wife*, produced in the same year, is perhaps Vanbrugh's masterpiece, and certainly contains his greatest character, Sir John Brute. This play was partly the cause of Collier's uncharitable and unsuccessful attack on the stage, an attack to which Vanbrugh made a not very happy or witty reply.

Vanbrugh's next plays were all adaptations: *A Country House* and *The Confederacy* from Dancourt, *Squire Trelooby* (in which Congreve and Walsh had a hand) from Molière's *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*, and *The Mistake* from his *Dépit Amoureux*. All these are excellently done, and are not mere journey-work; in many details they improve upon their originals. *The Confederacy*, in particular, is an admirable play; it follows its French original closely, and yet is English and Vanburghian through and through. Had adaptation from the French always been done thus, it would not have blighted English drama as it did in mid-Victorian days. *The Confederacy* is a play of middle-class life, and is remarkable for having banished titles from its *Dramatis Personæ*. Vanbrugh also adapted a play of Beaumont and Fletcher's, and a play by Le Sage. Vanbrugh's last play, *A Journey to London*, was left incomplete at his death, but was completed and produced by Cibber as *The Provok'd Husband*. Vanbrugh's fragment is delightfully vivacious; Cibber's version is comparatively commonplace. Vanbrugh became Comptroller of the Royal Works in 1702, and built Castle Howard for the Earl of Carlisle. His chief architectural works were a theatre in which acoustic requirements were neglected, and Blenheim Palace,

which brought him into unpleasant relations with the Duchess of Marlborough, and which was a source of worry, expense, and litigation for years. In 1704 Lord Carlisle had him made Clarenceux King-at-Arms, though he knew nothing of heraldry and had ridiculed that branch of polite learning in *Aesop*. As Clarenceux he took the insignia of the Garter to the Elector of Hanover, afterwards George I, in 1706; so when George ascended the throne in 1714 he knighted Vanbrugh. Vanbrugh built many country mansions, and became architect to Greenwich Hospital in 1716. As an architect he seems to have suffered from a kind of megalomania. He was much more successful as a dramatist. The immensity of his cyclopean architectural work bears no relation to the homeliness and bluff realism of his comedies. He was not a literary man or a stylist; but his active career as man of affairs, soldier, herald, architect, and playwright gave his work in the last-named capacity an inimitable breadth and liveliness.

[G. H. Lovegrove, *The Life, Work, and Influence of Sir John Vanbrugh*; I. D'Israeli, *Curiosities of Literature*; B. Dobree and G. Webb, *Complete Works of Sir John Vanbrugh*; B. Dobree, *Essays in Biography*; C. Barman, *Vanbrugh* (Masters of Architecture Series).]

From "The Provok'd Wife"

(*Act IV, Scene 2*)

(Enter CONSTABLE and WATCHMEN, with SIR JOIN BRUTE,
dressed in his wife's clothes.)

Constable.—Come forsooth, come along, if you please! I once in compassion thought to have seen you safe home this morning: But you

have been so rampant and abusive all night, I shall see what the Justice of Peace will say to you.

Sir John.—And you shall see what I'll say to the Justice of Peace.

[WATCHMAN *knocks at door.*]

(*Enter SERVANT.*)

Constable.—Is Mr. Justice at home?

Servant.—Yes.

Constable.—Pray acquaint his Worship we have got an unruly woman here, and desire to know what he'll please to have done with her.

Servant.—I'll acquaint my master.

[*Exit SERVANT.*]

Sir John.—Hark you, Constable, what cuckoldly Justice is this?

Constable.—One that knows how to deal with such romps as you are, I'll warrant you.

(*Enter JUSTICE.*)

Justice.—Well, Mr. Constable, what is the matter there?

Constable.—An't please your Worship, this here comical sort of a gentlewoman has committed great outrages to-night. She has been frolicking with my Lord Rake and his gang; they attacked the Watch, and I hear there has been a man kill'd; I believe 'tis they have done it.

Sir John.—Sir, there may have been a murder, for aught I know; and 'tis a great mercy there has not been a rape too—that fellow wou'd have ravish'd me.

2nd Watchman.—Ravish! Ravish! O lud! O lud! O lud! Ravish her! Why, please your Worship, I heard Mr. Constable say he believed she was little better than a maphrodite.

Justice.—Why, truly, she does seem a little masculine about the mouth.

2nd Watchman.—Yes, and about the hands too, an't please your Worship; I did but offer in mere civility to help her up the steps into our apartment, and with her gripen fist—ay, just so, sir.

[*SIR JOHN knocks him down.*]

Sir John.—I fell'd him to the ground like an ox.

Justice.—Out upon this boisterous woman! Out upon her.

Sir John.—Mr. Justice, he wou'd have been uncivil! It was in defence of my honour, and I demand satisfaction.

2nd Watchman.—I hope your Worship will satisfy her honour in Bridewell; that fist of hers will make an admirable hemp-beater.

Sir John.—Sir, I hope you will protect me against that libidinous rascal; I am a woman of quality and virtue too, for all I am in an undress this morning.

Justice.—Why, she has really the air of a sort of a woman a little

something out of the common—Madam, if you expect I shou'd be favourable to you, I desire I may know who you are.

Sir John.—Sir, I am any body, at your service.

Justice.—Lady, I desire to know your name?

Sir John.—Sir, my name's Mary.

Justice.—Ay, but your sur-name, madam?

Sir John.—Sir, my sur-name's the very same with my husband's.

Justice.—A strange woman this! Who is your husband, pray?

Sir John.—Sir John.

Justice.—Sir John who?

Sir John.—Sir John Brute.

Justice.—Is it possible, madam, you can be my Lady Brute?

Sir John.—That happy woman, sir, am I; only a little in my merriment to-night.

Justice.—I am concern'd for Sir John.

Sir John.—Truly, so am I.

Justice.—I have heard he's an honest gentleman—

Sir John.—As ever drank.

Justice.—Good luck! Indeed, lady, I'm sorry he has such a wife.

Sir John.—I am sorry he has any wife at all.

Justice.—And so perhaps may he—I doubt you have not given him a very good taste of matrimony.

Sir John.—Taste, sir! Sir, I have scorn'd to stint him to a taste, I have given him a full meal of it.

Justice.—Indeed I believe so! But pray, fair lady, may he have given you any occasion for this extraordinary conduct?—Does he not use you well?

Sir John.—A little upon the rough sometimes.

Justice.—Ay, any man may be out of humour now and then.

Sir John.—Sir, I love peace and quiet, and when a woman don't find that at home, she's apt sometimes to comfort herself with a few innocent diversions abroad.

Justice.—I doubt he uses you but too well. Pray how does he as to that weighty thing, money? Does he allow you what is proper of that?

Sir John.—Sir, I have generally enough to pay the reckoning, if this son of a whore of a drawer wou'd but bring his bill.

Justice.—A strange woman this—Does he spend a reasonable portion of his time at home, to the comfort of his wife and children?

Sir John.—He never gave his wife cause to repine at his being abroad in his life.

Justice.—Pray madam, how may he be in the grand matrimonial point—Is he true to your bed?

Sir John.—Chaste! Oons! This fellow asks so many impertinent

questions! I'gad, I believe it is the Justice's wife in the Justice's clothes.

Justice.—'Tis a great pity he should have been thus disposed of—Pray madam, (and then I've done) what may be your ladyship's common method of life, if I may presume so far?

Sir John.—Why, sir, much that of a woman of quality.

Justice.—Pray how may you generally pass your time, madam? Your morning, for example.

Sir John.—Sir, like a woman of quality—I wake about 2 o'clock in the afternoon,—I stretch—and make a sign for my chocolate—When I have drank three cups—I slide down again upon my back, with my arms over my head, while my two maids put on my stockings—Then hanging upon their shoulders, I am trail'd to my great chair, where I sit—and yawn—for my breakfast—If it don't come presently I lie down upon my couch to say my prayers, while my maid reads me the play-bills.

Justice.—Very well, madam.

Sir John.—When the tea is brought in, I drink twelve regular dishes, with eight slices of bread and butter—And half an hour later I send to the cook to know if the dinner is almost ready.

Justice.—So! madam!

Sir John.—By that time my head is half drest, I hear my husband swearing himself into a state of perdition, that the meat's all cold upon the table, to amend which, I come down in an hour more, and have it sent back to the kitchen, to be drest over again.

Justice.—Poor man!

Sir John.—When I have din'd, and my idle servants are presumptuously set down at their ease, to do so too, I call for my coach, to go visit fifty dear friends, of whom I hope I shall never find one at home, while I shall live.

Justice.—So! there's the morning and afternoon pretty well dispos'd of—Pray madam, how do you pass your evenings?

Sir John.—Like a woman of spirit, sir, a great spirit! Give me a box of dice, Seven's the main, Oons! Sir, I set you a hundred pound! Why, do you think women are married now-a-days to sit at home and mend napkins? Sir, we have nobler ways of passing time.

Justice.—Mercy upon us, Mr. Constable, what will this age come to?

Constable.—What will it come to, indeed, if such women as these are not set in the stocks?

Sir John.—Sir, I have a little urgent business calls upon me; and therefore I desire the favour of you to bring matters to a conclusion.

Justice.—Madam, if I were sure that business were not to commit more disorders, I wou'd release you.

Sir John.—None—by my virtue.

Justice.—Then, Mr. Constable, you may discharge her.

Sir John.—Sir, your very humble servant. If you please to accept of a bottle—

Justice.—I thank you, kindly, madam; but I never drink in a morning. Good-by-t'ye.

Sir John.—Good-by-t'ye, good sir.

[*Exit JUSTICE.*

GEORGE FARQUHAR

(1677–1707)

GEORGE FARQUHAR was born at Londonderry in 1677. His father, William Farquhar, was a clergyman; the Dean of Armagh, according to some, a country parson with £150 a year and seven children, according to others. Farquhar was for a short time a sizar at Trinity College, Dublin, but was, according to one account, sent down for making a profane joke on the miracle of walking on the sea. He became an actor, but left the stage after accidentally injuring a fellow-actor; he, rather characteristically, forgot to gird on a property-sword when playing Guyomar in Dryden's *Indian Emperor*, and fought with his own genuine weapon. He produced his first comedy, *Love and a Bottle*, in 1698. It is a lively and amusing comedy, though immature, and was well received. *The Constant Couple, or a Trip to the Jubilee* (1699) was also successful, as was its less attractive sequel, *Sir Harry Wildair* (1701). Farquhar also wrote *The Inconstant* (1702), an adaptation of Fletcher's *Wild-Goose Chase*; *The Twin-Rivals* (1702), a lively play which was a comparative failure; *The Stage Coach*, a not very memorable one-act farce; and a mediocre volume of prose and verse miscellanies. His two best plays

are *The Recruiting Officer* (1706) and his masterpiece *The Beaux' Stratagem* (1707), written when he knew that death was fast approaching him. Both plays were extremely popular, and the latter has given two proverbial characters, Boniface and Lady Bountiful, to English literature. Farquhar was in dire poverty most of his life; he had a commission in the army for a while, but sold it owing to some false hopes of promotion held out by the Duke of Ormond. He increased his embarrassments by marrying in 1703 a penniless woman who had fallen in love with his appearance and pretended to be an heiress. Although he lived and died in great distress, his gaiety never flagged; and *The Beaux' Stratagem* is one of the most mirthful comedies of the time.

Farquhar was a great playwright, but an indifferent literary man. His comedies are all good acting comedies. He had been an actor himself, and so was much more closely in touch with the stage than the aristocratic Congreve. Farquhar stands above his contemporaries by reason of his realism. He did not go to other dramatists for his characters, but went straight to life. He "kept his eye on the object".

Indeed, in several cases his plays seem to have been in part auto-biographical; the bard was the hero of the story. His plots, especially the later ones, are well constructed. His characters are most of them genial rogues, and while he is not a model of propriety, his morality compares very favourably with the cynical indecency of his contemporaries. His genius was ripening rapidly when he died; had he lived even to middle age he might well have written pure comedies of the best kind, which would have satisfied Meredith by arousing thoughtful laughter. The influence of his comedies (which might almost be called ‘picaresque plays’) upon

Fielding, and therefore upon the rise and development of the English novel, was great, as he introduced a return to real models, and avoided artificiality. His army experiences gave him something of the insight into life that Fielding acquired as a London magistrate. As a writer he was humane, gay, and good-natured; his comedies are neither heartless nor sentimental. Personally Farquhar was a most lovable man, and he appears to have lived and died a very gallant gentleman.

[A.C. Ewald, *The Dramatic Works of George Farquhar*; D. Schmid, *George Farquhar: sein Leben und seine Original-Dramen*; Allardyce Nicoll, *Restoration Drama*.]

From “The Recruiting Officer”

(*Act I, Scene 1*)

(Enter DRUMMER, beating the *Grenadiers' March*, SERJEANT KITE, COSTAR PEARMAIN, THOMAS APPLETREE, and MOB following.)

Kite (*making a speech*).—If any gentlemen soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve her Majesty, and pull down the French king; if any apprentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents; if any servants have too little wages, or any husband too much wife: let them repair to the noble Serjeant Kite, at the sign of the Raven in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment—Gentlemen, I don’t beat my drums here to ensnare or inveigle any man: for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honour. Besides, I don’t beat up for common soldiers; no, I list only grenadiers—grenadiers, gentlemen. Pray, gentlemen, observe this cap. This is the cap of honour; it dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of the trigger; and he that has the good fortune to be born six foot high, was born to be a great man—(*To Costar Pearmain*) Sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your Head?

Pearmain.—Is there no harm in ‘t? Won’t the cap list me?

Kite.—No, no, no more than I can.—Come let me see how it becomes you?

Pearmain.—Are you sure there be no conjuration in it? no gunpowder plot upon me?

Kite.—No, no, friend; don't fear, man.

Pearmain.—My mind misgives me plaguily—Let me see it. (*Going to put it on.*) It smells woundily of sweat and brimstone. Pray, serjeant, what writing is this upon the face of it?

Kite.—The Crown, or the Bed of Honour.

Pearmain.—Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour?

Kite.—Oh! a mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great bed of Ware—ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

Pearmain.—My wife and I would do well to lie in 't, for we don't care for feeling one another—But do folk sleep sound in this same bed of honour?

Kite.—Sound! Ay, so sound that they never wake.

Pearmain.—Wauns! I wish again that my wife lay there.

Kite.—Say you so? then, I find, brother—

Pearmain.—Brother! hold here, friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet. Look'ee, serjeant, no coaxing, no wheedling, d' ye see: if I have a mind to list, why so; if not, why 'tis not so; therefore take your cap and your brothership back again, for I an't disposed at this present writing—No coaxing, no brothering me, faith!

Kite.—I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it! Sir, I have served twenty campaigns. But, sir, you talk well, and I must own that you are a man every inch of you, a pretty young sprightly fellow. I love a fellow with a spirit; but I scorn to coax, 'tis very base though I must say, that never in my life have I seen a man better built; how firm and strong he treads! he steps like a castle; but I scorn to wheedle any man—Come, honest lad, will you take share of a pot?

Pearmain.—Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my penny with the best he that wears a head, that is, begging your pardon, sir, and in a fair way.

Kite.—Give me your hand then: and now, gentlemen, I have no more to say, but this—here's a purse of gold, and there is a tub of humming ale at my quarters! 'tis the queen's money, and the queen's drink—She's a generous queen, and loves her subjects—I hope, gentlemen, you won't refuse the queen's health?

Mob.—No, no, no!

Kite.—Huzza then! huzza for the queen, and the honour of Shropshire!

Mob.—Huzza!

Kite.—Beat drum. [Exit DRUMMER *beating the Grenadiers' March.*

(Enter CAPTAIN PLUME in a riding-habit.)

Plume.—By the Grenadiers' March, that should be my drum, and by that shout, it should beat with success.—Let me see. (*Looking at his*

watch.) Four o'clock. At ten yesterday morning I left London.—A hundred and twenty miles in thirty hours is pretty smart riding, but nothing to the fatigue of recruiting.

(*Re-enter KITE.*)

Kite.—Welcome to Shrewsbury, noble Captain! From the banks of the Danube to the Severn side, noble Captain, you're welcome!

Plume.—A very elegant reception indeed, Mr. Kite! I find you are fairly entered into your recruiting strain. Pray, what success?

Kite.—I have been here but a week, and I have recruited five.

Plume.—Five! pray what are they?

Kite.—I have listed the strong man of Kent, the king of the gipsies, a Scotch pedlar, a scoundrel attorney, and a Welsh parson.

Plume.—An attorney! were thou mad? List a lawyer? Discharge him, discharge him this minute.

Kite.—Why, sir?

Plume.—Because I will have nobody in my company that can write; the fellow that can write can draw petitions—I say this minute discharge him.

Kite.—And what shall I do with the parson?

Plume.—Can he write?

Kite.—Hum! He plays rarely upon the fiddle.

Plume.—Keep him by all means.—But how stands the country affected? were the people pleased with the news of my coming to town?

Kite.—Sir, the mob are so pleased with your honour, and the justices and better sort of people are so delighted with me, that we shall soon do our business—But, sir, you have got a recruit here you little think of.

Plume.—Who?

Kite.—One that you beat up for last time you were in the country; you remember your old friend Molly at the Castle?

Plume.—She's not with child, I hope?

Kite.—No, no, sir—she was brought to bed yesterday.

Plume.—Kite, you must father the child.

Kite.—And so her friends will oblige me to marry the mother.

Plume.—If they should, we'll take her with us; she can wash, you know, and make a bed upon occasion.

Kite.—Ay, or unmake it upon occasion. But your honour knows that I am married already.

Plume.—To how many?

Kite.—I can't tell readily—I have set them down here upon the back of the muster-roll—Let me see.—Imprimis, Mrs. Sheely Sniker-eyes; she sells potatoes upon Ormond Key in Dublin—Peggy Guzzle the brandy-woman, at the Horse-guard at Whitehall—Dolly Waggon

the carrier's daughter at Hull—Mademoiselle Van-Bottomflat at the Buss—Then Jenny Oakam, the ship-carpenter's widow, at Portsmouth; but I don't reckon upon her, for she was married at the same time to two lieutenants of marines, and a man-of-war's boatswain.

Plume.—A full company! You have named five—come, make 'em half a dozen, Kite. Is the child a boy or a girl?

Kite.—A chopping boy.

Plume.—Then set the mother down in your list, and the boy in mine. Enter him a grenadier by the name of Francis Kite, absent upon furlough. I'll allow you a man's pay for his subsistence; and now go comfort the wench in the straw.

Kite.—I shall, sir.

Plume.—But hold; have you made any use of your German doctor's habit since you arrived?

Kite.—Yes, yes, sir, and my fame's all about the country for the most faithful fortune-teller that ever told a lie—I was obliged to let my landlord into the secret, for the convenience of keeping it so; but he's an honest fellow, and will be faithful to any roguery that is trusted to him. This device, sir, will get you men and me money, which, I think, is all we want at present.—But yonder comes your friend Mr. Worthy—Has your honour any further commands?

Plume.—None at present. (*Exit KITE.*) 'Tis indeed the picture of Worthy, but the life's departed. (*Enter WORTHY.*) What! arms a-cross, Worthy! Methinks, you should hold 'em open when a friend's so near—The man has got the vapours in his ears, I believe; I must expel this melancholy spirit.

Spleen, thou worst of fiends below,
Fly, I conjure thee by this magic blow.

Worthy.—Plume! my dear Captain, welcome. Safe and sound returned?

Plume.—I 'scaped safe from Germany, and sound, I hope, from London; you see I have lost neither leg, arm, nor nose. Then for my inside, 'tis neither troubled with sympathies nor antipathies; and I have an excellent stomach for roast-beef.

Worthy.—Thou art a happy fellow; once I was so.

Plume.—What ails thee, man? No inundations nor earthquakes in Wales I hope? Has your father rose from the dead, and reassumed his estate?

Worthy.—No.

Plume.—Then are you married, surely?

Worthy.—No.

Plume.—Then you are mad, or turning Quaker?

Worthy.—Come, I must out with it—Your once gay, roving friend

is dwindled into an obsequious, thoughtful, romantic, constant coxcomb.

Plume.—And, pray, what is all this for?

Worthy.—For a woman.

Plume.—Shake hands, brother; if you go to that, behold me as obsequious, as thoughtful, and as constant a coxcomb as your worship.

Worthy.—For whom?

Plume.—For a regiment.—But for a woman!—’Sdeath! I have been constant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one; and can the love of one bring you into this pickle? Pray, who is this miraculous Helen?

Worthy.—A Helen indeed, not to be won under a ten years' siege: as great a beauty, and as great a jilt.

Plume.—A jilt! pho! Is she as great a whore?

Worthy.—No, no.

Plume.—’Tis ten thousand pities. But who is she? do I know her?

Worthy.—Very well.

Plume.—Impossible!—I know no woman that will hold out a ten years' siege.

Worthy.—What think you of Melinda?

Plume.—Melinda! Why, she began to capitulate this time twelve-month, and offered to surrender upon honourable terms; and I advised you to propose a settlement of five hundred pounds a year to her, before I went last abroad.

Worthy.—I did, and she hearkened to ’t, desiring only one week to consider: when, beyond her hopes, the town was relieved, and I forced to turn my siege into a blockade.

Plume.—Explain! explain!

Worthy.—My lady Richly, her aunt in Flintshire, dies, and leaves her, at this critical time, twenty thousand pounds.

Plume.—Oh! the devil! What a delicate woman was there spoiled! But, by the rules of war now, Worthy, blockade was foolish. After such a convoy of provisions was entered the place, you could have no thought of reducing it by famine; you should have redoubled your attacks, taken the town by storm, or have died upon the breach.

Worthy.—I did make one general assault, and pushed it with all my forces; but I was so vigorously repulsed, that, despairing of ever gaining her for a mistress, I have altered my conduct, given my addresses the obsequious and distant turn, and court her now for a wife.

Plume.—So as you grew obsequious, she grew haughty; and because you approached her as a goddess, she used you like a dog?

Worthy.—Exactly.

Plume.—’Tis the way of ’em all. Come, Worthy, your obsequious and distant airs will never bring you together; you must not think to

surmount her pride by your humility. Would you bring her to better thoughts of you, she must be reduced to a meaner opinion of herself. Let me see: the very first thing that I would do, should be to lie with her chamber-maid, and hire three or four wenches in the neighbourhood to report that I had got them with child. Suppose we lampooned all the pretty women in town, and left her out? Or what if we made a ball, and forgot to invite her, with one or two of the ugliest?

Worthy.—These would be mortifications, I must confess; but we live in such a precise, dull place, that we can have no balls, no lampoons, no—

Plume.—What! no bastards! and so many recruiting officers in town! I thought 'twas a maxim among them to leave as many recruits in the country as they carried out.

Worthy.—Nobody doubts your good-will, noble captain, in serving your country, with your best blood; witness our friend Molly at the Castle. There have been tears in town about that business, Captain.

Plume.—I hope Silvia has not heard of 't?

Worthy.—O sir, have you thought of her? I began to fancy you had forgot poor Silvia.

Plume.—Your affairs had put mine quite out of my head. 'Tis true, Silvia and I had once agreed to go to bed together, could we have adjusted preliminaries; but I'll marry upon no condition at all. If I should I am resolved never to bind myself to a woman for my whole life, till I know whether I shall like her company for half an hour. Suppose I married a woman that wanted a leg!—such a thing might be, unless I examined the goods beforehand. If people would try one another's constitutions before they engaged, it would prevent all these elopements, divorces, and the devil knows what.

Worthy.—Nay, for that matter, the town did not stick to say, that—

Plume.—I hate country towns for that reason. If your town has a dis-honourable thought of Silvia, it deserves to be burned to the ground. I love Silvia, I admire her frank, generous disposition. There's something in that girl more than woman. Her sex is but a foil to her—the ingratitude, dissimulation, envy, pride, avarice, and vanity of her sister females do but set off their contraries in her. In short, were I once a general I would marry her.

Worthy.—Faith, you have reason; for were you but a corporal she would marry you. But my Melinda coquettes it with every fellow she sees. I'll lay fifty pound she makes love to you.

Plume.—I'll lay fifty pound that I return it, if she does. Look'ee, Worthy, I'll win her, and give her to you afterwards.

Worthy.—If you win her you shall wear her. Faith, I would not value the conquest without the credit of the victory.

(*Re-enter KITE.*)

Kite.—Captain, captain, a word in your ear.

Plume.—You may speak out, here are none but friends.

Kite.—You know sir, that you sent me to comfort the good woman in the straw. Mrs. Molly—my wife, Mr. Worthy.

Worthy.—Oho! very well! I wish you joy, Mr. Kite.

Kite.—Your worship very well may, for I have got both a wife and a child in half an hour. But, as I was saying, you sent me to comfort Mrs. Molly—my wife, I mean—but what d'ye think, sir? she was better comforted before I came.

Plume.—As how?

Kite.—Why, sir, a footman in a blue livery had brought her ten guineas to buy her baby-clothes.

Plume.—Who, in the name of wonder, could send them?

Kite.—Nay, sir, I must whisper that—Mrs. Silvia.

Plume.—Silvia! generous creature!

Worthy.—Silvia! impossible!

Kite.—Here be the guineas, sir; I took the gold as part of my wife's portion. Nay, further, sir, she sent word that the child should be taken all imaginable care of, and that she intended to stand godmother. The same footman, as I was coming to you with this news, called after me, and told me, that his lady would speak with me. I went, and, upon hearing that you were come to town, she gave me half a guinea for the news; and ordered me to tell you that Justice Balance, her father, who is just come out of the country, would be glad to see you.

Plume.—There's a girl for you, Worthy! Is there anything of woman in this? No, 'tis noble, generous, manly friendship. Show me another woman that would lose an inch of her prerogative, that way, without tears, fits, and reproaches! The common jealousy of her sex, which is nothing but their avarice of pleasure, she despises; and can part with her lover, though she dies for the man—Come, Worthy; where's the best wine? for there I'll quarter.

Worthy.—Horton has a fresh pipe of choice Barcelona, which I would not let him pierce before, because I reserved the maidenhead of it for your welcome to town.

Plume.—Let's away then—Mr. Kite, wait on the lady with my humble service, and tell her I shall only refresh a little, and wait upon her.

Worthy.—Hold Kite!—Have you seen the other recruiting-captain?

Kite.—No, sir.

Plume.—Another! who is he?

Worthy.—My rival in the first place, and the most unaccountable fellow, but I'll tell you more as we go. [Exeunt.]

THOMAS SOUTHERNE

(1660–1746)

THOMAS SOUTHERNE was born near Dublin in 1660, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated M.A. in 1696. He entered the Middle Temple in 1678, but never devoted himself to the study of law. He produced his first play, *The Loyal Brother*, in 1682. It is more notable as a political manifesto than as a play; one character was intended as a eulogy of the Duke of York, and another as a satire on the Earl of Shaftesbury. It helped to win for its author a commission in the army, which he lost at the Revolution. Southerne's next play was *The Disappointment* (1684), a comedy; it was followed by three other comedies, *Sir Anthony Love* (1691), *The Wives' Excuse* (1692), and *The Maids' Last Prayer* (1693). All these comedies are more lively than decent. Southerne's next two plays are by far his best, *The Fatal Marriage* (1694) and *Oroonoko* (1696). These two plays may be classed as melodramas, though that word did not come into use until much later; they were powerful plays on the stage, and had in them "strong

situations". Both were founded on novels by Mrs. Behn; and both held the stage for several generations. Southerne's later plays were much less successful. *The Fate of Capua* (1700), though by no means a bad play, was a failure; *The Spartan Dame* (1719) and *Money the Mistress* (1726) better deserved their ill-success. Southerne lived to a great old age; he was a man who made himself well liked, and was modest and unassuming. He was regarded as a kind of literary Nestor, and linked together several generations of writers; he was the friend of Dryden, and was visited by Gray. He had unusual business abilities, and once confessed, with some diffidence, that he made from one of his worst plays seven times the amount Dryden made from one of his best. He appears to have gauged public taste accurately, and to have driven a shrewd bargain with the theatre-owners. His universal popularity is indicated by his nickname of "honest Tom". He was not a great dramatist, but at his best may be placed not far below Otway.

From "Oroonoko"

(The Scene drawn, shows OROONOKO upon his back, his legs and arms stretched out, and chained to the ground.)

(Enter BLANDFORD, STANMORE, etc.)

BLANDFORD

O miserable sight! help every one,
Assist me all to free him from his chains.

[They help him up, and bring him forward, looking down.]

Most injur'd prince! how shall we clear ourselves?
We cannot hope you will vouchsafe to hear,
Or credit what we say in the defence,
And cause of our suspected innocence.

STANMORE

We are not guilty of your injuries,
No way consenting to 'em; but abhor,
Abominate, and loathe his cruelty.

BLANDFORD

It is our curse, but make it not our crime;
A heavy curse upon us, that we must
Share any thing in common, ev'n the light,
The elements, and seasons, with such men,
Whose principles, like the fam'd dragon's teeth,
Scatter'd, and sown, would shoot a harvest up
Of fighting mischiefs, to confound themselves,
And ruin all about 'em.

STANMORE

Profligates!

Whose bold Titanian impiety
Would once again pollute their mother earth,
Force her to teem with her old monstrous brood
Of giants, and forget the race of men.

BLANDFORD

We are not so: believe us innocent.
We come prepar'd with all our services,
To offer a redress of your base wrongs.
Which way shall we employ 'em?

STANMORE

Tell us, sir,

If there is any thing that can atone;
But nothing can; that may be some amends—

OROONOKO

If you would have me think you are not all
Confederates, all accessory to

THOMAS SOUTHERNE

The base injustice of your governor;
 If you would have me live, as you appear
 Concern'd for me, if you would have me live
 To thank, and bless you, there is yet a way
 To tie me ever to your honest love:
 Bring my Imoinda to me; give me her,
 To charm my sorrows, and, if possible,
 I'll sit down with my wrongs; never to rise
 Against my fate, or think of vengeance more.

BLANDFORD

Be satisfied, you may depend upon us,
 We'll bring her safe to you, and suddenly.

CHARLOTT

We will not leave you in so good a work.

WIDOW

No, no, we'll go with you.

BLANDFORD

In the mean time
 Endeavour to forget, sir, and forgive:
 And hope a better fortune.

[*Exeunt.*

OROONOKO (*alone*)

Forget! forgive! I must indeed forget,
 When I forgive; but while I am a man,
 In flesh, that bears the living marks of shame,
 The prints of his dishonourable chains,
 My memory still rousing up my wrongs,
 I never can forgive this governor;
 This villain; the disgrace of trust, and place,
 And just contempt of delegated power.
 What shall I do? if I declare myself,
 I know him, he will sneak behind his guard
 Of followers, and brave me in his fears.
 Else, lion like, with my devouring rage,
 I would rush on him, fasten on his throat,
 Tear a wide passage to his treacherous heart,
 And that way lay him open to the world.
 If I should turn his Christian arts on him,

[*Pausing.*

Promise him, speak him fair, flatter, and creep
 With fawning steps, to get within his faith,
 I could betray him then, as he has me,
 But am I sure by that to right myself?
 Lying's a certain mark of cowardice:
 And when the tongue forgets its honesty,
 The heart and hand may drop their functions too,
 And nothing worthy be resolv'd or done.
 The man must go together, bad, or good:
 In one part frail, he soon grows weak in all.
 Honour should be concern'd in honour's cause;
 That is not to be cured by contraries,
 As bodies are, whose health is often drawn
 From rankest poisons. Let me but find out
 An honest remedy, I have the hand,
 A ministering hand, that will apply it home.

[Exit.]

(Act V, Sc. 2.)

NICHOLAS ROWE

(1674–1718)

NICHOLAS ROWE was born at Little Barford, Bedfordshire, in 1674. His father was a serjeant-at-law and a well-known member of the Middle Temple. Rowe was educated at Westminster, under Busby; and at an early age entered the Middle Temple, but did not pursue his legal studies after 1692, when the death of his father put him in possession of a competence. He entered upon a literary career, but was in the fortunate position of being able to follow his inclinations and write only when the spirit moved him. His first play, *The Ambitious Step-Mother*, appeared in 1700 and was well received. His next play, *Tamerlane* (1702) was a curious mixture of history and topical allusion; Tamerlane, the hero, stood for William of Orange,

and Bajazet, the villain, for Louis XIV. The literary and dramatic merits of this piece were slight, as might be expected in a hybrid form; but a sort of ritual performance of it took place annually for a hundred and thirteen years, on the 5th November, the anniversary of the landing of William at Torbay. Rowe's best-known play is his *Fair Penitent* (1703), which is, however, a mere adaptation, and not a very good one, of Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*. This play is the origin of "the gallant gay Lothario", who, besides becoming proverbial, inspired Richardson to draw his famous character Lovelace. *The Fair Penitent* was constantly acted for more than a century after its author's death. *Ulysses* (1706) was a failure, but not so total a failure

as *The Biter* (1705), Rowe's one excursion into comedy. No one save the author laughed at this unfortunate play, and it was omitted from Rowe's collected works. *The Royal Convert* (1707) contained an important allusion, couched in the form of a prophecy, to the Union of England and Scotland; it is otherwise not remarkable. *The Tragedy of Jane Shore* (1714) was written in imitation of Shakespeare's style; but this might not have been discovered if Rowe had not told us so. Rowe's last play, *Lady Jane Grey*, appeared in 1715. His literary gifts and his strong devotion to Whig principles marked him out for several positions of importance. He was under-secretary to the Secretary of State for Scotland; Poet Laureate (1715); Surveyor of the Customs of the Port of London; Clerk of Council to the Prince of Wales; and Clerk of the Presentations. He wrote,

besides his plays, some official verse, some adaptations of Horace, and a translation of Lucan, which was celebrated in its day. He is now chiefly remembered, perhaps, as Shakespeare's first editor, Heminge and Condell not deserving so lofty a title. His edition appeared in 1709, in six volumes. His text is not authoritative, as he followed the Fourth Folio, but he collected a number of Shakespearean traditions, which he introduced into a memoir prefixed to the Works. This memoir is the sole authority for several important legends. He can hardly be considered a distinguished Laureate, but as he succeeded Tate and was himself succeeded by Eusden, he may be regarded as having conferred a temporary lustre on the office during his three years' tenure of it. He died on 6th December, 1718, and was buried in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

From "The Tragedy of Jane Shore"

(*Act V, Scene 1*)

(Enter BELLMOUR, DUMONT, and SHORE.)

SHORE

You saw her then?

BELLMOUR

I met her as returning
 In solemn Penance from the publick Cross,
 Before her, certain Rascal Officers,
 Slaves in Authority, the Knaves of Justice,
 Proclaim'd the Tyrant Gloster's cruel orders,
 On either side her march'd an ill-looked Priest,
 Who with severe, with horrid haggard Eyes,
 Did ever and anon, by turns upbraid her;
 And thunder in her trembling Ear Damnation,

Around her, numberless the Rabble flow'd,
Shouldring each other, crowding for a View,
Gaping and gazing, taunting and reviling,
Some pitying, but those, alas! how few!
The most, such Iron Hearts we are, and such
The base Barbarity of human Kind,
With insolence and lewd reproach pursu'd her,
Hooting and railing, and with villainous Hands,
Gath'ring the Filth from out the common ways,
To hurl upon her head.

SHORE

Inhuman Dogs!

How did she bear it?

BELLMOUR

With the gentlest patience,
Submissive, sad, and lowly was her Look;
A burning Taper in her hand she bore,
And on her shoulders carelessly confus'd
With loose Neglect her lovely Tresses hung,
Upon her cheek a faintish flush was spread,
Feeble she seem'd, and sorely smit with Pain,
While bare-foot as she trod the flinty Pavement,
Her footsteps all along were mark'd with Blood,
Yet silent still she pass'd and unrepining,
Her streaming Eyes bent ever on the Earth,
Except when in some bitter pang of Sorrow,
To Heav'n she seemed in fervent Zeal to raise,
And beg that Mercy Man deny'd her here.

SHORE

When was this piteous Sight?

BELLMOUR

These last two Days,
You know my Care was wholly bent on you,
To find the happy Means of your Deliverance,
Which but for Hastings' death I had not gain'd,
During that Time, altho' I have not seen her,
Yet divers trusty Messengers I've sent,
To wait about, and watch a fit Convenience,
To give her some Relief; but all in vain,
A churlish Guard attends upon her steps,

Who menace those with Death that bring her Comfort,
And drive all Succour from her.

SHORE

Let 'em threaten.

Let proud Oppression prove its fiercest Malice,
So Heav'n befriend my Soul, as here I vow
To give her Help, and share one Fortune with her.

BELLMOUR

Mean you to see her, thus, in your own Form?

SHORE

I do.

BELLMOUR

And have you thought upon the Consequence?

SHORE

What is there I should fear?

BELLMOUR

Have you examin'd,
Into your inmost Heart, and try'd at leisure
The sev'ral secret Springs that move the Passions?
Has Mercy fix'd her Empire there so sure,
That Wrath and Vengeance never may return?
Can you resume a Husband's name, and bid
That wakeful Dragon, fierce Resentment, sleep?

SHORE

Why dost thou search so deep, and urge my Memory
To conjure up my Wrongs to Life again?
I have long labour'd to forget myself,
To think on all Time, backward, like a Space,
Idle and void, where nothing e'er had Being,
But thou hast peopled it again; Revenge
And Jealousy renew their horrid Forms,
Shoot all their Fires, and drive me to Distraction.

BELLMOUR

Far be the thought from me! my Care was only
To arm you for the Meeting: Better were it

Never to see her, than to let that Name
Recall forgotten Rage, and make the Husband
Destroy the generous Pity of Dumont.

SHORE

Oh! thou hast set my busy Brain at work,
And now she Musters up a Train of Images,
Which to preserve my Peace I had cast aside,
And sunk in deep Oblivion—Oh that form!
That Angel-face on which my Dotage hung!
How have I gaz'd upon her! till my Soul
With every Eagerness went forth towards her,
And issu'd at my Eyes—Was there a Gem
Which the Sun ripens in the Indian Mine,
Or the rich Bosom of the Ocean yields,
What was there Art could make, or Wealth cou'd buy,
Which I have left unsought, to deck her Beauty?
What cou'd her King do more?—And yet she fled.

BELLMOUR

Away with that sad fancy—

SHORE

Oh! that Day!

The Thought of it must live for ever with me,
I met her, Bellmour, when the Royal Spoiler
Bore her in Triumph from my widow'd Home!
Within his chariot by his side she sate,
And listen'd to his talk with downward Looks;
'Till sudden as she chanc'd aside to glance,
Her Eyes encounter'd mine—Oh! then, my friend!
Oh! who can paint my Grief and her Amazement!
As at the Stroke of Death, twice turn'd she pale,
And twice a burning Crimson blushed all o'er her,
When, with a Shriek Heart-wounding loud she cry'd,
While down her Cheeks the gushing Torrents ran,
Fast falling on her hands, which thus she wrung—
Mov'd at her Grief, the Tyrant Ravisher,
With courteous Action, woo'd her oft to turn;
Earnest he seem'd to plead; but all in vain;
Ev'n to the last she bent her Sight towards me,
And follow'd me—till I had lost myself.

JEREMY COLLIER

(1650 – 1726)

JEREMY COLLIER was born at Stow Qui, Cambridgeshire, on 23rd September, 1650. His father was a schoolmaster and clergyman. He was educated at his father's school at Ipswich and at Caius College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1673 and M.A. in 1676. For some time he was chaplain to the Dowager Countess of Dorset, and afterwards became rector of Ampton, in Suffolk. He held this benefice for six years, went to London, and eventually was appointed lecturer at Gray's Inn. Collier was an ardent High-Churchman, Jacobite and Tory, and his political activities affected his whole career. He was imprisoned for writing a pamphlet in which he expressed the view that James's flight was not equivalent to abdication, and that the throne was not vacant. He was, of course, a non-juror, and always regarded William as a usurper. His political pamphlets were numerous, and displayed considerable powers of sarcasm and invective. In 1696 he incurred the odium of all Whigs and many Tories by giving absolution to the would-be regicides Sir John Friend and Sir William Parkyns, who had not publicly confessed their guilt. Collier was outlawed for this offence, and remained an outlaw all his life. In 1697 he published a volume of essays, and in the following year wrote the pamphlet which has mainly preserved his name from oblivion, *A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage.* This small work

kindled a great controversy; and a pamphlet-war, one of the most important in our literary history, broke out. Collier was a formidable controversialist, though a bad critic; he laid about him stoutly with his crab-tree cudgel, and broke in pieces the rapiers of such men as Congreve and Vanbrugh. The importance and interest of Collier's pamphlets have been grossly overestimated. He was no literary critic; he paraded his learning like a true pedant; and he had no sense of proportion. Attempted regicide was a venial offence in his eyes; a stage oath or two or any oblique references to the Scriptures in a play were blasphemies against the Holy Ghost. He thought it unseemly that any ministers of religion, even flamens and mollahs, should be brought on the stage. There is no doubt his cause was good; the stage was in urgent need of purification; but he handled his case badly, and it is absurd to call his pamphlet, as is commonly done, "a noble protest". It is no less absurd to call it "a marvellous success", as is also commonly done; the dramatists did not manage their counter-attack well, and had the worst of the controversy; but they did not mend their ways through deference to Collier's opinions. A change, mainly in the direction of dullness and incompetence, was beginning in English drama; but it owed its origin to the uprising of a new generation and the growth of a new spirit far more than to Collier's fulminations. His

pamphlet no doubt owed much of its fame to the fact that he was not a Puritan or Dissenter (the traditional enemies of the stage), but a non-juror and martyr for the "high flying" cause. The orthodox estimate of the *Short View* is an example of the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* fallacy. The rest of Collier's life was fairly uneventful. He wrote several works which required assiduity rather than originality — a

Historical Dictionary (1701-5) and *An Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain* (1708-14), long a standard work, amongst others. He was consecrated a nonjuring bishop in 1713, and cherished a vision of a union between the Anglican and the Eastern Churches. At the time of his death, which took place on 26th April, 1726, and for some ten years before, he was considered as the leader of the nonjurors.

From "A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage"

The Introduction

The business of Plays is to recommend Virtue, and discountenance Vice; To show the Uncertainty of Human Greatness, the sudden Turns of Fate, and the Unhappy Conclusions of Violence and Injustice: 'Tis to expose the Singularities of Pride and Fancy, to make Folly and Falsehood contemptible, and to bring every Thing that is Ill under Infamy, and Neglect. This Design has been oddly pursued by the English stage. Our Poets write with a different View, and are gone into an other Interest. 'Tis true, were their Intentions fair, they might be Serviceable to this Purpose. They have in a great measure the Springs of Thought and Inclination in their Power. Show, Music, Action, and Rhetoric, are moving Entertainments; and rightly employed would be very significant. But Force and Motion are Things indifferent, and the Use lies chiefly in the Application. These Advantages are now, in the Enemies' Hand, and under a very dangerous Management. Like Cannon seized they are pointed the wrong way, and by the Strength of the Defence the Mischief is made the greater. That this Complaint is not unreasonable I shall endeavour to prove by showing the Misbehaviour of the Stage with respect to Morality, and Religion. Their Liberties in the Following Particulars are intolerable. viz. Their Smuttiness of Expression; Their Swearing, Profaneness, and Lewd Application of Scripture; Their Abuse of the Clergy; Their making their Top Characters Libertines, and giving them Success in their Debauchery. This Charge, with some other Irregularities, I shall make good against the Stage, and show both the Novelty and Scandal of the Practice. And first, I shall begin with the Rankness, and Indecency of their Language.

CHAP. I

The Immodesty of the Stage

In treating this Head, I hope the Reader does not expect that I should set down Chapter and Page, and give him the Citations at Length. To do this would be a very unacceptable and Foreign Employment. Indeed the Passages, many of them, are in no Condition to be handled: He that is desirous to see these Flowers let him do it in their own Soil: 'Tis my business rather to kill the Root than Transplant it. But that the Poets may not complain of Injustice; I shall point to the Infection at a Distance, and refer in General to Play and Person.

Now among the Curiosities of this kind we may reckon Mrs. Pinch-wife, Horner, and Lady Fidget in the *Country Wife*; Widow Black-acre and Olivia in the *Plain Dealer*. These, though not all the exceptionable Characters, are the most remarkable. I'm sorry the Author should stoop his Wit thus Low, and Use his Understanding so unkindly. Some People appear Coarse, and Slovenly out of Poverty: They can't well go to the Charge of Sense. They are Offensive like Beggars for want of Necessaries. But this is none of the *Plain Dealer's* case; He can afford his Muse a better Dress when he pleases. But then the Rule is, where the Motive is the less, the Fault is the greater. To proceed, Jacinta, Elvira, Dalinda, and Lady Plyant, in the *Mock Astrologer*, *Spanish Friar*, *Love Triumphant* and *Double Dealer*, forget themselves extremely: And almost all the Characters in the *Old Bachelor*, are foul and nauseous. *Love for Love*, and the *Relapse*, strike sometimes upon this Sand, and so likewise does *Don Sebastian*.

I don't pretend to have read the Stage Through, neither am I Particular to my Utmost. Here is quoting enough unless 'twere better: Besides, I may have occasion to mention somewhat of this kind afterwards. But from what has been hinted already, the Reader may be over furnished. Here is a large Collection of Debauchery; such Pieces are rarely to be met with: 'Tis sometimes painted at length too, and appears in great Variety of Progress and Practice. It wears almost all sorts of Dresses to engage the Fancy, and fasten upon the Memory, and keep up the Charm from Languishing. Sometimes you have it in Image and Description; sometimes by way of Allusion; sometimes in Disguise; and sometimes without it. And what can be the Meaning of such a Representation, unless it be to Tincture the Audience, to extinguish Shame, and make Lewdness a Diversion? This is the natural Consequence, and therefore one would think 'twas the Intention too. Such Licentious Discourse tends to no point but to stain the Imagination, to awaken Folly, and to weaken the Defences of Virtue: It was upon the account of these Disorders that Plato banish'd Poets his Common

Wealth: And one of the Fathers called Poetry, Vinum Daemonum, an intoxicating Draught, made up by the Devil's Dispensatory.

I grant the Abuse of a Thing is no Argument against the use of it. However, Young people particularly, should not entertain themselves with a Lewd Picture; especially when 'tis drawn by a Masterly Hand. For such a Liberty may probably raise those Passions which can neither be discharged without Trouble, nor satisfied without a Crime: 'Tis not safe for a Man to trust his Virtue too far, for fear it should give him the slip. But the danger of such an Entertainment is but part of the Objection: 'Tis all Scandal and Meanness into the bargain: It does in effect degrade Human Nature, sinks Reason into Appetite, and breaks down the Distinctions between Man and Beast. Goats and Monkeys if they could speak, would express their Brutality in such Language as This.

To argue the Matter more at large.

Smuttiness is a Fault in Behaviour as well as in Religion. 'Tis a very Coarse Diversion, the Entertainment of those who are generally least both in Sense, and Station. The looser part of the Mob, have no true relish of Decency and Honour, and want Education, and Thought, to furnish out a genteel Conversation. Barrenness of Fancy makes them often take up with those Scandalous Liberties. A Vicious Imagination may blot a great deal of Paper at this rate with ease enough: And 'tis possible Convenience may sometimes invite to the Expedient. The Modern Poets seem to use Smut as the Old Ones did Machines, to relieve a fainting Invention. When Pegasus is jaded, and would stand still, he is apt like other Tits, to run into every Puddle.

Obscenity in any Company is a rustic uncreditable Talent; but among Women 'tis particularly rude. Such Talk would be very affrontive in Conversation, and not endur'd by any Lady of Reputation. Whence then comes it to Pass that those Liberties which disoblige so much in Conversation, should entertain upon the Stage. Do the Women leave all the regards to Decency and Conscience behind them when they come to the Play-House? Or does the Place transform their Inclinations, and turn their former Aversions into Pleasure? Or were Their pretences to Sobriety elsewhere nothing but Hypocrisy and Grimace? Such Suppositions as these are all Satire and Invective: They are rude Imputations upon the whole Sex. To treat the Ladies with such stuff, is no better than taking their Money to abuse them. It supposes their Imagination vicious, and their Memories ill furnished: That they are practised in the Language of the Stews, and pleased with the Scenes of Brutishness. When at the same time the Customs of Education, and the Laws of Decency, are so very cautious, and reserved in regard to Women: I say so very reserved, that 'tis almost a Fault for them to Understand they are ill Used. They can't discover their Disgust without

disadvantage, nor Blush without disservice to their Modesty. To appear with any skill in such Cant, looks as if they had fallen upon ill Conversation; or Managed their Curiosity amiss. In a word, He that treats the Ladies with such Discourse, must conclude either that they like it, or they do not. To suppose the first, is a gross Reflection upon their Virtue. And as for the latter case, it entertains them with their own Aversion; which is ill Nature, and ill Manners enough in all Conscience. And in this Particular, Custom and Conscience, the Forms of Breeding, and the Maxims of Religion are on the same side. In other Instances Vice is often too fashionable; But here a Man can't be a Sinner, without being a Clown.

GILBERT BURNET

(1643 - 1715)

GILBERT BURNET was born in Edinburgh on 18th September, 1643. His father was an advocate, who for a short time before his death was a lord of session. He was educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen, where he took his M.A. degree at the age of fourteen. He studied both law and divinity with great ardour, and in 1661 was admitted a probationer. His education was completed by visits to the two English universities and to Holland; while still little more than a youth he acquired a widespread reputation as a man of energy and self-confidence. He was ordained in 1665, was for some years minister of Saltoun parish, Haddingtonshire, and became professor of divinity at Glasgow in 1669. Here he resided more than four years and wrote several works, one of them his *Vindication of the Church and State of Scotland*. In 1674 he quarrelled with his patron Lauderdale, and thought it wise to remove himself to London, where in the following year he became chaplain to the Rolls Chapel. In 1677 he published

his *Memoirs of two Dukes of Hamilton*; in 1680 appeared *Some Passages in the Life and Death of the Earl of Rochester*, an interesting little book; his *Life of Sir Matthew Hale* appeared in 1682. He was long in great favour at court, but entirely lost his privileged position by the firm stand which he took against the machinations of the Catholic party. In 1679 he published the first volume of his *History of the Reformation of the Church of England*; the other volumes appeared in 1681 and 1714. He refused a bishopric which was offered to conciliate him, and in 1683 attended the execution of William, Lord Russell. When James succeeded to the throne, Burnet removed himself to the Continent, and was eventually invited to The Hague by the Prince and Princess of Orange. He became one of William's most valued counsellors, was largely responsible for William's landing at Torbay, and early in 1689 was rewarded for his services with the bishopric of Salisbury. He was an ideal bishop,

unsparing of himself and considerate of others, and carried out many improvements in the organization of his see. In 1698 he was appointed tutor to the unfortunate little Duke of Gloucester; in 1699 he published his *Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles*, long a standard work. He died on 7th March, 1715, leaving a provision in his will that his *History of my own Time* was not to be published until six years after his death. The first volume of this, his most celebrated work, appeared in 1724, the second in 1734. Both volumes were severely edited with a view to the removal of indiscretions; but were nevertheless anathematized by the Tory party. Burnet was a man of many gifts, of which his gift of style was not the greatest;

but his *History of my own Time* is a remarkable work, comparable in some respects to Clarendon's great history. Burnet had clearly seen that history should be based on documents, though he was not always judicious in his selection of documents, or sound in their interpretation. His style is sometimes harsh but quite without pomposity. His judgments upon his friends and his enemies are wonderfully moderate as a rule, which is surprising in a man whose actions were so often indiscreet. His book is one of the most important authorities for the history of his time, and in places is as vivid and amusing as a novel.

[T. E. S. Clarke and H. C. Foxcroft, *A Life of Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury.*]

From “History of my own Time”

CHARLES II

Thus lived and died king Charles the second. He was the greatest instance in history of the various revolutions of which any one man seemed capable. He was bred up the first twelve years of his life with the splendour that became the heir of so great a crown. After that he passed through eighteen years in great inequalities, unhappy in the war, in the loss of his father, and of the crown of England. Scotland did not only receive him, though upon terms hard of digestion, but made an attempt upon England for him, though a feeble one. He lost the battle of Worcester with too much indifference; and then he showed more care of his person than became one who had so much at stake. He wandered about England for ten weeks after that, hid from place to place; but, under all the apprehensions he had then upon him, he showed a temper so careless, and so much turned to levity, that he was then diverting himself with little household sports in as unconcerned a manner as if he had made no loss, and had been in no danger at all. He got at last out of England; but he had been obliged to so many who had been faithful to him, and careful of him, that he seemed afterwards to resolve to make an equal return to them all, and finding it not so easy to reward them as they deserved, he forgot them all alike.

Most princes seem to have this pretty deep in them, and think that they ought never to remember past services, but that their acceptance of them is a full reward. He, of all in our age, exerted this piece of prerogative in the amplest manner: for he never seemed to charge his memory, or to trouble his thoughts, with the sense of any services that had been done him. While he was abroad, at Paris, Cologne, or Brussels, he never seemed to lay any thing to heart. He pursued all his diversions and irregular pleasures in a free career; and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown, as the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of those projects, with which he often complained that his chancellor persecuted him. That in which he seemed most concerned was to find money for supporting his expense. So that it was often said that if Cromwell would have compounded the matter, and had given him a good round pension, that he might have been induced to resign his title to him. During his exile he delivered himself so entirely to his pleasures, that he became incapable of application. He spent little of his time in reading or study, and yet less in thinking; and in the state his affairs were then in, he accustomed himself to say to every person, and upon all occasions, that which he thought would please them. So that words or promises went very easily from him, and he had so ill an opinion of mankind, that he thought the great art of living and of governing was to manage all things and all persons with a depth of craft and dissimulation. And in that few men in the world could put on the appearances of sincerity better than he could, under which so much artifice was usually hid, that in conclusion he could deceive none, for all were become mistrustful of him. He had great vices, but scarce any virtues to correct them. He had in him some vices that were less hurtful, which corrected his more hurtful ones. He was during the active part of life given up to sloth and lewdness, to such a degree that he hated business, and could not bear the engaging in any thing that gave him much trouble, or put him under any constraint: and though he desired to become absolute, and to overturn both our religion and our laws, yet he would neither run the risk, nor give himself the trouble, which so great a design required. He had an appearance of gentleness in his outward deportment: but he seemed to have no bowels nor tenderness in his nature: and in the end of his life became cruel. He was apt to forgive all crimes, even blood itself, yet he never forgave any thing that was done against himself, after his first and general act of indemnity, which was to be reckoned as done rather upon maxims of state than inclinations of mercy. He delivered himself up to a most enormous course of vice, without any sort of restraint, even from the considerations of the nearest relations: and the most studied extravagancies that way seemed to the very last to be much delighted in and pursued by him. He had the art of making all people

grow fond of him, at first, by a softness in his whole way of conversation, as he was certainly the best bred man of the age: but when it appeared how little could be built on his promises, they were cured of the fondness that he was apt to raise in them. When he saw young men of quality that had more than ordinary in them, he drew them about him and set himself to corrupt them both in religion and morality; in which he proved so unhappily successful, that he left England much changed at his death from what he had found it at his restoration. He loved to talk over all the stories of his life to every new man that came about him. His stay in Scotland, and the share he had in the war of Paris, in carrying messages from the one side to the other, were his common topics. He went over these in a very graceful manner, but so often, and so copiously that all those who had been long accustomed to them grew very weary of them, and when he entered on those stories they usually withdrew; so that he often began them in a full audience, and before he had done there were not above four or five left about him; which drew a severe censure from Wilmot, earl of Rochester. He said he wondered to see a man have so good a memory as to repeat the same story without losing the least circumstance, and yet not remember that he had told it to the same persons the very day before. This made him fond of strangers, for they hearkened to all his often repeated stories, and went away as in a rapture at such an uncommon condescension in a king.

His person, and temper, his vices as well as his fortunes, did resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much, that it were easy to draw the parallel between them. Tiberius his banishment, and his coming afterwards to reign, makes the comparison in that respect come pretty near. His hating of business, and his love of pleasures, his raising of favourites and trusting them entirely, and his pulling them down and hating them excessively, his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness, that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their face and person. At Rome I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius, after he had lost his teeth; but bating the alteration which that made, it was so like king Charles, that prince Borghese, and signior Dominico to whom it belonged, did agree with me in thinking that it looked like a statue made for him. Few things ever went near his heart. The duke of Gloucester's death seemed to touch him much: but those who knew him best thought it was because he had lost that by which only he could have balanced the surviving brother, whom he hated, and yet he embroiled all his affairs to preserve the succession to him.

His ill conduct in the first Dutch war, and those terrible calamities of the plague and fire of London, with that loss and reproach he suffered

by the insult at Chatham, made all people conclude there was a curse upon his government. His throwing the public hatred at that time upon lord Clarendon was both unjust and ungrateful. And when his people had brought him out of all his difficulties upon his entering into the triple alliance, his selling that to France, and his entering on the second Dutch war with as little colour as he had for the first, his beginning it with the attempt on the Dutch Smyrna fleet, the shutting up the exchequer, and his declaration for toleration, which was a step for the introduction of popery, was such a chain of black actions, flowing from blacker designs, that it amazed those who had known all this, to see with what impudent strains of flattery addresses were penned during his life, and yet more grossly after his death. His contributing so much to the raising the greatness of France, chiefly at sea, was such an error, that it could not flow from want of thought or of true sense. Ruvigny told me, he desired that all the methods the French took in the increase and conduct of their naval force might be sent him; and he said he seemed to study them with concern and zeal. He showed what errors they committed, as if he had been a viceroy to France, rather than a king that ought to have watched over and prevented that progress they made, as the greatest of all the mischiefs that could happen to him or to his people. They that judged the most favourably of this, thought it was done out of revenge to the Dutch, that with the assistance of so great a fleet as France could join to his own, he might be able to destroy them. But others put a worse construction on it, and thought that, seeing he could not quite master or deceive his subjects by his own strength and management, he was willing to help forward the greatness of the French at sea, that by their assistance he might more certainly subdue his own people; according to what was generally believed to have fallen from lord Clifford, that if the king must be in a dependence, it was better to pay it to a great and generous king than to five hundred of his own insolent subjects.

THOMAS KEN

(1637 - 1711)

THOMAS KEN was born in July, 1637, at Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire. His father, an attorney, was a clerk of the House of Lords. He was educated at Winchester and at New College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1661, M.A. in 1664, and D.D. in 1679. For a time he

lectured on logic and mathematics at his college; for two years he held the living of Little Easton, Essex, and in 1665 became chaplain to George Morley, Bishop of Winchester. He subsequently became rector of Brightstone, Isle of Wight, prebendary of Winchester, and

rector of East Woodhay, Hampshire. In 1679 he was appointed chaplain to Princess Mary, and went to live at The Hague, but the post was uncongenial, and he resigned it a year later, being appointed chaplain to the king soon after his return. He won the king's admiration by his refusal to allow Nell Gwyn to be quartered in his house in Winchester close, and, after he had served as chaplain to the Tangier expedition, he was consecrated Bishop of Bath and Wells early in 1685. He attended the death-bed of King Charles, and officiated at the execution of Monmouth. He was one of the seven bishops who opposed the Declaration of Indulgence, but refused to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary, and in 1691 was deprived of his see. He spent much of the remainder of his life at the house of his friend Lord Weymouth, and in

1702 refused to allow himself to be restored to his see. He did not approve of the clandestine consecration of nonjuring bishops, and was no favourite with the extremists of his party. He died on 19th March, 1711.

Ken's prose works, some of which are attributed to him on very slender evidence, are scarcely remembered, and much of his poetry, which is great in bulk, is utterly forgotten. He is remembered, however, as a hymn-writer; his Morning Hymn and Evening Hymn are among the most famous in the language. These simple, flowing lines form a strong contrast to much of his other verse, which is both rugged and florid. Ken was a man of true piety and sanctity; during the Oxford Movement he was almost accorded the status of a saint. The best biographies of Ken are J. L. Anderson's and Dean Plumptre's.

Hymns

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run;
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time misspent redeem;
 Each present day thy last esteem;
 Improve thy talent with due care;
 For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noon tide clear;
 Think how all-seeing God thy ways
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the Light Divine,
 Let thy own light to others shine;

Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love, and cheerful praise.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attnd.

Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of Kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Oh may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE

(1616–1704)

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE was born at Hunstanton, Norfolk, on 17th December, 1616, and was probably educated at Cambridge. He was always an ardent Royalist, and the ups and downs of his life corresponded with those of the party to which his allegiance never wavered. He was imprisoned by the Parliamentary party from 1644 to 1648, narrowly escaping execution; on his release he plotted a rising in Kent, and had to seek refuge in Holland. In 1653 he returned to England, and in the year before the Restoration he commenced his prolific career as a pamphleteer, issuing innumerable broadsides in which he attacked Lambert and the army, the Presbyterians, and others; he also wrote in defence of the principles of monarchy. He was appointed Licenser of the Press in 1663, and issued the *Intelligencer* on Mondays and the *News* on Thursdays from 1663 to 1666. *The London Gazette* developed from a rival periodical. L'Estrange was also largely responsible for the publication of *The City Mercury* in 1675. He wrote many pamphlets against Shaftesbury, and played an important part in discrediting the existence of a popish plot. Once more he had to fly to Holland, to such an extent had he aroused the animosity of the Whigs, but returned in 1681. He attacked Whigs and Dissenters in countless pamphlets, and also in his periodical *The Observator*, which appeared thrice or four times weekly from 13th April, 1681, to

9th March, 1687. It is more interesting historically than as literature; for it is not only "smartly written" but is written dialogue-wise, an unsuitable form for journalism. During the short reign of King James, L'Estrange naturally prospered; he was knighted in 1685, and was M.P. for Winchester. The Revolution ruined his prospects, and forced him, now an old man, to write for a livelihood. His best-known, and probably his best work, *The Fables of Æsop and other eminent Mythologists, with Moral Reflections*, appeared in 1692. He also translated Josephus (1702) and Quevedo's *Visions*. His old age was embittered by the gambling propensities of his wife and by the conversion of his daughter to Roman Catholicism. He died on 11th December, 1704, in his eighty-eighth year.

L'Estrange is important not so much on his own account as because he was the first distinguished English man of letters to adopt journalism as a profession. His style has perhaps been unduly abused by his political opponents, contemporary and later, but he is frequently vulgar and slipshod, and abuses colloquialisms. His *Æsop* is readable, but not an accurate translation. As a journalist, his influence on Defoe, Addison, and Steele was profound.

[George Kitchen, *Sir Roger L'Estrange: a contribution to the history of the press in the seventeenth century.*]

Life of Æsop

CHAPTER XII

Xanthus undertakes to drink the Sea dry

There happened not Long after This, to be a Merry Meeting of Philosophers; and Xanthus, one of the Company. Xanthus had already gotten a Cup too much; and Æsop finding they were like to set out his hand; Sir, says he, 'tis the Humour of Bacchus, they say, first to make Men Cheerful, and when they are past That, to make 'em Drunk, and in the Conclusion, to make them Mad. Xanthus took Offence at Æsop; and told him, That was a Lecture for Children (Lærtius makes this to be the saying of Anacharsis). The Cups went round, and Xanthus by this Time had taken his Load, who was mightily given to talk in his Drink; and whatever was uppermost out it came, without either Fear or Wit. One of the Company observing the weak side of the Man, took the Opportunity of Pumping him with several questions. Xanthus, (says he) I have read somewhere, that it is Possible for a Man to Drink the Sea Dry; but I can hardly believe it. Why says Xanthus, I'll venture my House and Land upon 't, that I do 't my self. They Agreed upon the Wager, and presently off went their Rings to Seal the Conditions. But Early the next Morning, Xanthus missing his Ring, thought it might have slipd off his Finger, and asked Æsop about it. Why truly says Æsop, I can say Nothing to the Losing of your Ring; But I can tell you that You Lost your House and Land last Night: and so Æsop told him the Story on 't, which his Master it seems had utterly forgotten. Xanthus began now to Chew upon the Matter, and it went to the Heart of him to Consider, That he could neither do the thing, nor yet get quit of his Bonds. In this trouble of Thoughts he Consults Æsop (whose advice before he had rejected) what was to be done in the Case. I shall never forget, says Xanthus how much I owe you for your Faithful Services; and so with fair Words Æsop was prevailed upon to Undertake the bringing of him off. 'Tis Impossible to do the thing (says he) but if I can find a way to Dissolve the Obligation, and to gain you Credit by it over and Above, That's the Point I suppose that will do your business. The Time appointed, says Æsop, is now at hand, Wherefore do you set a bold face upon it, and go to the Sea-side with all your Servants, and your Trinkets about you, and put on a Countenance, that you are just Now about to make good your Undertaking. You'll have Thousands of Spectators there, and When they are got together, let the Form of the Agreement and the Conditions be read, Which runs to this Effect. That you are to Drink up the Sea by such a Certain Time, or to forfeit your House and Land, upon Such or Such a Consideration. When This

is done, call for a Great Glass, and let it be filled with Sea-Water, in the Sight of the Whole Multitude: Hold it up then in your Hand, and say as follows: You have heard Good People, what I have undertaken to do, and upon what Penalty if I do not go Through with it. I confess the Agreement, and the Matter of Fact as you have heard it; and I am now about to drink up the Sea; not the Rivers that run into it. And therefore let all the Inlets be Stopt, that there be nothing but pure Sea left for me to Drink, and I am now ready to perform my part of the Agreement. But for any drinking of the Rivers, There is nothing of that in the Contract. The People found it so Clear a Case, That they did not only agree to the Reason of the Justice of Xanthus's Cause, but hissed his Adversary out of the field; Who in the Conclusion made a Publique Acknowledgment, that Xanthus was the Wiser and Better Man of the Two; But desired the Contract might be made Void, and offer'd to Submit Himself further to such Arbitrators as Xanthus Himself should direct. Xanthus was so well pleased with the Character his Adversary had given him, of a Wise Man, That all was Passed Over, and a final End made of the Dispute. Plutarch makes this to have been the Invention of Bias.

JOHN LOCKE

(1632 - 1704)

JOHN LOCKE was born at Wrington, Somerset, on 29th August, 1632. His father, a country attorney and small landed proprietor, was a strict Puritan and served for a time in the Parliamentary army. Locke was educated at Westminster, under Busby, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1656 and M.A. in 1658. He did not find the Oxford curriculum entirely congenial, but remained at Christ Church for several years after receiving his master's degree. He was appointed lecturer on Greek and on rhetoric and censor of moral philosophy. After deciding not to take holy orders, he devoted himself to the study of medicine, though he was forty-two years old

before he took the degree of bachelor of medicine, and he never took the degree of doctor. In 1655 he went, in the capacity of secretary, on a short mission to the Elector of Brandenburg. In the following year he was introduced to Lord Ashley, afterwards the first Earl of Shaftesbury, who took him into his household as physician and general factotum. Locke operated on his patron for an abscess, provided him with a daughter-in-law, and superintended the birth of the future third Earl of Shaftesbury (q.v.). When Shaftesbury became Lord Chancellor, Locke was made secretary of presentations, and in 1673 he became secretary to the Council of Trade, which was dissolved in 1675.

His health was weak—he constantly suffered from asthma—and in November, 1675, he decided to go to Montpellier, where he stayed until the spring of 1679, visiting Marseille, Toulon, and Avignon, and spending a year tutoring in Paris. Shaftesbury was now for a short time President of the Council, and Locke was employed by him in various capacities. After the fall of his patron he returned to Christ Church, where he was an object of suspicion to the authorities. Though he had no share, or at any rate no active share, in Shaftesbury's plots, he thought it prudent to fly to Holland in 1683. In the following year he was expelled from his studentship. He remained in Holland, living part of the time under an assumed name, until 1689, when he returned to England with Queen Mary. He was offered diplomatic employment, which he declined on the ground of ill-health, but he was appointed Commissioner of Appeals and, some years later, Commissioner of Trade. For the last fourteen years of his life he found a haven in the house of his friend Sir Francis Masham, at Oates, in Essex. His masterpiece, *An Essay concerning Human Understanding*, appeared in 1690; its composition had occupied his leisure, off and on, since 1671. When he originally planned this work, he thought it would merely fill a single sheet of paper. The same year witnessed the publication of his important political work, *Two Treatises of Government*. So at the age of fifty-eight Locke stepped straight into the front rank of political and philosophical thinkers. Though he was not entirely satisfied with the Revolution, his philosophy

was essentially an embodiment of the Revolution principles of moderation, tolerance, and compromise. His *Epistola de Tolerantia* was published in Latin in 1689, and translated into English the same year. The *Essay* was banned at Oxford, but almost at once became a textbook at Trinity College, Dublin. The interesting little book, *Some Thoughts concerning Education*, appeared in 1693; *The Reasonableness of Christianity*, the best-known of Locke's theological writings, was published two years later. His numerous minor works include pamphlets on the currency question, on the Irish linen industry, and on theological matters, besides various apologies for his major writings. He had a somewhat bitter controversy with Stillingfleet, whose death in 1699 terminated it. Locke's health, always weak, was now gradually failing; he died on the 28th of October, 1704, and was buried at High Laver.

Locke's philosophy, though now discredited in certain details, has had and still has a profound influence on European thought. He was essentially a man of common sense and an acute thinker, though he did not follow all his ideas to their logical conclusions. He was an earnest seeker after truth, and his modesty and moderation have influenced all subsequent philosophers. The main defect of his philosophy is its utter lack of the faintest trace of other-worldliness; it is too pedestrian, too free from the "enthusiasm" which was anathema to the men of the eighteenth century. As a stylist, Locke is admirably sober, lucid, and correct; he is not attractive, and tends, especially in his philosophical writings, to be

somewhat arid and bald. An extract from his works forms a fitting conclusion to the present volume, for he was, more than any other man, the forerunner of the eighteenth century, the harbinger of the Age of Reason.

[H. R. Fox-Bourne, *The Life of John Locke*; T. Fowler, *John Locke*; A. C. Fraser, *Locke*; G. E. Russell, *The Philosophy of Locke*; Sir L. Stephen, *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*.]

An Essay concerning Human Understanding

BOOK IV. CHAPTER XIII

Some further Considerations concerning our Knowledge

Our Knowledge, partly necessary, partly voluntary:—Our Knowledge, as in other things, so in this, has so great a conformity with our sight, that it is neither wholly unnecessary, nor wholly voluntary. If our knowledge were altogether necessary, all men's knowledge would not only be alike, but every man would know all that is knowable; and if it were wholly voluntary, some men so little regard or value it, that they would have extreme little, or none at all. Men that have senses cannot choose but receive some ideas by them; and if they have memory, they cannot but retain some of them, and if they have any distinguishing faculty, cannot but perceive the agreement or disagreement of some of them one with another; as he that has eyes, if he will open them by day, cannot but see some objects, and perceive a difference in them. But though a man with his eyes open in the light, cannot but see, yet there be certain objects which he may choose whether he will turn his eyes to; there may be in his reach a book containing pictures and discourses, capable to delight or instruct him, which yet he may never have the will to open, never take the pains to look into.

2. The Application voluntary; but we know as things are, not as we please:—There is also another thing in a man's power, and that is, though he turns his eyes sometimes towards an object, yet he may choose whether he will curiously survey it, and with an intent application endeavour to observe accurately all that is visible in it; but yet, what he does see, he cannot see otherwise than he does. It depends not on his will to see that black which appears yellow; nor to persuade himself that what actually scalds him, feels cold. The earth will not appear painted with flowers, nor the fields covered with verdure, whenever he has a mind to it: in the cold winter, he cannot help seeing it white and hoary, if he will look abroad. Just thus is it with our understanding: all that is voluntary in our knowledge is the employing or withholding any of our faculties, from this or that sort of objects, and a more or less

accurate survey of them: but, they being employed, our will hath no power to determine the knowledge of the mind one way or another; that is done only by the objects themselves, as far as they are clearly discovered. And therefore, as far as men's senses are conversant about external objects the mind cannot but receive those ideas which are presented by them, and be informed of the existence of things without; and so far as men's thoughts converse with their own determined ideas, they cannot but in some measure observe the agreement or disagreement that is to be found amongst some of them, which is so far knowledge: and if they have names for those ideas which they have thus considered, they must needs be assured of the truth of those propositions which express that agreement or disagreement they perceive in them, and be undoubtedly convinced of those truths. For what a man sees, he cannot but see; and what he perceives, he cannot but know that he perceives.

3. *Instance in Numbers:*—Thus, he that has got the ideas of numbers, and hath taken the pains to compare one, two, and three, to six, cannot choose but know that they are equal; he that hath got the idea of a triangle, and found the ways to measure its angles and their magnitudes, is certain that its three angles are equal to two right ones; and can as little doubt of that, as of this truth, that, It is impossible for the same thing to be, and not to be.

4. *In Natural Religion:*—He also that hath the idea of an intelligent but frail and weak being, made by and depending on another, who is eternal, omnipotent, perfectly wise, and good, will as certainly know that man is to honour, fear, and obey God, as that the sun shines when he sees it. For if he hath but the ideas of two such beings in his mind, and will turn his thoughts that way, and consider them, he will as certainly find that the inferior, finite, and dependent, is under an obligation to obey the supreme and infinite, as he is certain to find that three, four, and seven are less than fifteen, if he will consider and compute those numbers; nor can he be surer in a clear morning that the sun is risen, if he will but open his eyes, and turn them that way. But yet these truths, being ever so certain, ever so clear, he may be ignorant of either, or all of them, who will never take the pains to employ his faculties, as he should, to inform himself about them.

APPENDIX

JOHN WILKINS (1614–1672) was the son of an Oxford goldsmith, and was educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1631, M.A. in 1634, and D.D. in 1649. He was chaplain in turn to Lord Saye and Sele, Lord Berkeley, and the Prince Palatine, and in 1648 was appointed warden of Wadham College, Oxford. He continued to hold this post after his marriage to Cromwell's sister; in 1659 he was appointed master of Trinity College, Cambridge, but he held this office for less than a year, losing it at the Restoration. He was, however, of a complaisant disposition, ready to accept the powers that be, and was ultimately rewarded with the bishopric of Chester (1668). Wilkins was famous for two things —his good-will towards dissenters, and his love of natural science. He made Wadham a centre of scientific learning, and he did more than any one man to found the Royal Society, whose first secretary he was. His works include *The Discovery of a World in the Moon* (1638); *Mercury, or the Secret and Swift Messenger* (1641); and *An Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language* (1668). He anticipated in theory the invention of telegraphy and the development of aviation; but he thought it would be un-

necessary to invent a flying-machine if the roc turned out to be a reality.

[P. A. W. Henderson, *The Life and Times of John Wilkins.*]

WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH (1602–1644) was the son of an Oxford mercer and the godson of Laud. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, becoming a fellow of his college in 1628. Not long after this he was converted to Roman Catholicism, his desire for an infallible Church temporarily getting the better of his very considerable powers of reasoning. The Jesuits considered the conversion of so promising a young man as something of a triumph, and sent him to the college at Douai. With less than their usual subtlety they asked him to write an account of the mental processes which led to his conversion; the result of this was that he became, to use his own words, "a doubting Papist", and returned to Oxford; by 1634 he was a confirmed Protestant, all the more resolute on account of his temporary secession. His great book, *The Religion of Protestants a Safe Way of Salvation*, appeared in 1637. It suffers from being in the main a refutation of certain controversial works which few students

APPENDIX

are willing to read; but it is a clear, logical, and broad-minded defence of the Protestant position, and of the Bible as the supreme guide to conduct. Chillingworth was bitterly attacked both by Roman Catholics and by fanatics of all kinds; his posthumous reputation among the latitudinarian divines of the last quarter of the seventeenth century was very great. Chillingworth fought in the Royal army; became ill at Arundel, was taken prisoner, and died at Chichester. A Puritan minister named Cheynell flung a copy of *The Religion of Protestants* into his grave, that it might "rot with its author and see corruption".

JOSEPH BEAUMONT (1616-1699) belonged to a branch of the Leicestershire Beaumonts, and was educated at Hadleigh Grammar School and Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1636, M.A. in 1638, and D.D. in 1660. He was well treated during the Commonwealth, and after the Restoration was appointed chaplain to the king. He was for a short time master of Jesus College, and for thirty-six years was master of his old college, Peterhouse. His poem on philosophical theology, *Psyche, or Love's Mystery*, was published in 1648. It is over thirty thousand lines long and was written "for the avoiding of mere idleness". It has not many readers nowadays, but its reputation was, owing mainly to its orthodoxy, considerable for the best part of a century. It was meant to be a counterblast to *The Song of the Soul* by Henry More (q.v.). Beaumont's works were edited by A. B. Grosart in 1880.

SIR KENELM DIGBY (1603-1665) was the elder son of Sir Everard Digby, who was hanged for his share in the Gunpowder Plot. He was educated at Gloucester Hall, Oxford, but did not graduate. He travelled abroad, inspiring, according to his own account, a hopeless passion in Marie de' Medici, and joined Prince Charles and Buckingham at Madrid. On his return in 1623 he was knighted, and on the accession of Charles I was created a gentleman of the bedchamber. In 1628 a private expedition led by him defeated the French and Venetian fleet in Scanderoon harbour. In 1636 he reverted to his original faith — Roman Catholicism; he was imprisoned as a Royalist in 1642, but was allowed to retire to the Continent. His ardour for the Unreformed Church accounts for the somewhat inconsistent line of action which he adopted during the Civil War and the Commonwealth. He was one of the original members of the Royal Society, and was much visited by men of science. He wrote *Of Bodies, Of the Immortality of Man's Soul*, and fanciful *Private Memoirs* (published 1827), an autobiography disguised as a romance. His "sympathetic powder" was notorious; he claimed that a wound was cured by the application of this powder to a rag or bandage which had touched the wound. This treatment, though unscientific, probably aggravated the wound less than any method of treatment then in vogue.

SIR RICHARD BAKER (1568-1645) was born in Kent and educated at Hart Hall, Oxford. In 1603 he was knighted by James I for no particu-

lar reason; in 1620 he was High Sheriff of Oxfordshire, where he had estates. Soon after this he married, and having unwisely become surety for debts incurred by his wife's family, was brought to a state of the greatest destitution. He was thrown into the Fleet Prison in 1635, and was only released by death ten years later. His enforced leisure made an author of him; his earliest work was published when he was sixty-eight years of age. His devotional and other works are now completely forgotten, with the exception of his *Chronicle of the Kings of England from the time of the Romans' Government unto the Death of King James* (1643), which is still remembered, if only as a favourite book of Sir Roger de Coverley. It was a famous book in its day, and was specially popular among country gentlemen. It passed through many editions; Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, continued it down to the coronation of Charles II. It has no historical value. Baker may be ranked as the last of the chroniclers.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE (1619-1689) was a physician who practised for many years at Shaftesbury, in Dorsetshire. Little else is known about him except the dates of his birth and death, and the fact that he was a Royalist and was present, as surgeon or combatant, at the second battle of Newbury. His play, *Love's Victory*, was published in 1658 and acted, under another name, twenty years later. His heroic poem, *Pharonnida*, was printed in 1659. It is a somewhat long and incoherent novel in verse (heroic couplets), and runs to about fourteen thousand lines. It is in

five books, which sometimes appear to have been padded for the sake of symmetry. The poem is full of absurdities and inconsistencies, but has many fine and melodious passages. It was rescued from oblivion by the poet Thomas Campbell in 1819.

THOMAS STANLEY (1625-1678) was the son of Sir Thomas Stanley of Cumberlow, Hertfordshire, a member of an illegitimate branch of the Derby family. He was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, travelled widely, and was a member of the Middle Temple. He was a man of great gifts, combining critical scholarship of the highest kind with a happy aptitude for writing capital light verse. His *History of Philosophy* appeared in four volumes between 1655 and 1662; it broke new ground, and was for many years a standard work. His edition of Æschylus (1663) was equally famous, and long ranked as the best English edition. Stanley's original poems and translations were issued in four volumes between 1647 and 1651. His original poems are smooth, pretty, and attractive; his translations are the work of one who was both scholar and poet. Unfortunately his taste made him prefer some of the lesser lights of classical poetry, such as Bion, Moschus, and Ausonius. His version of the pseudo-Anacreon is admirably good.

BULSTRODE WHITELOCK (1605-1675) was the son of Sir James Whitelock, a judge, and was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and St. John's College, Oxford. He was called to the Bar in 1626, and

became a sound and distinguished lawyer. He was member for Marlow in the Long Parliament, and was one of the ablest lawyers on the Parliamentary side. He was never an extremist, and took no part in the trial and execution of the king. For many years, from 1648 onwards, he was one of the commissioners of the great seal. He often opposed Cromwell, who both liked and respected him, in matters of detail. After the Restoration he lived in retirement, and was not interfered with. He wrote *Memorials of English Affairs* (1625 to 1660). The book was not published until 1682, when it appeared in a garbled version. At a later date it was overvalued by Whig writers, who set it up as a rival to Clarendon's incomparably greater work; it is not a work of prime importance for students of history. Whitelock's *Journal of the Swedish Embassy in 1653 and 1654* is interesting and sometimes unintentionally amusing.

SIR THOMAS URQUHART (1611-1660) was educated at King's College, Aberdeen, and travelled for some time in France, Spain, and Italy, distinguishing himself both as a linguist and as a duellist. He fought against the Covenanters at Turriff; was knighted in 1641; joined the Inverness rising to proclaim Charles II, 1649; took part in the battle of Worcester, after which he lost three portmanteaux of his own manuscripts; was imprisoned in the Tower and at Windsor; and spent his last years abroad, where he is said to have died of an inordinate fit of laughing on hearing of the Restoration. Urquhart is the quaintest of all

quaint writers; the combination of pedantry and egotism in himself, and of slang and queer coinages in his vocabulary, gives his writings a unique flavour. He had a swarm of bees in his bonnet; he thought he could square the circle; he believed himself to be able to trace his descent from Adam; he nursed the project of a universal language. Even the titles of his books are jargon: *Trissoteras* (1645), on trigonometry; *Pantochronochanon* (1652), on genealogy; *Ecskubalauron*, known for convenience as *The Jewel* (1652), a vindication of Scotland; and *Logopandecteision* (1653), on the universal language. He is remembered chiefly on account of his translation of Rabelais (Books I and II, 1653; Book III, 1693; Motteux completed the translation in 1708). It has been called the best translation in the world; and, though this may be extravagant praise, there is no doubt that author and translator fitted each other like hand and glove. To the average Englishman Urquhart is Rabelais, just as Fitzgerald is Omar Khayyám.

[John Willcock, *Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty*.]

HENRY MORE (1614-1687) was born at Grantham, and was the son of Calvinistic parents, but broke away from Calvinism as soon as he could. He was educated at Eton and Christ's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1635 and M.A. in 1639. He was elected a fellow of his college in 1639, continued to reside there all his life, and was buried in the college chapel. He was without ambition, and refused two bishoprics, a deanery, and the mastership of his college, preferring a life of benevo-

lence and quiet contemplation. He wrote a long poem, *The Song of the Soul* (1647), and various theological works, of which the best-known or the least forgotten is *Divine Dialogues* (1668), which condenses some of the views expressed in his other works. In 1675 he translated his works into Latin, in the pious hope that they might be read on the Continent. In his later days his speculations became more mystical and theosophical. He is usually ranked as the leader of the "Cambridge Platonists", but he has not the merit of being readable.

JOHN PEARSON (1613–1686) was born at Great Snoring, Norfolk, and educated at Eton and at Queens' and King's Colleges, Cambridge. He graduated B.A. in 1635 and M.A. in 1639. He was an ardent Royalist, and acted as chaplain to Goring's forces; but was unmolested, and in 1654 became weekly preacher at St. Clement's, Eastcheap. After the Restoration he became master of Jesus College, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity, and master of Trinity, all at Cambridge. In 1673 he succeeded John Wilkins (q.v.) as Bishop of Chester. He was probably the greatest English scholar before Bentley, and was as well versed in patristic as in classical literature. His *Exposition of the Creed* (1659) is a classic of Anglican theology.

SIR WILLIAM DUGDALE (1605–1686) was a member of a good Warwickshire family. He soon displayed strong antiquarian interests, and eventually passed through the whole *cursus honorum* in the Heralds' College. He was

appointed Blanch Lyon pursuivant in 1638, Rouge Croix in 1639, Chester Herald in 1644, Norroy King-of-Arms after the Restoration, and Garter King-of-Arms in 1677, when he was knighted. His works include *Monasticon Anglicanum*, an important work on English monasteries, partly compiled by Roger Dodsworth (Vol. I, 1655; Vol. II, 1661; Vol. III, 1673); *Antiquities of Warwickshire* (1656), the model of all subsequent county histories; *The Baronage of England* (1675); *The History of St. Paul's Cathedral* (1658); and *Origines Juridiciales* (1666). Dugdale was a zealous and tireless antiquary, and his work marks a distinct advance upon that of his predecessors. He is fuller and more accurate; and he refers more punctiliously to his authorities.

MARGARET CAVENDISH, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE (?1624–1674), was the youngest child of Sir Thomas Lucas of St. John's, Colchester. She was maid of honour to Queen Henrietta Maria, and accompanied her to Paris, where, in 1645, she married, as his second wife, William Cavendish, Marquess of Newcastle (created Duke in 1665). The Duke of Newcastle, who was thirty-two years older than his second wife, had been one of the chief commanders in the Royalist army, was a great patron of men of letters, from Jonson to Dryden, and was himself a less than mediocre playwright, and the author of two famous books, one in English and one in French, on the management of horses. The Duchess, who was the butt of the Restoration court on account of her grotesque clothes and scarcely less grotesque virtue, was an inveterate

APPENDIX

scribbler, and kept a team of female amanuenses to catch the inspirations which flowed from her. Her poetical, dramatic, and philosophical works are all forgotten, but her biography of her husband (1667), published during the life of its subject, has almost attained the position of a minor classic.

THOMAS KILLIGREW (1612-1683) came of an old Cornish family, and was the son of Sir Robert Killigrew, vice-chamberlain to Queen Henrietta Maria. At the age of twenty-one he became page to Charles I. He was imprisoned as a Royalist in 1642; in 1647 he joined Prince Charles in Paris, and in 1651 was appointed resident at Venice, but distinguished himself in this office merely by his debauchery. After the Restoration he was appointed groom of the bedchamber to Charles II, and he seems to have enjoyed the licence, though not the office, of a court jester. Those of his quips which survive owe their pungency to impudence rather than wit. He played an important part in the resuscitation of the drama, and built a playhouse on the site of the present Drury Lane Theatre in 1663. In 1673 he became master of the revels. Of his own nine plays, only three appear to have been acted, and those three before 1642. Some if not all of the other six plays were not intended for the stage. The best known of his plays is *The Parson's Wedding*, an extremely indecent play, which on that account was acted entirely by women.

JOSEPH GLANVILL (1636-1680) was born at Plymouth and educated at Exeter and Lincoln Colleges,

Oxford. He held several benefices, and for fourteen years prior to his death was rector of the Abbey Church, Bath. His works include *The Vanity of Dogmatizing* (1661); *Lux Orientalis* (1662); and *Philosophical considerations touching Witches and Witchcraft* (1666), usually known as *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, the title of the revised edition of 1681. Glanvill's writings have something of the charm of those of Sir Thomas Browne. To the ordinary reader he is perhaps known only by the quotations prefixed to Arnold's *Scholar Gipsy* and to Poe's *Ligeia*.

CHARLES COTTON (1630-1687) was born at Beresford, in Staffordshire, travelled in France and Italy, and finally, though financially embarrassed, settled down to the life of a country gentleman. He was a great angler and skilled in horticulture. At the age of forty he served in Ireland as a captain in the army, and increased his income but not his capital by marrying the Dowager Countess of Ardglass. His burlesques of Virgil (*Scarronides*, 1664) and of Lucian are distinguished for grossness rather than for wit; his admirable *Planter's Manual* (1675), on the growing of fruit trees, is not much remembered. Cotton is famous for his friendship with Walton, who was thirty-seven years his senior, for his supplement to the 1676 edition of *The Compleat Angler*, for his excellent though somewhat pedestrian translation of Montaigne (1685), and for a few short poems, praised by Lamb and Coleridge.

ELKANAH SETTLE (1648-1724) was born at Dunstable and educated

at Trinity College, Oxford. He left Oxford without a degree, went to London, and turned to literature for a livelihood. His plays were written in "King Cambyses' vein"; in fact the earliest of them, produced when the author was only eighteen, was entitled *Cambyses, King of Persia*. Lord Rochester, with humorous maliciousness, took it into his head to set up Settle as a rival of Dryden; Settle's *Empress of Morocco* (1671) was accordingly twice acted at Whitehall, and published with the novel accompaniment of six engravings. Dryden retaliated by writing a part of an unworthy pamphlet, and by christening Settle "Doeg" in the Second Part of *Absalom and Achitophel*. Dryden's abuse is now Settle's chief title to fame. Settle subsequently changed his politics, but with no adroitness; became city poet in 1691 and wrote several pageants; fell on evil days and was forced to write drolls for Bartholomew Fair, where he suffered the crowning indignity of having to act the part of a green dragon; and spent the last five or six years of his life as a "poor brother" in the Charterhouse.

[F. C. Brown, *Elkanah Settle, his Life and Works.*]

RICHARD FLECKNOE (?d. 1678) was probably an Englishman, not an Irishman, and a Roman Catholic priest. He travelled widely, and in 1656 published *A Relation of Ten Years' Travels in Europe, Asia, Affrique, and America*. Marvell saw him at Rome, and described him in *Flecknoe, an English priest at Rome*. Much of his work was printed for private circulation only. He wrote a good deal of religious and oc-

casional verse, some prose characters, and five plays, only one of which was acted. He amused himself by casting his unacted plays in imagination, assigning the parts to celebrated actors and actresses. It was, perhaps, his criticism of the immorality of the contemporary stage which drew down upon him Dryden's wrath. Dryden has permanently and not quite fairly stigmatized Flecknoe in his *Mac Flecknoe*; the English priest was not a great poet, but wrote some pleasing and melodious lines.

WILLIAM PENN (1644-1718), the only son of Admiral Sir William Penn, and the most influential of the early Quakers, was born in London and educated at Christ Church, Oxford, from which he was expelled for nonconformity. Foreign travel and the management of an Irish estate helped to broaden his mind. In 1668, while imprisoned in the Tower for writing *The Sandy Foundation Shaken*, he wrote his most celebrated work, *No Cross, No Crown*. In 1681, in settlement of a debt of £16,000 incurred to his father, the Admiral, the Government granted him large territories in North America, the present state of Pennsylvania, with the right to draw up the laws for a colony there. The colony flourished, but Penn himself was reduced to poverty in his old age by trusting a dishonest steward. Of his other numerous works, many of which are polemical, the best is *Some Fruits of Solitude*, a collection of aphorisms.

ROBERT BARCLAY (1648-1690) was born at Gordonstown, Morayshire, and educated at Paris, where he was

within an ace of becoming a Roman Catholic. He was recalled home by his father, whose example he followed in becoming a Quaker. His first treatise in support of his adopted principles was published at Aberdeen in 1670. His chief work, *An Apology for the True Christian Divinity, as the same is set forth and preached by the people called in scorn Quakers*, was published in Latin at Amsterdam in 1676; an English translation by the author appeared two years later. It is a grave, moderate, and logical exposition of Quakerism, and ranks as the chief theological classic of the Society of Friends. The last of his writings, *On the Possibility and Necessity of an Inward and Immediate Revelation*, was published in 1686. Barclay died at his own house of Ury, Kincardineshire, where he had been laird since the death of his father four years previously.

APHRA BEHN (1640-1689), whose maiden name was Amis, was born at Wye, Kent. As a child she went out to Surinam, then a British possession, where she became acquainted with the slave Oroonoko, whom she made the subject of a novel (see *Southerne, Thomas*). On her return to England she married a London merchant named Behn, of Dutch extraction. She was soon left a widow, and compelled to live by her wits. For a time she acted as a spy at Antwerp, but her information was disregarded and her services inadequately remunerated. She then set up as a universal provider of literature, being the first Englishwoman to adopt this career. She wrote plays, poems, and novelettes; of her numerous

plays *The Rover* is perhaps the best. She is no more though certainly no less indecent than her male contemporaries, and in assiduity was surpassed only by Dryden. Some of her poems and some songs in her plays show a genuine lyric gift. Her works were edited, in six volumes, by the Reverend Montague Summers in 1915.

JOHN CROWNE (?d. 1703) was the son of Colonel William Crowne, who had emigrated to Nova Scotia. He returned to England after the Restoration and, after acting as gentleman-usher to a lady of quality, began to write for a livelihood. He wrote some romances and eighteen plays, most of which are forgotten. As not uncommonly happens, he preferred his own tragedies to his comedies, though the former never rise above mediocrity, while some of the latter are distinctly good. His Senecan adaptation *Thyestes* (1681) has merit; but *City Politiques* (1683), a clever attack on the Whigs, and *Sir Courtly Nice* (1685) are excellent comedies, and *The English Friar* (1690), a satire on the favourites of the ex-king, is scarcely less amusing. Crowne died in want and obscurity about 1703, aged about sixty-two. He was known among his contemporaries as "starch Johnny Crowne", "from the stiff, unalterable primness of his long cravat".

THOMAS SHADWELL (?1642-1692) was born at Broomhill House, Norfolk, and was educated at Bury St. Edmund's School and Caius College, Cambridge, where he did not graduate. He entered the Middle Temple, travelled on the Continent, and then settled down

to the career of a dramatic author. His first piece, *The Sullen Lovers* (1668), was based on Molière's *Les Fâcheux*; his other plays include *Epsom Wells* (1672), *The Squire of Alsatia* (1688), *The Scowlers* (1691), and a dozen others. Unfortunately for himself, Shadwell attacked Dryden in *The Medal of John Bayes*, and was held up to immortal ridicule in *Mac Flecknoe* and as Og in the Second Part of *Absalom and Achitophel*. Indeed, all that many of us know about Shadwell is that he was "the true-blue Protestant poet" and that he "never deviates into sense". This is unfair, for Shadwell, though he had not a grain of poetry in him, was an acute observer and a man of some wit. His realistic comedies preserve an admirably true picture of the times, and were freely used by Scott and Macaulay as a source of the background for the scenes they depicted. Shadwell had the amiable weakness of wishing to be like Ben Jonson, whom he resembled in physical appearance, especially in "mountain-belly"; but his carelessly constructed comedies are very different from Jonson's careful masterpieces. After the Revolution Shadwell had the satisfaction of superseding his enemy Dryden in the offices of Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal. He was one of the earliest English opium-eaters, and died from the effects of an overdose of his favourite drug on 19th November, 1692.

[A. S. Borgman, *Thomas Shadwell: his Life and Comedies.*]

THOMAS DURFEY (1653-1723), or D'Urfey, as he sometimes spelt it, was the grandson of a Huguenot refugee and was born at Exeter.

He wrote some twenty-nine plays, some of which are fustian masquerading as tragedy, and others farces masquerading as comedy. His comedies are preferable to his tragedies, but have not been reprinted. He had great gifts as a writer of popular songs, and collected his own and similar songs and ballads in a famous anthology known as *Wit and Mirth; or Pills to Purge Melancholy* (standard edition, 1719-1720). Many of these "Pills" are somewhat crude, and savour of the horse-leech rather than the pharmacopœia; but they enjoyed a great vogue. Durfey was a well-known figure of his day, and was a pleasant, well-liked man. Some of his songs were set to music by the celebrated musicians Farmer, Blow, and Purcell, who were among his numerous friends.

TOM BROWN (1663-1704) "of facetious memory", whom it would be pedantic in the extreme to designate "Thomas", was born at Shifnal, in Shropshire. He was educated at Newport School and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he chiefly distinguished himself by his impromptu translation of the thirty-second epigram of the first book of Martial—"I do not love thee, Dr. Fell", Dr. Fell being Dean of Christ Church while Brown was in residence. After three years of schoolmastering, for which occupation he was singularly unfit, Brown went to London, and became a prominent resident in Grub Street. His numerous works, some of which are unidentifiable, include dialogues, letters, poems, pamphlets, lampoons, and all kinds of ephemera. His life and his writings were somewhat disreputable; but he is by no means

a contemptible writer, and his Grub Street manner is often a mere veneer covering sound enough scholarship. Some of his productions, notably *Amusements Serious and Comical*, preserve good pictures of contemporary London life. His works have been edited by Arthur L. Hayward.

GEORGE VILLIERS, SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM (1628–1687), succeeded to the dukedom when a few months old, after the assassination of his father. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. at the age of fourteen. After serving in the Royal army under Rupert he went abroad, but returned in 1648, was with Charles II in Scotland and at the battle of Worcester, and afterwards served as a volunteer in the French army in Flanders. After the Restoration he became Master of the Horse and one of the “cabal”. In 1666 he engaged in a conspiracy, and in 1676 was committed to the Tower for contempt by order of the House of Lords; but on each occasion he recovered the king’s favour. On the death of Charles he retired to his seat in Yorkshire, where he died. Buckingham is remembered as the Zimri of *Absalom and Achitophel*; as an extreme libertine even in that era of rakes; for his duel with the Earl of Shrewsbury; and as author or part-author of *The Rehearsal*. This play was written before 1665, but was not performed until 1671. It is believed that the noble playwright was assisted by Matthew Clifford, Spratt (q.v.), and perhaps Butler (q.v.). It is an admirable play, but not so good as Sheridan’s *Critic*, which it partly inspired. (See *Dryden*.)

JOHN SHEFFIELD, THIRD EARL OF MULGRAVE AND FIRST DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE (1648–1721), succeeded his father as third earl at the age of ten. He served against the Dutch in 1666, and subsequently commanded an expedition for the relief of Tangier; but forfeited the king’s favour by paying attention to Princess Anne. James II made him Lord Chamberlain; William made him Marquess of Normanby; Anne created her old admirer a duke, and gave him the office of Lord Privy Seal. He fell and rose with the Tories, and was Lord President of the Council from 1710 until Anne’s death, when he finally lost all power. His chief writings are his *Essay on Satire*, for his alleged share in the composition of which Dryden was beaten by Rochester’s bravoes; and his *Essay upon Poetry* (1682), a much overrated work, destitute alike of charm and originality. Mulgrave was a kind of weaker Roscommon; his poem, however, may have influenced Pope when writing his *Essay on Criticism*. Mulgrave also bisected Shakespeare’s *Julius Cæsar*, padded it with love scenes, and made two plays of it, for the delectation of his contemporaries.

RALPH CUDWORTH (1617–1688) was born at Aller, Somersetshire, and educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1635 and M.A. in 1639. In 1645 he was appointed master of Clare Hall; in the same year he became regius professor of Hebrew; in 1654 he was elected master of Christ’s College, where he ended his days, after successfully surmounting some difficulties at the Restoration. He was one of the

leaders of the Cambridge Platonists, and planned much work that he was unable to complete. His masterpiece, *The True Intellectual System of the Universe* (1678) is itself a torso, and is somewhat marred by excessive erudition, though its style is clear enough. In combating atheism he expressed the views he opposed so fairly that he drew down upon himself, quite unjustly, accusations of heterodoxy.

ISAAC BARROW (1630-1677) was born in London and educated at Charterhouse, Felstead, and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1648 and M.A. in 1652. Failing to obtain the professorship of Greek at Cambridge, he went on his travels in 1655, and spent four years abroad, visiting Turkey, where he stayed a twelvemonth, as well as the more usual countries. In 1659 he was ordained; in 1660 elected Greek professor at Cambridge; in 1662 professor of geometry in Gresham College; and in 1663 Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge, a post which he resigned to Newton in 1669. In 1672 he was appointed master of Trinity College. As a mathematician, he ranks among his contemporaries as second only to Newton; his sermons, though inordinately long (on occasion as long as four hours!), were very popular both when he delivered them and when printed; his *Exposition of the Creed, Decalogue and Sacraments* (1669) was a standard work; and his treatise *On the Pope's Supremacy* (1680) is a model of controversial fairness. His style, which appears easy, was the result of much labour. His knowledge of every branch of learning was extra-

ordinary, especially as he died at the age of forty-seven.

EDWARD STILLINGFLEET (1635-1699) was born at Cranborne, Dorsetshire, and educated there and at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1653 and M.A. in 1656. He was successively rector of Sutton, in Bedfordshire (1657), St. Andrew's, Holborn (1665), Canon of St. Paul's (1670), Archdeacon of London (1677), the following year Dean of St. Paul's, and Bishop of Worcester (1689). He was essentially a member of the Church militant, for almost all his writings are controversial, and consequently have lost their savour. They include *Irenicum* (1659), *Origines Sacrae* (1662), and *The Doctrines and Practices of the Church of Rome truly represented* (1686). His last controversy was an acrimonious one with Locke. His style is without distinction. His popularity as a preacher was in part due to his personal appearance, which gained him the nickname of "the beauty of holiness".

THOMAS BURNET (?1635-1715) was born at Croft, in Yorkshire, and educated at Northallerton School, Clare Hall, Cambridge, and Christ's College, Cambridge, whither he migrated with Cudworth (q.v.). After acting as tutor for many years, he was appointed master of the Charterhouse in 1685. His principal work, *The Sacred Theory of the Earth*, appeared in 1681 in Latin; the amplified English version appeared three years later. Its merits are rhetorical, not scientific; it is full of stately eloquence and the gorgeous writing which was more

APPENDIX

fashionable a generation earlier; as scientific speculation it is worthless. If Burnet looked back in his style to a bygone age, he looked forward in some of his ideas to the middle of the nineteenth century. He interpreted the Mosaic account of the fall as an allegory, and he disbelieved in eternal punishment. In consequence he had to resign his post of clerk of the closet to William III.

WILLIAM SHERLOCK (?1641-1707) was born at Southwark and educated at Eton and Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1660 and M.A. in 1663. He was appointed master of the Temple in 1685; he opposed for some months the succession of William and Mary, but in the end took the oaths, and was rewarded with the deanery of St. Paul's (1691). His writings, mostly controversial, are very numerous; among the best known are his *Practical Discourse concerning Death* (1689) and his *Practical Discourse concerning a Future Judgment* (1691). His attempts to confute the Socinians (*Vindication of the Doctrine of the Trinity*, 1690, and other works) helped rather than hindered the spread of Unitarianism, and embroiled Sherlock in a furious controversy with South (q.v.), who accused him of tritheism. Sherlock's style is sound and sober, but not engaging.

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE (1636-1691) was born at Dundee and educated at the Universities of St. Andrews, Aberdeen, and Bourges. He was called to the Scottish Bar in 1659, and soon distinguished himself, being knighted and appointed King's Advocate in 1677. His strict

attention to duty earned him the sobriquet of "bluidy Mackenzie" among the Covenanters, and a posthumous reputation in Scotland akin to that of Jeffreys in the southern kingdom; but he was a learned and enlightened man, whose chief fault was an inability to brook opposition, and who met fanaticism of one kind with a different but no less extreme fanaticism. He retired from public life after the Revolution. His works include a "serious romance", *Aretina*, poems, ethical writings, political and legal writings, a treatise on heraldry, and *Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland from the Restoration* (published 1821). There is little that is Scottish in his style or language. Lovers of literature are less indebted to him for his own writings than because he founded the Advocates' Library, since 1925 the National Library of Scotland.

ELIAS ASHMOLE (1617-1692) was born at Lichfield and educated at Lichfield Grammar School. He became a chancery solicitor in London; but afterwards studied at Oxford, taking up mathematics, physics, alchemy, and particularly astrology. He was a keen Royalist, and after the Restoration was appointed Windsor Herald, Commissioner for Surinam, and Comptroller of the White Office. He further increased his worldly wealth by a series of judicious marriages, and settled down to a life of antiquarian studies. His chief work, *The Institution, Laws and Ceremonies of the Order of the Garter*, appeared in 1672. It is an exemplary and exhaustive piece of research. His style, when he lets himself go, is elaborate. In 1677 he

presented the Ashmolean Museum to Oxford; this is, perhaps, his chief title to fame. His amusing *Diary* was printed in 1717.

NAHUM TATE (1652-1715) was born in Dublin and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated B.A. in 1672. His ten plays were mostly adaptations or mutilations. He metamorphosed Shakespeare's *Richard II* into *The Sicilian Usurper* (1681), but even in this camouflaged form the play did not suit a politically-minded audience, and it was suppressed. Tate's version of *King Lear*, complete with happy ending, secured the banishment of Shakespeare's version from the stage until 1840. Tate also "improved" *Coriolanus*, *Eastward Ho!*, and plays by Fletcher and Webster. Dryden employed him in 1682 to write the Second Part of *Absalom and Achitophel*, but added two hundred lines, and, on internal evidence, scrupulously revised the whole. In 1692 he succeeded Shadwell as Poet Laureate; he has strong claims (contested by Eusden and Pye) to be considered the least distinguished holder of that office. In 1696 his *New Version of the Psalms*, written in collaboration with Dr. Nicholas Brady, appeared. Official backing brought it into almost universal use, but it is devoid of all poetic merit.

ROGER NORTH (1653-1734), sixth son of the fourth Lord North, was born at Tostock, in Suffolk, and educated at Jesus College, Cambridge. He was called to the Bar in 1675, and, thanks to the influence of his brother Francis, the distinguished lawyer who became Lord

Keeper in 1682, enjoyed a large and lucrative practice, and became Attorney-General to James II's queen. The Revolution put an end to his public career, and he retired to his estate at Rougham, in Norfolk, and amused himself by writing. He published practically nothing in his lifetime; his best work is his *Lives of the Norths* (1742-1744), biographies of his brothers Francis, the Lord Keeper; Sir Dudley, the Turkey merchant; and Dr. John, master of Trinity College, Cambridge. His *Autobiography* is also noteworthy. His biographies are perhaps unduly eulogistic; his style is entertaining, but marred by superabundance of colloquialisms.

RICHARD BENTLEY (1662-1742) was born at Oulton, Yorkshire, and educated at Wakefield Grammar School and St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1680 and M.A. in 1683. After schoolmastering for a year he was appointed tutor to the son of Dean Stillingfleet (q.v.), in whose house he lived from 1683 to 1689, studying deeply. When Stillingfleet became Bishop of Worcester he made Bentley his chaplain. In 1692 he delivered the Boyle lectures, his subject being *A Confutation of Atheism*; in 1694 he was appointed keeper of the royal libraries. The famous Bentley and Boyle controversy about the authenticity of the *Epistles of Phalaris*, in which the scholars of Christ Church "tried what Wit could perform in opposition to Learning, on a question which Learning only could decide", culminated in Bentley's complete victory in 1699, when he published his great *Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris*. This book

marked an era in learning, as well as the triumph of true scholarship over elegant sciolism. In 1700 Bentley was appointed master of Trinity College, Cambridge. His mastership has become notorious for the thirty-eight years' war—subdivided into various battles, actions, and affairs—waged between him and the fellows, who needed stirring up but got more than they needed. Bentley's other publications include his editions of Horace (1711), Terence (1726), and Manilius (1739); his unfortunate edition of *Paradise Lost* (1732), which has almost the air of a skit on his other labours; and his admirable *Remarks on a late Discourse of Free-thinking* (1713). His English style is vigorous, and he was master of a kind of rough humour. He ranks as the earliest of great English scholars; it is uncertain whether any one of those who have followed in his tracks was his equal in all-round mental ability.

[Sir R. C. Jebb, *Bentley.*]

ANTHONY A WOOD (1632–1695) was born at Oxford and educated at Merton College, where he graduated B.A. in 1652 and M.A. in 1655. His life was almost entirely spent at Oxford. He showed as an undergraduate no special aptitude for study, but was fired with antiquarian zeal by the appearance of Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire* (1656), and dedicated his life to examining and sifting the records of the university. The result of his laborious researches was published as *Historia et Antiquitates Universitatis Oxoniensis* in 1674; this being a Latin version, unconscionably garbled in Wood's opinion, of his English treatise,

which did not appear in English until 1791. Wood's other great work is his biographical dictionary, *Athenae Oxonienses* (1691–1692), which gives an account of the men of letters and bishops educated at Oxford between 1500 and 1690. This is a most valuable record, although Wood was a spiteful and ungenerous man, and no stylist. For libelling the Earl of Clarendon he was expelled from the university whose chief historian he was.

JOHN AUBREY (1626–1697) was born at Easton Percy, Wiltshire, and educated at Malmesbury, Blandford Grammar School, and Trinity College, Oxford, where the Civil War interrupted his studies. He lived a life of ease, diversified by lawsuits. He collected materials for the *Monasticon Anglicanum*, and gave important assistance, for which he got no thanks, to Anthony Wood. His *Miscellanies* (1696) contain much curious information about ghosts and dreams. His *Survey of Surrey* was incorporated in Rawlinson's *Natural History and Antiquities of the County of Surrey* (1719). His *Minutes of Lives*, first adequately edited by A. Clark in 1898, preserves much valuable and vivid biographical detail, but is by no means trustworthy. Aubrey was an inveterate gossip, though good-natured and seldom malicious; his style is rambling.

THOMAS RYMER (1641–1713) was born at Yafforth Hall, Northallerton, and educated at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. His first essay in criticism, *The Tragedies of the Last Age considered and examined by the Practice of the*

Ancients, appeared in 1677. Its appeal for a return to classical standards was reinforced by the publication of a model tragedy, *Edgar*, in the same year. *A Short View of Tragedy*, which *inter alia* stigmatizes *Othello* as "a bloody farce without salt or savour", appeared in 1692. In that year Rymer succeeded Shadwell as Historiographer Royal, and soon set to work upon his great collection of public treatises from the year 1101, known as *Fædera*. He completed fifteen volumes, and five more were added after his death by Robert Sanderson. Historians owe a deep debt of gratitude to Rymer for this compilation; so wild are his critical pronouncements that literary critics owe him almost as large a debt for providing them with a source of innocent merriment.

SIR SAMUEL GARTH (1661-1719) was born at Bowland Forest, Yorkshire, and educated at Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1679, M.A. in 1684, and M.D. in 1691, after having studied at Leyden. A quarrel between the physicians and the apothecaries of London concerning the establishment of a dispensary for the poor was the occasion of his mock-heroic poem *The Dispensary* (1699), which he added to and improved in later editions. This poem, like most topical poems, has lost its interest; it is not very skilfully constructed, but has lines and passages of some power. Garth's couplet marks a transition stage between Dryden's and Pope's; indeed little advance was made throughout the eighteenth century upon Garth's method of handling this metre. Garth became the chief Whig physician, and on

the accession of George I was knighted, and appointed physician in ordinary to the king and physician-general to the army. His occasional verse is unimportant.

JOHN DENNIS (1657-1734) was born in London and educated at Harrow and Caius College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1679, afterwards migrating to Trinity Hall (M.A. 1683). He had enough money to live upon, though he had none to spare, and amused himself by writing plays and poems of no account. His most important contribution to the drama was a new device for simulating thunder on the stage. Having failed in literature, he became an example of the truth of Disraeli's *mot*, and set up as a critic. He is chiefly known on account of his irritability and rancour, and for his bitter quarrel with Pope, who gave him a place in the *Dunciad*, and satirized him with brutal and stupid wit in the *Narrative of the Deplorable Frenzy of Mr. John Dennis*. Dennis's criticism is, however, still of some interest. The best of it is to be found in *The Advancement and Reformation of Modern Poetry* (1701) and *Three Letters on the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare* (1711). Dennis fell foul of almost everyone, not only Pope and Collier but even Steele and Addison. His old age was made wretched by blindness and poverty.

JOHN DUNTON (1659-1733) was born at Graffham, Huntingdonshire, where his father was rector. He was destined for the Church, but was too flighty to settle down; was apprenticed to a bookseller, travelled

APPENDIX

widely in both the New and the Old World, married a sister of Mrs. John Wesley and of Mrs. Daniel Defoe, and was for a time a prosperous bookseller. He was always eccentric, and after an unhappy second marriage, crossed the border-line which divides eccentricity from madness. He is remembered on account of his *Athenian Gazette* (*Athenian Mercury*), which ran from

1690 to 1696, and answered questions on all sorts of subjects, such as religion, love, literature, manners, and science—a large-scale forerunner of the “answers to correspondents” column. His *Life and Errors of John Dunton* (1705) is an admirable autobiography, marred only by the author’s mental affliction. His numerous Whig pamphlets are negligible.

LIST OF AUTHORS

(Names in italics are to be found in the Appendix)

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <i>Ashmole, Elias</i> , 378. | <i>Dunton, John</i> , 381. | Otway, Thomas, 296. |
| <i>Aubrey, John</i> , 380. | <i>Durfey, Thomas</i> , 375. | <i>Pearson, John</i> , 371. |
| <i>Baker, Sir Richard</i> , 368. | <i>Etherege, Sir George</i> , 189. | <i>Penn, William</i> , 373. |
| <i>Barclay, Robert</i> , 373. | <i>Evelyn, John</i> , 202. | Pepys, Samuel, 208. |
| <i>Barrow, Isaac</i> , 377. | <i>Farquhar, George</i> , 334. | Philips, Katherine, 62. |
| Baxter, Richard, 108. | <i>Flecknoe, Richard</i> , 373. | Quarles, Francis, 40. |
| <i>Beaumont, Joseph</i> , 368. | <i>Fox, George</i> , 254. | Rochester, John Wilmot,
Earl of, 199. |
| <i>Behn, Aphra</i> , 374. | <i>Fuller, Thomas</i> , 159. | Roscommon, Wentworth
Dillon, Fourth Earl of,
311, |
| <i>Bentley, Richard</i> , 379. | <i>Garth, Sir Samuel</i> , 381. | Rowe, Nicholas, 345. |
| <i>Brown, Tom</i> , 375. | <i>Gauden, John</i> , 116. | <i>Rymer, Thomas</i> , 380. |
| Browne, Sir Thomas, 133. | <i>Glanvill, Joseph</i> , 372. | Sackville, Charles. See
<i>Dorset</i> . |
| <i>Buckingham, George Vil-</i>
<i>liers, Second Duke of</i> ,
376. | <i>Habington, William</i> , 34. | Sedley, Sir Charles, 194. |
| Bunyan, John, 259. | <i>Hales, John</i> , 112. | <i>Settle, Elkanah</i> , 372. |
| Burnet, Gilbert, 354. | <i>Halifax, George Savile</i> ,
Marquess of, 315. | <i>Shadwell, Thomas</i> , 374. |
| <i>Burnet, Thomas</i> , 377. | <i>Harrington, James</i> , 179. | <i>Sherlock, William</i> , 378. |
| Butler, Samuel, 182. | <i>Herbert, George</i> , 29. | South, Robert, 285. |
| Carew, Thomas, 18. | <i>Herrick, Robert</i> , 1. | Southerne, Thomas, 342. |
| <i>Chamberlayne, William</i> ,
369. | <i>Hobbes, Thomas</i> , 174. | Sprat, Thomas, 290. |
| <i>Chillingworth, William</i> ,
367. | <i>Howell, James</i> , 145. | <i>Stanley, Thomas</i> , 369. |
| Clarendon, Edward Hyde,
First Earl of, 221. | <i>Hutchinson, Lucy</i> , 154. | <i>Stillingfleet, Edward</i> , 377. |
| Cleveland, John, 142. | <i>Ken, Thomas</i> , 358. | Suckling, Sir John, 22. |
| Collier, Jeremy, 350. | <i>Killigrew, Thomas</i> , 372. | <i>Tate, Nahum</i> , 379. |
| Congreve, William, 321. | <i>Lee, Nathaniel</i> , 277. | Taylor, Jeremy, 120. |
| <i>Cotton, Charles</i> , 372. | <i>L'Estrange, Sir Roger</i> ,
361. | Temple, Sir William, 292. |
| Cowley, Abraham, 74. | <i>Locke, John</i> , 363. | Tillotson, John, 282. |
| Crashaw, Richard, 49. | <i>Lovelace, Richard</i> , 44. | Traherne, Thomas, 215. |
| <i>Crowne, John</i> , 374. | <i>Mackenzie, Sir George</i> ,
378. | <i>Urquhart, Sir Thomas</i> ,
370. |
| <i>Cudworth, Ralph</i> , 376. | <i>Marvell, Andrew</i> , 124. | Vanbrugh, Sir John, 329. |
| Denham, Sir John, 69. | <i>Milton, John</i> , 82. | Vaughan, Henry, 56. |
| <i>Dennis, John</i> , 381. | <i>More, Henry</i> , 370. | Waller, Edmund, 63. |
| <i>Digby, Sir Kenelm</i> , 368. | <i>Mulgrave, John Sheffield</i> ,
Third Earl of, 376. | Walton, Izaak, 166. |
| Dorset, Charles Sackville,
Sixth Earl of, 196. | <i>Newcastle, Margaret Ca-</i>
vendish, Duchess of,
371. | <i>Whitelock, Bulstrode</i> , 369. |
| Dryden, John, 228. | <i>North, Roger</i> , 379. | <i>Wilkins, John</i> , 367. |
| <i>Dugdale, Sir William</i> , 371. | <i>Oldham, John</i> , 269. | <i>Wood, Anthony à</i> , 380. |
| | | Wycherley, William, 271. |